

August 29, 1962  
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The Australian

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

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VISIT:** We sent  
to Bangkok for  
special pictures

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**WORKING WIVES**  
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Pages 37-43

**QUEEN SIRIKIT  
OF THAILAND**





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AUGUST 29, 1962

Vol. 30, No. 13

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### THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Diana Gibson, of our London staff, who supplied the quick menus for working wives (pages 41, 42), is Mrs. Anthony Greenly, mother of three—two girls and a boy.

**A**FTER World War II, Diana became Press relations officer for the Savoy Group, London, and organised and planned meals for famous people from all over the world.

These included authors Frances Parkinson Keyes (who described the meal in her book "The Royal Box") and Paul Gallico, who often helped cook a meal at Diana's large Georgian house in Berkshire.

Diana was awarded an Order of Orange Nassau by Queen Juliana for handling the Press relations of the Dutch State Banquet in London, attended by members of many royal families.

During the war, Diana was the only British woman war correspondent in the Far East.

★ ★ ★  
● Dorothy Drain is on holidays. Her column will resume on her return.

★ ★ ★  
**I**N the swim for this summer are all sorts of colorful new swimsuits and eye-catching clothes for beach- and sun-lovers (pages 21 to 25).

The look is easy, feminine, and shapely, and it's knitted out of every worthwhile yarn that's going.

Light in weight (some of the new swimsuits weigh only a few ounces) and feather-soft, some of the new syn-

#### Our cover

● Queen Sirikit of Thailand, wearing a brilliantly colored silk sheath dress by Balmain, pictured in the Gold Room of the Barom-pimaran Hall in the Grand Palace, Bangkok. Our photographer Keith Barlow took this picture (and those on opposite page and pages 10, 11) during an exclusive two-hour photographic interview. **BELOW:** Keith Barlow and Queen Sirikit, photographed by the Thai court photographer.



thetic yarns and fibres not only keep a suit in shape. They also help to keep the wearer in shape by cleverly moulding and supporting the figure without any feeling of restraint.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 29, 1962



# LOVELY QUEEN of the THAIS

## Our photographer's Bangkok visit for exclusive pictures

● Staff photographer Keith Barlow flew to Bangkok to take pictures of Thailand's King and Queen, who arrive in Australia next week.

"**Q**UEEN SIRIKIT is the most beautiful woman I've ever photographed," he said on his return from his royal assignment.

Keith, as The Australian Women's Weekly representative, was granted an exclusive two-hour photographic interview with the King and Queen and their four children in the sumptuous Grand Palace in Bangkok.

"The Queen's beauty was really overpowering," Keith said. "She has lovely skin, that beautiful shiny black hair, and she carries herself superbly. She seemed to know the best photographic angles and is so good a subject she could have been a mannequin."

While Keith was photographing Queen Sirikit, King Phumiphon photographed the royal children. He seemed to have a great understanding of photography.

"It might be difficult for you to photograph the children," the King warned. "The youngest is frightened of the flash."

Before Keith was presented to the royal family he was thoroughly briefed in protocol and was escorted round the Grand Palace so that he could pick the locations for the photographs.

"The royal family doesn't actually live in the palace," he said. "It's really an enormous collection of temples and buildings, some of which are opened to the public and used on State occasions."

Most of Keith's photographs were to be taken in the Barompimaran Hall — a miniature palace which is used as a guest house for visiting royalty. Princess Alexandra, whom Keith had photographed during her Australian tour, had stayed there.

### Gold and marble

"It was a breathtaking building," he said, "with masses of gold and marble everywhere."

He was so impressed that he wanted to photograph the rooms then and there, but the Comptroller of the Royal Household, Mr. Poonperm suggested he wait till everything was in order.

The building had been uninhabited for a time, so it had to be dusted, the curtains hung, and the flowers arranged before the arrival of the royal couple.

Keith was presented to the King and Queen—who arrived punctually at the appointed time—by Mrs. Malcolm Booker, the wife of the Australian Ambassador to Thailand.

He remembered to bow lower than the King and Queen on being pre-

sented and also never to turn his back on them.

"At first," said Keith, "the Queen was serious for the photographs, but when I told her she was known in Australia as 'the smiling Queen' she smiled for all the photographs."

After the photographs inside, the King and Queen invited Keith and Mrs. Booker to have afternoon tea with them.

"We walked outside into the grounds to the most beautiful little summer house," said Keith.

The King and Queen both said they were excited about the Australian tour. When asked about her Paris-designed wardrobe for it, the Queen said she would prefer to keep it a secret.

"Balmain has excelled himself," she said. "And all but four of the day dresses contain Australian wool."

### King "reserved"

"Tea" was a glamorous affair. Each had his own occasional table and the food was presented by kneeling servants. There was orange juice—the humidity was very high—and coffee, sandwiches, savories followed by elaborately decorated fresh fruit.

Keith said the King was rather reserved, usually preferring to let his beautiful wife make the conversation, but he spoke of his keen interest in agriculture. He has given over many acres of his own private palace grounds at Chitlada for agricultural experiments.

The Queen spoke about her children, to whom she appeared devoted. "I like to play cards with them and read them English fairytales, which I translate into Thai," she said.

During afternoon tea the children were playing alone under a tree in the garden.

"I gather they lead a very sheltered life," said Keith, "although at their school, which is in the Chitlada Palace, they take lessons with 70 other Thai children and are subject to school discipline. It was marvellous seeing the young princesses learning a Thai dance at one lesson."

Keith was impressed with the devotion of the Thais to their royalty. As he arrived at the Grand Theatre in Bangkok the next night to photograph the royal couple, he had to jockey for position with about 40 local Press photographers and huge crowds.

The King and Queen were attending the premiere of a Thai film. After the show Keith returned to the theatre to find the same crowds waiting.

"They'd waited three hours," said Keith, "and were so excited when the King and Queen came out of the theatre that some broke through the police cordon."

**SMILING Queen Sirikit arriving at the Grand Theatre, Bangkok, for the premiere of a Thai film. Enormous crowds awaited the royal arrival and broke through the police cordon.**

**FURTHER ROYAL  
PICTURES:  
Pages 10 and 11**



# Stoffels

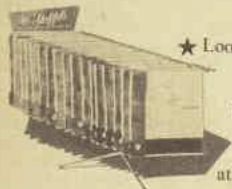
## HANDKERCHIEFS FOR FATHER...



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# Their children made a

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● Memories of 50 happy years of marriage came flooding back into the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Foster, of Waverley, N.S.W., when, at their 50th wedding anniversary party, they were presented with an album—a leather-bound record of the milestones of the half-century.

"It was like living our married life all over again in one single evening," Mrs. Lilian Foster recalls.

Lovingly and painstakingly, for almost 18 months, the Fosters' children and grandchildren had compiled the 68-page treasury of photographs, greeting cards, messages, and mementoes which 76-year-old Mrs. Foster described as "priceless."

A scrap of tussore and lace from her wedding dress, a photographed copy of the church register entry, a cutting from the Sydney "Evening News" in 1917, and a postcard bearing the pencilled message "On board. Goodbye" are just a few of the souvenirs collected by the Fosters' daughter, Mrs. Dorothy Thomas, of Nelson, N.S.W.

Mrs. Thomas must take credit for conceiving the idea, but as it grew most of the other members of the family had a hand in it, too.

"It started in a small way," Mrs. Thomas told me, "when I thought of writing to all Mum and Dad's old friends inviting them to send, with their greeting cards, photographs of themselves.

"Mum and Dad are a couple of old sentimentalists and I knew they'd appreciate the cards and photos being pasted into an album.

"Then I thought of adding photographs of the family and captioning each one with a little jingle.

"From then on one after another of the family suggested another idea, and we began to collect items in earnest."

Mrs. Thomas started to compile a graphic history of the couple through their married lives.

It begins with their wedding photograph, the scrap of wedding dress found in Mrs. Foster's bits-and-pieces bag, and the entry in the register of St. Andrew's Church, Summer Hill, where they were married on July 3, 1912.

The Rev. A. H. Funnell spent many hours going through old church registers to find the entry, and the following Sunday conducted a service for the couple attended by all the family.

A page of photographs of Woy Woy taken 50 years ago reminds the Fosters of their happy honeymoon there.

Another tells of the birth of their children, Arthur and Dorothy. Each succeeding page traces the homes they lived in until they settled in their present house in Waverley 42 years ago.

Other pages are devoted to Mr. Foster's service in Egypt with the A.I.F. in World War I.

One touching memento is a postcard with a pencilled "On board. Goodbye." Mr. Foster—he is now 79—recalls: "As our troopship was leaving Sydney I scribbled on the card and threw it on to the wharf. Somebody picked it up and posted it to my wife and family, who were then in Queensland."

The card later found its way into the hands of Mr. Foster's son-in-law, John, who kept it just because of the stamp.

Every page is linked with Mrs. Thomas' witty little rhymes, some of which tell, in verse, family jokes and anecdotes.

One, for instance, tells of Mr. Foster's prowess during his army days at "two-up," and how he won £45 and



MR. AND MRS. FOSTER (he is 79, she is 76) show the album their children and grandchildren so painstakingly compiled. On its left-hand page: a photographic copy of their marriage lines.

the post about 40 times most of the signatures had been collected.

"Everyone responded marvellously," said Mrs. Thomas, "and the most marvellous thing was how everyone kept it a secret. My parents had no inkling of what was going on for the 18 months needed to make the album possible."

Letters were written to Mrs. Foster's relations in England (she was born at West Bromwich, in the heart of the pottery country) asking for messages and bits of family history to fill in the gaps.

Mrs. Foster has not been back to England since she left it in 1910 to marry Arthur Foster, whom she met when he was serving with the Royal Navy before he joined the Royal Australian Navy.

old "Honk" on Saturday mornings to do the shopping, but the photograph dated back to the days when they used to camp with her on the Atherton Tablelands, in Queensland.

And a greeting card pasted beside "Honk's" photograph was sent by the car dealer and his wife who had sold the car to them.

Pages were devoted to the growing up of the Fosters' five grandchildren.

Mrs. Thomas approached Mr. Foster's former bosses and obtained greetings from and photographs of some of his old workmates.

Mrs. Thomas is modest about her part in all this. She and her husband spent hours of time, money, and petrol in collecting souvenirs of their parents' lives, in photographing places they had known and loved, and in assembling the collection.

But the items having been collected, other members of the family played their parts.

Mrs. Thomas' daughter, Carol, now 19, produced the family tree which graces the last page of the book.

Arthur's son, Collett, aged 24, and a compositor, printed the jingles on each page.

During the secretive collection of the items for the album Mrs. Foster's grandson, Alan, "stole" her engagement ring. She had not been able to wear it for years, as it would no longer fit.

Alan is an apprentice ringmaker and he altered the ring to fit and reset the diamonds. It became a surprise presentation at the golden wedding party.

The exquisite gold iced wedding cake was made by Mr. and Mrs. Foster's daughter-in-law Agnes, and was iced by Dorothy. She had been secretly to evening classes to learn cake-icing in time to do the job.

## A fond family secret was well kept

sent the money home to his wife so she could give the family a holiday at quiet Burleigh, Qld. "It wasn't known as the Gold Coast then," she recalls.

Another notable entry is a card signed by many of the Rover Scouts to whom Mr. Foster devoted much time in the depression of the 'thirties.

His son, Arthur, found a list of names and addresses of many of the Waverley Rovers of that time and passed the list on to Dorothy.

She bought a greeting card and sent it in a cellophane cover with a stamped addressed envelope to each one of the names and addresses listed.

Sometimes the card was returned with a "not known" or "moved away" message scribbled on the envelope. But after the card had been sent back and forth through

But the English relations, too, responded wholeheartedly, sending a movie film of themselves which was shown at the party.

Cards, photographs, and messages came from Western Australia, Queensland, and Victoria, from old friends and past tenants in the Fosters' home, neighbors and members of the tennis club and the Parents and Citizens' Association they had belonged to in years gone by.

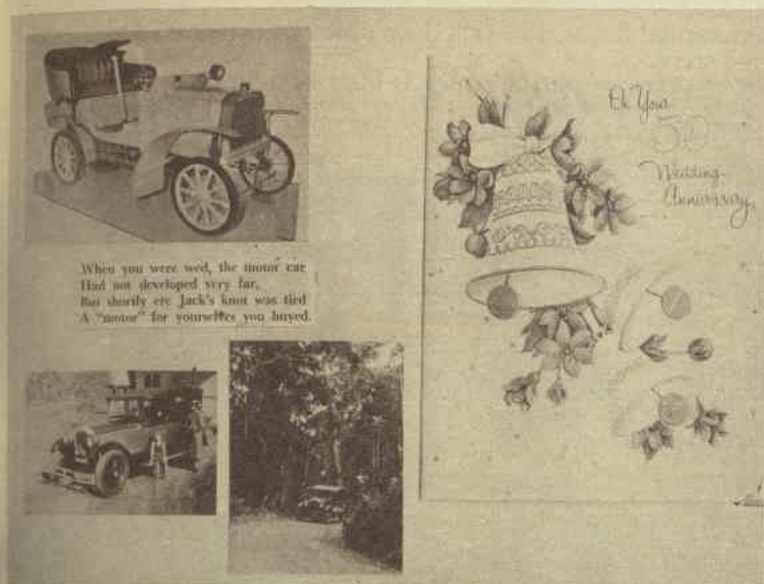
Mrs. Foster recalls: "It was wonderful going through the book and seeing these people we hadn't heard from in years. It was like having them all in the room with us again."

Another page which evoked happy memories for the couple was one devoted to their old 1927 Pontiac tourer.

The Fosters still drive down to Bondi Junction in



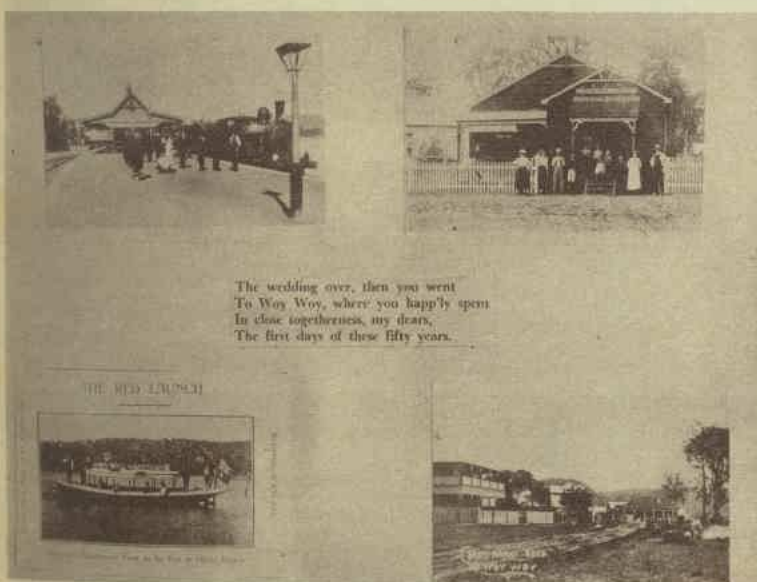
# GOLDEN WEDDING BOOK



THE DEALER who sold them their 1927 Pontiac, "Honk" (lower), which they still use, sent the golden wedding anniversary card and also supplied a picture of a 1912-model car.



WEDDING-DAY PAGE shows the happy couple; a fragment of Mrs. Foster's wedding gown; and a recent photograph of Mrs. Thelma Beaver (the bridesmaid) with her son Bruce.



ABOVE: Daughter Dorothy got in touch with the secretary of the now defunct Woy Woy Camera Club to find these pictures reminding them of their honeymoon. She also wrote the humorous, affectionate rhymes in the album. BELOW: Her own daughter, Carol, lovingly compiled this family tree, and painted delicate gold frames round the pictures.



ABOVE: War mementoes for Mr. Foster include his name on the Waverley Memorial. BELOW: Golden-wedding toast accompanies a photograph of the children and grandchildren (top row): Mr. John Thomas, Alan Thomas, Mrs. Dorothy Thomas, Jack and Agnes Foster, Arthur Foster; (front row): David Foster, Carol Thomas, Joan Foster.





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## Australia's adopted daughter

# "What a wonderful girl"

AUSTRALIA'S "ambassador to the world," Tania Verstak, 21, said "thank you" to her adopted country by winning the Miss International Beauty crown at Long Beach, California.

"I am the luckiest person in the world," said Tania. "I feel honored to win this prize for Australia because my parents and I owe her so much."

Immigration Minister, Mr. A. R. Downer, cabled her: "Australia is proud of you. What a wonderful girl you are."

Born in China of White Russian parents, Tania came here as a migrant ten years ago. An Arts student at Sydney University, she lives with her family at Manly, N.S.W.



TANIA'S parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Verstak, above, admire a photograph of her in her winning robes. "I'm homesick," she told her mother by telephone. At right: Miss International Beauty, Tania Verstak, with a toy koala.



## NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:

### ● Arranging flowers

An internationally known authority on flower-arranging explains the basic rules for the best use of blooms, foliage, and branches to decorate your home this spring.

She tells how, with different colors and types of flowers, you can achieve gay, sophisticated, and formal decorative moods. All her arrangements are shown in glowing color pictures.

### ● Make yourself a shift

A famous old friend to women, the sack, has returned — as the shift. In a three-page section we show the shift's new look; suggest you make yourself one from an easy-to-follow pattern.

### ● Low-calorie recipes

To help you and your family be slim and fit this summer our four-page feature gives tempting — but weight-trimming — recipes for low-calorie dishes, prepared by our Leila Howard Test Kitchen.

### ● Quiz champ's wedding plans

Television prize-winning V.C., Frank Partridge, marries soon, and the thousands of pounds he has collected on Bob Dyer's "Pick-a-Box" will be very handy.

In our TV section there's a color picture of Frank and his bride-to-be — and a story of their wedding and settling-down plans.



# AIR-O-ZONE

## PUTS A WONDERFUL SPRING FRESHNESS IN THE AIR



Challen piano by courtesy of W. H. Palings Pty. Ltd. Sydney

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Pine - fresh as a dewy pine forest.  
Spice - fragrant as a sunny tropic isle

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Put a wonderful Spring Freshness in the air today - spray Air-O-Zone Pine or new exciting Air-O-Zone Spice!

Regular: 9/11, Large: 17/9. Freshen up your home with **AIR-O-ZONE**



# Worth Reporting



**SONYA DOWNING** dipped her toes in a saucer and swirled them across the piece of paper on the floor. Toe-painting, she was (see below, with terrier Dinky Di). Grouped around were other toe-paintings, though her best, Sonya said, were away at exhibitions.

"They've been selling quite well, really," she said. "But I don't do it this way because of its gimmick value. I really enjoy it more than the conventional way."

Sonya Downing, of Balgowlah, N.S.W., has been back a year from five years overseas, half the time in France and Spain, where she supported herself by painting watercolours of the scenery for sale to tourists.

Now she is working part-time in a photography studio and partly supporting herself by her painting.

Dinky Di, her terrier bitch, was given to her at Australia House, London, has travelled for five years with her, and has had 57 puppies.

"All nationalities," said Sonya. "The first were alsatians, I think. She had poodles in France, spaniels in Spain."

"These are all locals," she said, gesturing at an assortment of dogs crowded outside the door.

Sonya wanted to return to Australia direct from Marseilles, but Dinky had to stay in England for six months' quarantine.

"So," Sonya said, "I stayed and shivered in London with her."

## Really paint your face!

AN instant spray powder make-up base. Just aim at your shiny nose, press the button . . . and you'll probably get it in your eye.

A far cry, though less onerous, from around 1680, when the face had to be rubbed with a cloth and washed with water "in which wheatbran is boiled."

Then milady had to apply "the paint."

A book of household hints published in 1685 gives the details.

"Take venetian talc, cleave it in slices, digest it in the heat of the sun—or of a horse dunghill—for a month, with distilled vinegar made from Spanish wine, adding every day new distilled vinegar till it be mucilaneous (thickened), which then distil by a luted retort and a large receiver with a naked fire."

One application of this preparation would last for a month without fading—presumably if the lady didn't wash in the meantime.

Freckles were treated with an ointment made of lemon juice, fine sugar, and borax "digested" for eight days in sand.

AMID the babble of voices under the Sydney Town Hall chandelier, in the interval of a celebrity concert (Sydney Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Jascha Horenstein; solo pianist, Claudio Arrau), we overheard an elderly gentleman courteously ask a young woman: "And are you fond of music?"

## Red Heart on the map

MANY people admired the map of Australia which formed the backdrop to our All-Australian Fashion Parades at Farmer's in Sydney.

Mr. Morris Sullivan, manager of the store's Display Department, told us, "The map idea evolved because we all felt kangaroos and koalas would be corny."

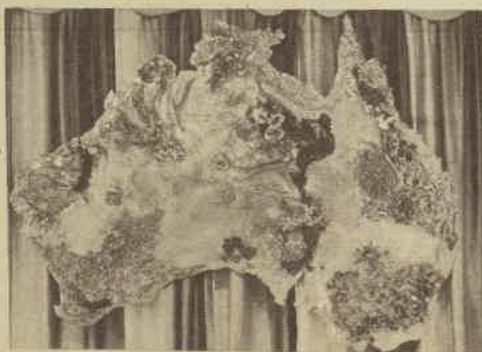
The 62 people in his department all contributed to it—carpenters cut the wood, typists typed about it, sprayers sprayed it with gold paint, and art people created.

The map, golden and shimmering from hundreds of "little bits and pieces" stuck on it, represents Australia's wealth.

There are bits of coral, mica, glass, metal (from the Mines Department), shells, pearls, and gold (not real).

"And that red stone in the centre?" we asked.

"I'm afraid we got a bit carried away," Mr. Sullivan said, smiling. "That is the red heart of Australia."



BACKDROP MAP . . . much admired.

## By bus from London

A LONDON family are on their way to Australia—by bus. Mr. Tom Housliep, 52, a building contractor, is driving. Passengers are his wife, Lily, 51, and sons, Lee, 17, and Gary, 16.

When Brisbane journalist John Tidey met them in Bombay they were sitting beside their battered bus brewing a cup of tea (already they're picking up Aussie habits).

The Houslieps were temporarily stranded in India, trying to get permission to sell the bus before getting a boat for Australia.

They explained that they had left London in December and travelled through France, Switzerland, Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, Iran, and Pakistan.

Their bus is equipped like a small flat, complete to kitchen sink. Mrs. Housliep used a pressure-stove, and on most stretches of the long trip was able to buy food in the villages.

In Turkey, they said, it was so cold they had to chip their shoes off the floor each morning.

By contrast their water-pump broke down while crossing the desert in Iran, and they waited in blazing heat for six hours before a car came.

Would they make the trip again?

"No!" from Mrs. Housliep. "It's too hard and tiring, even if there have been good times."

But her husband thinks differently.

"I've learnt more about life and people in the past six months than ever before," he said.

The Houslieps will go straight to Adelaide.

"We've never been there," they said. "But we've heard a lot about it and think we'll like it."

★ ★ ★  
NOTICE on a Scottish golf course: "Members will please refrain from picking up lost balls until they have stopped rolling."

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### DIANE

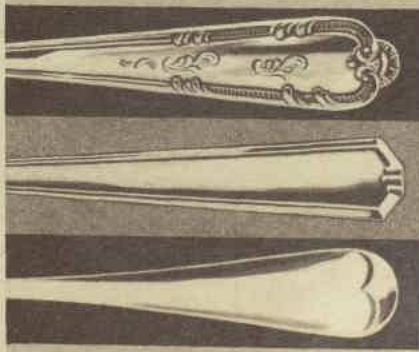
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GP 98



# Thailand's royal

Palace pictures by  
our photographer



**DEVOTED MOTHER,** Queen Sirikit is pictured with her youngest child, Princess Chulabhorn, in the Sridmala Biromya Hall — the "little summer-house" in the enormous grounds of the Grand Palace.

**ABOVE:** Sumptuous splendor of the staircase in the Barompimaran Hall in the Grand Palace, where visiting royalty stay, took photographer Keith Barlow's breath away. It was made wholly of flawless white marble. **IN-SET:** Traditional sculpture stands guard over a temple in palace grounds.

**GOLD ROOM** in the Barompimaran Hall is used as a sitting-room by the royal family's guests. For this photograph, the flowers were specially arranged and the curtains hung.





# family

ROYAL family of Thailand. From left, Queen Sirikit, Princess Chulabhorn, 5, Crown Prince Vajiralongkorn, 10, Princess Ubol Ratana, 11, Princess Sirindhorn, 7, and King Phumiphon in the grounds of the Grand Palace in front of one of the many elaborate palace buildings. The Queen is wearing a brilliant silk sheath dress by Balmain.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - AUGUST 29, 1962



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**FISHER'S WAXTANE**  
For all dark woodwork

**FISHER'S LIQUID POLISHING WAX**  
Cleans as it polishes



**NEWLYWEDS.** Mr. and Mrs. Simon Barrow with the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Niels Christian Stenderup, and best man, Dr. Richard Traill (at left), at reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Stenderup at Prince's after the wedding at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse. **AT RIGHT:** The bride's brother, Mr. Christian Stenderup (left), greets Miss Veronika Brunhoff and Mr. Periti Karkkainen, who were among wedding guests.



**PRETTY** Melbourne lass Jillian Ryan has chosen St. John's Church, Toorak, for her wedding to Brien Cobcroft, of "Parramatta," Willow Tree, on October 24. At the moment Jillian is staying with Brien's father, Mr. Gavin Cobcroft, and is up to her eyes redecorating a cottage on the property where they'll live.

For her wedding, Jillian will be attended by Julie Mann and Judith Ritchie and three of her old school-friends from St. Catherine's, Wendy Burbank, Maryan Pleasance, and Noel Calvert.

Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Ryan, will arrive back from overseas just ten days before the wedding—at the moment they're either in New York or Bermuda, "I'm not quite sure which," says Jillian.

By the way, Jillian is a most accomplished equestrienne, and is thrilled with the horse Alukea, which she and Brien own—he has been having lots of successes in one- and three-day trials.

**EXCITED** grandparents Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Bolton, of Rose Bay, phoned New York last week and talked to their daughter, Brenda, who had just presented husband Jeremy Biggs with a daughter. She'll be christened Fiona Katherine. Brenda met Jeremy in London when she was a member of the Royal Ballet Company and they married in New York, where they are now living in an uptown apartment. Next January Brenda and Jeremy are planning to fly via London to Sydney and visit the Boltons. But they probably won't be bringing little Fiona with them — she'll stay in New York with the nurse who cared for Jeremy when he was a baby.

**PRETTY** Margaret Marshall, of Vaucluse, who is just back from a month's skiing at Perisher and Mt. Hotham, reports that fur hats are IN with a bang on the snowfields. She has only one complaint about her own—a marvellous black and silver fox fur—it's too big to wear while actually skiing! Margaret skied in Austria last year and is now so enthusiastic that she has only missed one weekend since our season opened this year.

**ADAM** WENTWORTH are the names Robin and John Shand have chosen for their second son, born last week, the day before his sister Fiona's second birthday. It has been a hectic few months for Robin, who flew home from America after living for nearly twelve months in Baltimore, Maryland, where John was attached to Johns Hopkins Hospital. Now they're all back in Sydney they've moved into a house in Rose Bay.

**HAND-CROCHETED** lace petticoat that belonged to her great-great-great-aunt is the "something old" Janet Edwards will wear at her wedding to Malcolm Brown on August 25. After the ceremony at St. James' Church, King Street, the reception will be at the home of Malcolm's sister, Mrs. Ross Hayes, of Bellevue Hill.

**SAW** Mrs. Geoffrey Grimwade among the viewers at Ian Fairweather's exhibition at the Macquarie Galleries. She is up from Melbourne for a brief visit, staying with Mrs. Sam Hordern.

**THE** theme will be medieval at the Ball of the Blue Knights at the Wentworth Hotel on August 25—shields will decorate the room and there is a prize for the best medieval mask. The ball is being organised by the Chevalier College, Bowral, Old Boys' Union.

**NORTH** to Alaska... that's where keen skier Bob de Lasala is heading some time in September. He is a member of the new Gunyah Ski Club at Perisher and naturally hopes to do some skiing while in Alaska. Then he'll move on to Stockholm, down to Portugal to visit relatives, and home again after wandering round Europe—after the business part of his trip is completed.

**CAMILA** WEST is proudly wearing a sparkling diamond ring, third finger, left hand. It's the gift of her fiancé, Malcolm Gordon Bennett, of Adelaide. Camilla, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell C. West, of Canberra, is planning a wedding next Easter at St. John's Church, Canberra.

**BRIGHTENING** the Sydney scene on a dull wet day... Caroline Vicars is a brilliant navy-blue skirt and three-quarter length coat, sparked with a vivid cerise and white silk scarf at the neckline.

**ABSOLUTELY** everything—from sportswear to evening clothes — will be Thai silk, to tie in with King Phumiphon and Queen Sirikit's tour," enthused Mrs. George Fox, who with Mrs. Bruce Putnam is organising a fashion parade at Chevron Hilton Hotel on August 29. The parade is to aid the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children's Heart Unit.



# SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT



**DINNER DANCE.** Dr. Geoffrey Vanderfield (at left) with Mrs. Vanderfield, Mrs. Laurie Donnelly, and Dr. Peter Mulvey at the dinner dance given by the Royal North Shore Hospital Medical Association at the Wentworth Hotel during their Reunion Week celebrations. More than 200 guests attended the dance.



**ABOVE:** Mr. Glen Mackintosh, of Castlecrag, with Miss Lindie McGregor, of "Rahiri," Orange, Miss Peta Suttor, of "Wingee," Mudgee, and Mr. Tom Meagher, of Wollstonecraft, at the Colleagues' Rowing Club dinner dance held at the Pickwick Club.

**NEWLYWEDS.** Mr. and Mrs. Geoff Lowe leave St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, after their wedding. The bride was formerly Miss Janet Hobson, the only daughter of Mrs. Nancy Hobson, of Bellevue Hill, and the late Dr. Arthur Hobson. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Lowe.



**YOUNG GUESTS** (from left) Mr. Ron Richards, of Castlecrag, Miss Robyn Hall, of Eastwood, Miss Jennifer Lawrence, of Kingsford, and Mr. Rod Northam, of Darling Point, at the Colleagues' Rowing Club dinner dance held at the Pickwick Club to raise funds for a boatshed to be built on the Lane Cove River.

**TRIO** (from left) Mrs. Dong Whan Lee, Mr. Dong Whan Lee, the Ambassador for the Republic of Korea, and Miss Yunsoo Choi at the cocktail party held at the Carlton-Rex Hotel to celebrate the Anniversary of the Independence of the Korean Republic.



## New cookbook

BELOW is a coupon to reserve a copy of a wonderful new cookbook, "Cookery in Colour," which will be available to our readers early in September.

This special Australian edition was compiled by Leila Howard, of The Australian Women's Weekly Test Kitchen, with British cookery expert Marguerite Patten. The cookbook has more than 1000 recipes and 600 illustrations. Total cost, including postage, is 33/6.

### ORDER FORM

To: "Cookery in Colour," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send me . . . . book/books. I enclose cheque/postal notes/money order to the value of £ . . . . .

(Each book costs 33/6 with postage.)

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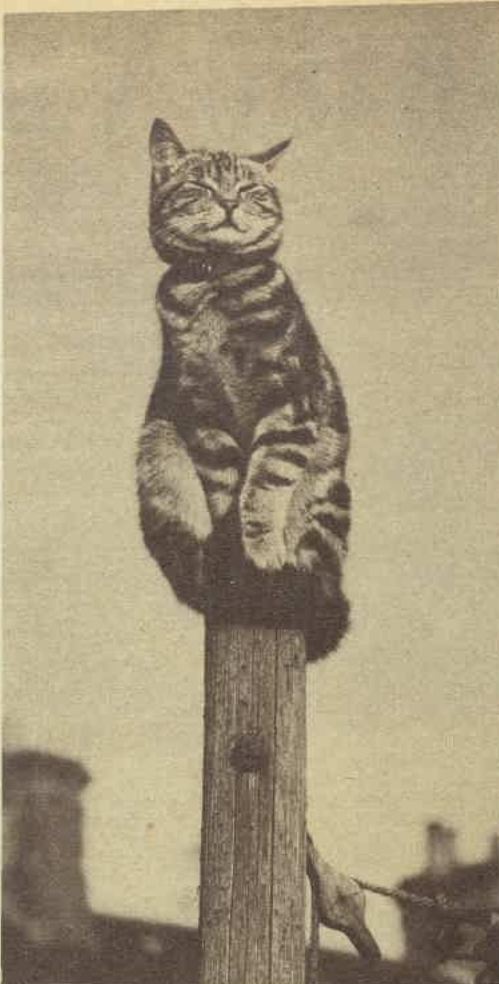
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● "Of course I'm no trouble," this cat seems to say, although he doesn't look too safe perched on top of this tall pole.

## 'Cats are no trouble...'

By ANNE McCALL

● "Cats are no trouble," my family said. "Not like a dog that has to be bathed and taken for walks. Let's get a cat."

THE trouble started in finding a cat. All the attractive desexed kittens had been given kind homes by the time we answered each advertisement.

But at last we carried our kitten home, walking because a noisy train journey might frighten him.

"Cats are no trouble," we said later, frantically searching the house till he was found curled up in the back of a drawer.

"Cats are no trouble," groaned my father when he sprained his back lifting the sandbox and hobbled to town daily for physiotherapy.

"The poor little thing," we comforted the cat when he fell and jarred his leg, crying piteously. An hour later, while our dinner burnt, mother was tempting the cat with aspirin in warm milk. "Cats are no trouble," she said sarcastically.

"Bother the cat," we grunted when he woke us early on Sunday morning crying for his breakfast.

"That revolting cat," we seethed, removing the remains of a sparrow from our backdoor mat.

"Cats are no trouble," I said furiously, lifting him off my dressing-table as he knocked perfume bottles flying.

"Cats are no trouble at all," I repeated, rescuing my bedroom slipper, damp from the cat's mouth.

"Cats are no trouble," my father said bitterly as he inserted a vitamin pill into the kitten's mouth.

Friends asked us, "Why not give him to us, as you're finding him too much trouble?"

"Give him away? Never. Why, we love him! Whenever did we say he was too much trouble?"



**SPRITE**  
Country comes to town in a lightly brogue-punched court. 49/11

\*\*\*\*\*  
**Gaytime Casuals**  
\*\*\*\*\*

by

**Betta**

shoes that know  
about  
fashion!

**SEA-LARK**  
Saucy porthole-punching adds interest to this simplest court. 49/11

**NOMAD**  
It's sharp! Chisel toe, diamond-punched vamp. 49/11

**REVELLER**  
Bland blend of tone and texture—plain calf in cool contrast with link punching. 49/11



# Jackie's Italian holiday



● Jackie Kennedy and four-year-old Caroline joined a family house party with Jackie's sister, Princess Lee Radziwill, and her two children at the Italian resort of Ravello. It was Caroline's first trip abroad and a reunion with her cousins Anthony, three, and Anna Christina, 18 months. They stayed at the Duke of Sangro's 20-room "Villa Episcopo" overlooking the sea. Stonemasons are making a wall plaque for the villa, recording in English and Italian: "Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy slept here."

ANTHONY RADZIWILL with Caroline (on her mother's knee) and Princess Lee Radziwill. Posters welcoming the First Lady appeared even on the beach.



AT CONCA DEI MARINI, a quiet beach near Ravello, Jackie and Caroline posed for Italian photographers. Jackie is wearing a green one-piece suit, while Caroline has brief trunks.

CAROLINE and Anthony take a ride on a float (right) pushed by Jackie. Baby John Kennedy stayed with his nurse back in Cape Cod, U.S.A.







## *in any room...give fashion a function!*

Venetians! Today's window covering . . . to make a room so lovely, so liveable. You'll live in cosy privacy with Luxaflex Twi-Nighters and their famous "not-just-dim-but-dark" closing . . . just tilt to view the passing parade. Tilt them, too, to catch a cooling breeze and to keep harsh sun off precious furnishings. And such happy-making decor. Decor! That's the really fashionable side, with a choice of two hundred colour combinations, twelve fashion-right patterns including Twi-Nighter's new two-tone designs. And the exclusive aluminium slats stand up to the roughest handling, snap back into perfect shape. Feather-touch cleaning, too, with Twi-Nighters' smooth durable enamel finish, plastic tapes and nylon cords. And — to top it all off — the slim, attractive Luxaflex aluminium pelmet. Your Luxaflex retailer will show you how Luxaflex quality is better economy. See him today or write to Luxaflex, Box 31, P.O., Rydalmere, N.S.W., for the colourfully illustrated free Twi-Nighter brochure.

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Don't be misled! Make sure you buy genuine Luxaflex Twi-Nighters! Only genuine Twi-Nighter venetians have this identifying seal of quality on the bottom rail. Look for it before you buy!

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"I SAID TO MYSELF: 'THAT'S MY MAN'"



CANADIAN contralto Maureen Forrester with her violinist-conductor husband, Eugene Kash, and Paula, Gina, Daniel, and Linda.

## Singer is at home in two worlds

● Maureen Forrester, the tall, blond Canadian contralto, manages somehow to be a devoted wife and mother as well as a dedicated musician—and shows no signs of strain from either occupation.

ONE of the most talked about singers in the musical world today, she will begin an Australian concert tour for the A.B.C. early next month.

It is typical of Maureen Forrester that in 1961 she gave a New York recital—an event of great importance to any singer—a mere two weeks after giving birth to her fourth child.

And though she admits that when she is on a long concert tour she misses her husband and family dreadfully, she finds consolation in the fact that during a year she spends far more time with her children than she would if she had a nine-to-five office job.

support and criticism have meant everything to my career. Best of all, his career and mine complement each other, but never conflict."

At the time the two met, Miss Forrester's career had only just begun. Her debut recital took place in 1953 in her birthplace, Montreal.

She appeared as soloist with most of Canada's important orchestras in the next two years and then began a series of European tours.

When Maureen Forrester was expecting her first child she decided that she needed to work on her German, so she spent the final months before the baby's arrival in Berlin, studying to perfect her knowledge of the language.

The action appears to be an example of her ingrained habit of making every moment count—a habit inherited, she suggests, from her Scottish father.

The baby was an auburn-haired daughter whom the Kashes named Paula. Now six, she is learning the piano, is fascinated by ballet, and has every intention of growing up to be a harpist. Of the other children Gina, the three-year-old, has a remarkable ear for a tune,

according to her mother; two-year-old Daniel, and Linda, who celebrated her first birthday in January, have displayed no talent yet except for being both healthy and handsome.)

An exciting event occurred after Miss Forrester's first European tour. Famous conductor Bruno Walter offered her an audition.

"Don't bring your accompanist. I'll play for you myself," he said.

During the audition Dr. Walter asked casually what plans she had for the following February. When she replied that she would be giving concerts at that time in Morocco, he sighed.

"Too bad, too bad," he said. "I should like to have you for my farewell concert with the New York Philharmonic."

The Morocco dates were postponed, and in February, 1957, Maureen Forrester made her orchestral debut in the United States, singing Mahler's Second Symphony with Bruno Walter.

She has a modest explanation of the success that followed:

"When any top conductor shows professional interest in a particular soloist, all the others want to engage that artist, too. It's a sort of musical follow-the-leader."

But the success has been well founded. She has given recitals all over America and Europe, sung at music festivals in Edinburgh, Berlin, Holland, Montreux, and Bournemouth, and appeared as soloist with the most important orchestras of Europe and America.

### Bedtime songs

Having been born in the bilingual city of Montreal, Maureen Forrester has spoken both English and French since she was a child. Now her children are being brought up to be trilingual.

"I sing bedtime songs to them in English and French, and we have a German nurse, so that they're equally familiar with the language in which they hear me practising Schumann, Schubert, Wolf, Brahms, and Mahler," she said.

Miss Forrester will give her first Australian concert in Melbourne on September 9. In ten weeks she will visit all States except Queensland.

## Mr. Ricci admires his Australian violins

By BILL WILSON, in New York

● The American Ruggiero Ricci, who is revisiting Australia for a new concert tour for the A.B.C., is not only a master violinist; this son of an Italian laborer is a leading connoisseur of the violins of the masters.

HE was only nine when he walked on to the stage of New York's Mecca Temple, in a black velvet blouse and short trousers, to play the Mendelssohn concerto.

The "New York Times" critic said, "He is a born virtuoso and, more, a true wonder-child. All that the greatest violinists do, he did."

Now 42, with more than 2000 concerts behind him, Ruggiero Ricci has made the difficult transition from one of the most spectacular child-prodigy careers to become "an undisputed master" in the recent opinion of the "New York Times."

It was an undisputed master that the Decca Record Company looked for recently to display the voices and "personalities" of 16 of the world's finest violinists, and it was Ricci they asked.

The violins included specimens from the workshops of Stradivarius, Guarnerius, and Amati and went back to the 16th century. Armed guards watched over the collection—valued at 750,000 dollars (about £A330,000)—in the recording studio.

Ricci himself has a Guarnerius dating from 1734. When it was on its way to Australia for his first visit,

in 1957, a crack formed in the body of his violin.

He had it repaired in Sydney, and was so pleased with the Australian craftsmanship that he had two copies made, one in Sydney and the other in Melbourne.

### "New wine"

"They make fine instruments there," he said. "But new violins, like new wine, are not quite smooth until they have aged. The Australian copies don't have enough evenness yet, but they are improving the more I use them."

Ricci is constantly on tour. He still talks about the last time he was in Russia.

That tour opened at a bad time for an American to be in Moscow—two days after the Cuban invasion.

"When I went on stage I was greeted with almost total silence," he said.

"After the performance there was very warm applause, but also some horn-blowing. I didn't know whether this was good or bad. Then David Oistrakh came backstage and he told me that horns are very good."

"Every country has its own way of responding to a performer. In Italy, now, horns are very bad."

Ricci will open his tour in Canberra on August 29 and will visit every State, making 39 concert appearances

in 11 weeks. Mrs. Ricci will be with him.

"Australia," he said, "has, without doubt, the best organized concert tour in the world. If it wasn't so, a performer couldn't hold up under the schedule."

### In the audience

Her husband, Eugene Kash, is a violinist and conductor. The two met when a mutual friend brought Kash, then director of the Ottawa Philharmonic Orchestra, to one of her concerts.

"I saw him in the audience and said to myself, 'That's my man!'" she said.

"And I was right. He's absolutely wonderful—his



VIOLINIST Ruggiero Ricci and his pretty wife, formerly an Argentine actress, with Paola, 17 months, and Gianfranco, four years.





*Whatever the dish—meat, eggs or fish*  
**Butter makes it better!**



Only butter's natural goodness  
and unique flavour can bring out  
that real home-cooked taste  
in everything you serve





## VIEWING FEAST ON CHANNEL 9

● It's real Christmas on Channel 9 this coming weekend, August 25 and 26 — all the treats at once tied in the most exciting, glittering packages.

**F**IRST and foremost is the Judy Garland show on Saturday, August 25, at 8.30 p.m.

You'll see all about that in our special Judy Garland television supplement in this issue.

There's the complete programme and Judy's life in pictures and story, and a preview review of the show for people who like to try before they buy.

Right on its heels at 9.30 is "Tonight at the Southern Cross," a TV spectacular from Melbourne's new and fabulous hotel, starring most of Australia's best-known TV personalities.

Bobby Limb and Dawn Lake will make their first appearance since their "learning" trip overseas.

Tommy Hanlon, jun., Graham Kennedy, Bert Newton, and Buster Fiddess will also be there.

It should be interesting, no matter what its quality. You'll see so many combinations you never expected — Graham Kennedy with Bobby Limb, Dawn and Tommy Hanlon, Bobby Limb and Dawn and Buster Fiddess together again.

And the whole thing is televised from inside the hotel. Viewers will get a VIP guest look at everything that's interesting — the restaurants and bars, the



**THE JUDY GARLAND SHOW**, on Channel 9 at 8.30 p.m. on Saturday, August 25, stars, from left, Dean Martin, Judy, and Frank Sinatra. The show is timed for 8.30 p.m., not 9.30 as stated on our TV supplement cover.

public rooms and the private ones. Saturday night is going to be good, but I think Sunday night probably will be better.

That's the night I'll hang the "Do Not Disturb" notice on the front door, for Channel 9 will show at 8 p.m. that wonderful movie "Born Yesterday."

Judy Holliday, who got an Oscar for her performance, is the shrewd, dumb blonde, Billie; Broderick Crawford (before he was processed into his "Highway Patrol" corset) her boyfriend Harry, and William Holden the college man who educates Billie.

### Country repeats of Fonteyn ballet

● CBN8 Orange viewers next Saturday night at 8 o'clock will see a repeat performance of the memorable "Fonteyn Hour of Ballet."

The programme will also be repeated on RTN8 Lismore on Saturday, September 8, beginning at 9 p.m.

Sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly and BP Australia Ltd., the programme was filmed during this year's Australian tour by Dame Margot Fonteyn and the Royal Ballet.

### George Finney a B.B.C. hit

**L**AATEST Australian to achieve TV success on the B.B.C. is artist George Finney.

Finney's collection, "A History of Music—according to George Finney," caused a furore at Qantas House gallery in London.

On TV, Finney was interviewed by famous Royal reporter Audrey Russell, who nominated him "one of the most fascinating personalities I have ever met."

His collection is made up of paintings, sculptures, ceramics, and enamel paintings. One of them is a piece of mounted wire, flowing in rhythmic twists called "Glissando," from the musical expression.

Hundreds of people have asked for catalogues and prices, but there is none.

"I don't want to sell," George Finney explained.

"These are my children. Every one of them contains a little part of me. They all come from pure love and enjoyment of the subject."

Musicians at the opening added "pure knowledge, too," to Finney's remarks.

"Finney has more profound appreciation of the composers than anyone else I have ever met," said Marcel Lorber, well-known Australian pianist.

### New Films

With Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above average ★ Average No star — poor

### ★★★ THE GIRL WITH A SUITCASE

As a 16-year-old youth in the throes of his first innocent infatuation, Jacques Perrin's sensitive charm spellbinds. Awkward and shy, yet determined to protect his fair lady (as he sees the voluptuous opportunist Claudia Cardinale), Perrin's every joy and humiliation is shared by the viewer. Beautifully photographed, this Italian drama is absorbing from its amusing opening sequence to its powerful climax. Down on her luck, curvaceous Cardinale traces her latest lover to his home in Parma, where she finds his young brother Perrin. — Savoy, Sydney.

In a word . . . VITAL.

### ★★ SERGEANTS THREE

Sinatra's clan revel in this slap-up Western, a lively free-for-all splattered with amusing cracks. Swaggering with fraternal bravado, Sergeants Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, and Peter Lawford mop up a violent Indian outbreak. Military sidekick Sammy Davis Jr. is the gang's cheerful clown. — Regent, Sydney.

In a word . . . WACKY.

### ★★ HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY

Both Keystone fans and newcomers will get plenty of laughs from this lively tribute to silent comedy star Harold Lloyd. An historically interesting commentary links the wacky gems together and traces the dauntless Lloyd's transition to early talkies. — Victory, Sydney.

In a word . . . CRAZY.

### ★ THE LAST TIME I SAW ARCHIE

Despite the strong cast and plot potential, this comedy doesn't get off the ground. Action is so leisurely it lacks punch and loses interest. — Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . SLOW.

### Welcome relief from RHEUMATIC PAINS

Rheumatism is a complex malady affecting limbs, joints and back, etc., which modern authorities attribute to more than a single cause. But when faulty elimination is a contributory factor in rheumatism (perhaps in your case), Doan's Back and Kidney Pills are indicated as a helpful treatment. Doan's are recognized as a diuretic and mild antiseptic for the kidneys and bladder, to relieve irritation and frequency, or simple infections. Sufferers all over the world have gained welcome relief through Doan's. Get Doan's today!

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

## The cleanest clean under the sun is FAB clean

NOTHING BEATS FABULOUS FAB SUDS at getting really dirty washing really clean . . . because only FAB contains Actergent. And Fab with Actergent makes fabulous Fab suds that work harder . . . last longer. That's why the cleanest clean under the sun is Fab clean.

Public Demonstrations\* at the Sydney Royal Show proved conclusively **FAB SUDS WORK HARDER . . . LAST LONGER**

\* The absolute truth of the Fab tests being sworn to on affidavit before a Notary Public. The demonstrations were carried out in identical washing machines, each machine having identical washing loads and the same amount of water. Into one machine was placed 1½ cups of a well-known detergent washing powder — in the other an equal amount of fabulous Fab.



After a couple of minutes both machines had plenty of suds.



After only 3½ minutes the other suds had given up — yet fabulous Fab suds were still hard at work.



Even after 7 minutes fabulous Fab suds were still working as hard as ever.



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refrigerator  
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big home  
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14.2 cubic feet capacity with 2 cubic feet Home Freezer.  
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Also available: Foodarama 482—12 cu. ft.  
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Page 20

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 29, 1962



# SPLASH INTO SUMMER—

## SWIMSUIT SURVEY

### FOR 1962

● *The new look in swimsuits is young and becoming. In this five-page survey we show some of the exciting possibilities that brilliant colors, the new "wonder" fabrics—lighter and softer than ever—and imaginative styles offer to women who love to swim or simply bask in the sun. Two examples of the latest trends: the striped-and-plain knit and lastex model at right and the checked, relaxed line below.*

● Continued overleaf



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 29, 1962





# Jewel colors in stunning styles



● Beside one of the old gun emplacements guarding Nassau Harbor, a backless nylon print suit (far left) with a wide scooped neckline and a square-necked model in a frieze print with a low square-shaped back.



● Soft and feminine princess-style suit (right) photographed by the swimming-pool at the British Colonial Hotel, Nassau. Sleekly engineered bra cups give a svelte line to the figure both in and out of the water.



● Sun-loving color combinations photographed at Fort Charlotte, largest of the old British forts still standing in Nassau. Poncho top (at left) and "little boy" shirt (right) teamed with long and short shorts.



● In the native market on Bay Street, Nassau, two gaily nautical styles. At left, a multi-colored signal flag shirt over broadcloth shorts and, right, another variation of the sea-going theme in shirt and brief shorts.



● The jewel colors of the Caribbean Sea have given their vivid richness to this range of sun-loving clothes photographed in Nassau, the glamor resort of the Bahamas. Note that the brilliance of the colors is combined with a feminine softness and ease of style.

● Sleek one-piece in a jacquard design photographed under a native straw umbrella at Cable Beach.

● Sheath style is cut to just below the waist at back and has contrast binding round the neckline and the wide-set straps.

● "Baby doll" neckline trimmed with embroidery tops this low-backed sheath photographed at beautiful Cable Beach, Nassau.

● A gay maillot, skirtless one-piece suit (left) highlighted with cute braided straps

● Knit suit in a diamond stripe (right) with a wide V-neckline and low-cut back.

● Continued overleaf



Swing through  
housework with

# Addis

BRUSHWARE

'Magnetic-to-dust' nylon tufts attract dust and dirt like magic . . . and wash clean in a wink . . . shake dry instantly! Handles and broomheads made in unbreakable polythene. For lighter, brighter housework . . . choose Addis brushware. Four gay shades to match your other Addis brushes and plastic housewares.

**Handbroom** — with easy-grip handle. Use for cleaning skirting-boards, pelmets, venetian blinds, window sills and for cars, too!

All available in these colours:

**Swept-End Nylon Broom** — shaped to reach hard-to-get-at-places! Broomhead is resilient — safeguards furniture.

**Nylon Broom** — with soft washable tufts. Sweeps floors, walls, ceilings, blinds. 12" broomhead. Also available with stiff nylon bristles.

Look for this Addis brush bar in hardware and Department Stores

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## Swimsuit survey for 1962

# Bold — and beautiful



● Color contrasts are bold and brilliant in these swimsuits, which shape the figure smoothly. One shoulder is dramatically bared in the sleek model at left. A daisy-chain of embroidery trims the jaunty style with the camisole neckline at right.



● New relaxed-line style in two tones—the top sparkling with embroidery above a tied waist.



● Slim waterfall of permanent pleats from nearly negligible straps. This suit can be worn either belted or loose.



● *Cleopatra swim-suit (right) is a summer stunner with its swirling nylon overdress tied high under the bosom with an asp.*



● *Classic moulded look in the model standing is balanced by the saucy touch of the permanently pleated hip frill. The model seated is very California-style 1962. The suit is cut low at the back and form-fitting, following the latest trends.*



# MURDER BEYOND

Beginning a new mystery serial . . .



**T**HREE empty gin bottles. A half-knitted purple jumper. A copy of "Vanity Fair." A Sevres pin-box with a broken lid. A couple more empty bottles, brandy this time. A chessboard and men. Old letters. Old bills. Old pens and pencils. A cracked seal. Packets of seeds long since infertile. A ball of raffia. Bits of dusty nothings growing dustier toward the back of the deep desk drawer, the detritus of some six or seven years' living.

The musty smell of it all came out into the musty silence of the room, shut up since Mrs. Pritchard's sudden death. Here, in this room it had happened, exactly four weeks ago this evening, of a heart attack as she sat with the chessboard in front of her. All the things she had lived with reeked of death now. Alison Burdett, sitting on the floor before the open drawer, thought, "How quickly a room dies after its owner!"

She piled all the junk into a clothes basket and shut the drawer. On top lay the volume of Thackeray. A bulky volume, one of a set bound in green cloth with gold lettering and yellowing pages. Before getting up to put it back in its place in the bookcase, she idly opened it.

Across the fly-leaf, Mrs. Pritchard in her straggling writing had written something, a half-finished sentence . . .

Fallen as silent as the room, eyes lowered, dark hair curtaining her olive-tinted cheek, Alison sat staring at the open book in her hand. The still figure, the dead room, the motionless air—only the words on the page were alive and seemed to raise a voice in the silence. "Not the boatshed. Boris suspects . . ."

This desk and its contents were very little different from the others in the bedroom and living-room and kitchen that Alison had tackled in the fortnight since she had come down to Bishop's Bay with Toby and Norah, Mrs. Pritchard's son and daughter-in-law. One item had been constant: bottles. Bottle disposal, Alison realised, would be no simple matter in a place like this where dustmen didn't call. Easier, when you got too tired, too old, to cope with the problem, just to push them into cupboards and drawers or on top of shelves and forget about them.

The bottles were the most factual evidence of Mrs. Pritchard's downward trend, but hardly less so was the state of the house in general; the cobwebs that clung to curtain tops, the torn blinds, the expensive linens so badly in need of mending. Everything told of the occupant's gradual giving-up.

In the first years of Mrs. Pritchard's life here, her son and his wife had been regular weekend visitors, but for the past two years the visits had grown shorter.

"I don't think mother's equal to putting us up for the whole weekend," Toby would say to Norah. "We'll just run down for the day on Saturday," and, finally, in the last months: "I'll just run down and see her for a few hours."

Now, all that her death revealed appalled Toby; the evidence that his charming, cultured, fastidious mother had been quietly sipping her last years away on gin and brandy. Norah had looked pained, too, and had added that all the Bay dwellers were escapists of one kind or another, and that it would be hard to live here for long without developing some aberration.

By just lifting her eyes now, Alison could see the small, almost enclosed bay, its steep sides clothed in grey native bush. The flat strand and the flat dark water and the dense mangroves were hypnotic in their sameness, the perfect breeding-ground for mosquitoes and sandflies and boredom. Out in the shallows, on the broken-down fencing of the oyster leases, melancholy shags and herons perched. The hot moist warmth shut down clammy for eight months of the year.

The owners of the few unpretentious wooden houses dotted around made the bay's empty, still beauty an excuse for the emptiness of their lives. In this confined haven luxurious idleness was theirs. The glory of dawns and sunsets, the musical lap of tides, and the angry scents of salt and seaweed were poured out on them without charge—a poor man's paradise with nothing and no one to keep up with.

Not far above on the road was a convenient little shop for daily needs; from there, too, was a bus to Fordham, the big-small town some miles away when you needed a new pair of shoes or broke your spectacles; and from there a train if you wanted to take the forty-mile journey to Sydney—which you rarely did. Yes, if you were broken in fortune, or love, or simply didn't care for the rat-race of modern conditions, this was the place to retire to.



# THE PALE

By MARGOT NEVILLE

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

Loss had brought Mrs. Pritchard here. On her husband's death seven years ago she had come on a visit to her old friend Ethel Hocking, had found it congenial and bought this house a little farther round and higher up the hill; and before long, she, too, had joined the Lotus Eaters.

Now the house was to be sold, and Alison, Toby's secretary and family friend, had been pressed into the task of going through his mother's possessions, sorting and clearing-out and burning before the sale.

So here she was, sitting on the floor surrounded by all this rubbish, and studying with puzzled brow the only relic of Mrs. Pritchard's past that had excited in her a moment's interest.

Instead of taking the book to its set in the bookcase, Alison left the room, crossed the hall and went out on to the verandah.

Norah Pritchard was lying back in a long chair shelling peas. Her hands groped in the bag on her lap, split the pods and dropped the peas into the bowl. Musingly, her eyes rested on the expanse of still water down the slope beyond the rotting tumbledown boatshed, beyond the strip of pebbly strand. She was in a towelling bathwrap over her bathers, and salt water still caked her hair.

In town, Norah ran her house with care and efficiency. It, and she herself, were always up to the mark, but since coming to her late mother-in-law's house she seemed to have caught the infection, to have found a relief in modified slovenliness. Her present slackness, however, was deliberate, a conscious attempt to bring around her a holiday atmosphere, to gild, as it were, the grimness of their reason for being here.

She was thirty-seven to Toby's thirty-five, but no one would have guessed her a day older than he. She was auburn-haired and dark-eyed, and brimming with vitality. Like so many couples without children their life seemed singularly harmonious and free of problems.

Alison came across with the copy of "Vanity Fair" in her hand. "Look, Norah, what does this mean, do you think?"

Norah's gaze travelled back from the bay to the book. She looked unwilling to be brought back from her contemplation of the sunset water. Her hand cupped half a dozen tiny peas and tossed them into her mouth.

"Darling," she said, "don't bring me any more problems today."

"Toby's spent the fortnight asking questions. 'What do you think mother wanted this for?' 'Why do you think mother kept this?' To tell you the truth, the whole business is even more depressing than I expected it to be. What is it this time?"

Alison held the book out to her again.

Norah read the pencilled words. "Odd," she said. "Where did you find it?"

Alison told her. "What does it mean? Why did she write it? Who was it meant for? Why in a book?"

Norah shook her head slowly. The questions hung in the air unanswered and seemingly unanswerable, since Mrs. Pritchard was dead and wouldn't concern herself any more with her neighbors and their lives, their intrigues, their loves or hates.

The "Boris" referred to was Boris McEvoy, her nearest neighbor. His house, a little lower down the slope, closer to the water, was to the left of Alison as she stood looking out. She could see its red roof and the screen of bushes that hid the house and Boris' often-deplored fowl-run. Her eyes travelled on and surveyed the surrounding scene without enthusiasm.

Alison's whole life might have been expressed in negatives. At twenty-three she didn't want to marry anyone, she didn't want to earn her living, but she certainly didn't want to stay at home with a new stepmother and a father whose attention was wholly centred on that marvel twenty years younger than himself. Alison didn't particularly want to spend this fortnight in January helping Toby and Norah on this play. Still, it was a kind of holiday, so why not?

She sat down on the floor and took a handful of peas and started to shell them.

A hot breath on her neck, a moist tongue on her cheek, assailed her. "Larry!" She put up a hand and fended off the dog and his rapturous greeting.

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*Hearing a movement down the hall, and expecting Boris, Alison was startled to see a man — a complete stranger.*





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# Liz and the lovely stranger



**She marvelled at the beauty of this girl . . . a short story**

**By WILLIAM HOLDER**

*"Have a good day?" Ole Lindstrom asked Liz as they sat on the steps.*

LIZ crammed the jib into the sailbag as Willie Wade stepped off the snipe. At sixteen he was a lean six feet one inch with shoulders that would prosper. He picked up the bag and said, "See you tonight, Lizzy?" "I guess so. I'll be in around about quarter after seven." Willie said, "O.K.," and walked off to the yacht club with the bag. Liz, tall and slim in a disreputable blue shirt and khakis cut off at the knees, retrieved her bike from where it had been leaning against a piling and rode up through the boatyard. It had been a good day. The Gooney was sailing well and with any luck they'd pile up a few points in the races Saturday and Sunday.

Turning into Bay Street, she saw Ole Lindstrom sitting on the steps of O'Rourke's, a bottle of beer in his hand. Ole worked in the boatyard and knew more about sailing than anyone else in Green Harbor. He had a thirty-foot sloop that was the most beautiful thing Lizzy had ever seen. He had built it himself twenty years ago. He shifted the snuff in his mouth. "Hello, Lizzy," he greeted her. "Have a drink?" She said, "Sure, Mr. Lindstrom." She parked the bike, and went into the bar and got a root beer from Harry and told him it was on Mr. Lindstrom, then went out and sat on the steps.

"Have a good day?" Ole asked.

Lizzy nodded. "It was all right. If that blockhead Willie knew how to sail we'd have the club championship wrapped up by now." "Willie is good boy." Lizzy shrugged. "He's all right, I guess." She had never thought about Willie except in connection with the snipe and the hot-rod. She finished the root beer and Ole took a little can from his pocket, offered it. She said, "Thanks, Mr. Lindstrom," and sat contentedly.

They shared a companionable silence for a few minutes, then Ole said, "I go Rock Island tomorrow to see sister. Be fine weather for few days. Nice breeze."

Rock Island was fifty miles up the coast and twenty miles to sea. It was a dream, but she took a chance. "I guess you're going alone?" "Sure, alone. Come back next day."

Liz gulped. "I don't suppose you could use someone for crew, Mr. Lindstrom?" He looked at her and the weathered face wrinkled into a smile that showed strong, white teeth.

"You want to come, O.K. You will like sister, stay in her house." Lizzy was on her feet. "You mean it?"

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"IT'S THE SLIMMINGEST"

The birthday gifts from  
her son chosen with loving  
care were for Marcia the  
beginning of a new life  
... a short short story

By  
HELEN CALDER



## The Sandalwood Box

MRS. MARCIA KENT gave the impression of a lean, colorless woman to her neighbors, who, being young, took no further notice of the newcomer. Mrs. Kent didn't notice their indifference. She had a warm inner life which satisfied her—she thought. She liked to live alone in her own little home. Now she worked part-time as a hotel stenographer, four hours a day. She had a treasure some of these young couples with healthy children might never have, judging from their TV-absorbed indifference to them. This was a wonderful son she had sent to the university. He was now on an American engineering team building a dam somewhere in India.

Often she hugged this knowledge to her and most especially when the frail blue letters arrived with their foreign postmarks.

The letters were always interesting, since every detail of Bart's life fascinated her and he wrote with pictorial bite. But this particular letter gave her seriously to think. "You have a birthday coming up, Mother. I want to send you something, but I'd like to send something you'll use. If you have any ideas, whims, or wishes, let me know. If you don't, I'll send you something embarrassing such as a baby elephant."

Mrs. Kent laughed aloud at this idiocy. It would certainly make her popular with the neighbors' children. She was about to reply in her usual habit of self-abnegation please not to bother with any such thing, since his letters were sufficient, when her heart almost stopped beating. Bart was one of the team because his extra characteristic beyond his intellectual merit was his conviction that nothing was impossible and he could personally see to it. He might actually send her the baby elephant.

She thought about the letter all evening and woke with the answer in the morning. She wrote that her grandmother had had a carved sandalwood box from India; it smelled of India and sandalwood for years. As a child she had longed to own it. Could he?

Bart could. First an airmail letter came containing some money to pay the duty, if any. Weeks later arrived the package marked "Birthday Gift."

It was quite a large package and when the wrappings were removed the heavenly perfume of sandalwood rose out of it like a cloud, bringing with it the mood of romance and wonder of her childhood. Mrs. Kent sat looking at it for a long time, and then it occurred to her to open it. The box was full of beautifully wrapped packages.

She opened them in rapture, one by one. Each package contained a little note explaining what the things were for. There were sticks of incense and there was an incense-holder, not a cheap tourist trophy but an exquisite bronze Buddha fit for a shrine in a temple. There were perfumes in slender glass flasks with exotic names she'd never heard. There was a necklace and bracelet of blue stones filigreed with silver.

There was a ring of turquoises—then flat on the bottom of the box was a package which opened to disclose an Indian silk sari which flowed out of the box like a sky-blue waterfall. As she unfolded it out fell the last letter.

"When I saw this, Mother, I knew it had been made for you. It matches your eyes. I always remember when I was a child how blue your eyes were. There are times here between the rains when the sky is that color, and I think of you and how I will always remember you as the most beautiful mother a child ever had; her voice

was gentle, her hands so kind, her eyes like fragments fallen from the sky."

Mrs. Kent put her head down and began to cry. She didn't know why, because she couldn't remember ever having been happier. After a while she got up, turned on the lights, and put the presents away. She could use neither the perfume nor the scarf nor try on the sari till she felt worthy of them and of a memory of her. She began that night by putting gloves on her hands to wash the dishes, and on going to bed brushed her hair as she used to and massaged her hands and face with cream.

Next day she stayed in town when her work was done and did some thoughtful window-shopping. She bought nothing that day but began thoughtfully to plan a wardrobe.

Everything she now bought was calculated to restore the color of her personality so that Bart would not be disappointed in her when he came home.

Her hair, long scraped back into a neat, businesslike bun, refused to return to the soft deep waves about her shoulders that Bart remembered. Finally she gave in and went to the hotel beauty parlor. Here the girls told her frankly they had been longing to get their hands on it, such wonderful natural honey-blond hair so disgracefully unappreciated.

She learned something else there, too. One of the girls tidying up remarked, "I read about a new gadget that scrubs and washes floors with a vacuum. Let's ask for it. No sense doing dirty work a machine will do for you."

Mrs. Kent renounced dirty work from that moment.

It might be good for the soul, but it was bad for the hands and the morale and a most unrewarding time-waster. There was another thing she noted, these girls didn't keep their smart, lovely clothes for special occasions. They all looked like fugitives from the pages of fashion magazines, coming and going. Mrs. Kent wore her new cashmere suit with the blue surah silk blouse to work next day. Sure enough it enhanced the color of her eyes and with the loose waves of her shining honey hair she looked like somebody else. One of her regular customers from out of town confirmed this impression.

"Good morning," he said, slightly confused. "Are you taking Mrs. Kent's place?"

"Of course. I always take her place. Before you get further baffled, all that's wrong is a change of hairdo."

"All that's wrong? I'd say it was somewhat right. Do me a favor, Mrs. Kent. Please keep on wearing it that way." He added, slightly embarrassed and looking at her again more keenly—"don't take this personally, it's a sort of principle. I like a beautiful woman to look like a beautiful woman."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Kent, very subdued—and rolled the paper in the typewriter. "I value your opinion."

When his letters and reports were finished with their usual precision and dispatch, he lingered. "Mrs. Kent, I'd like to know more about you. I know you're a widow, so may I ask you out to dinner?"

Marcia went. She had not paid much attention to Franklin Warner, since he was a V.I.P. in her town when he visited, being a junior partner in a large firm of contractors. Now she realised him as a man of great personal attraction. He found out that Bart was thirty and she was forty-seven; his daughter was twenty and her mother had died long ago.

He said nothing that evening of future developments, but Marcia was a woman. She knew. Before she went to bed that night she drew satin-smooth fingers over the sari and said, "Thank you."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 29, 1962





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# THE NECKLACE

By **OLGA A. ROSMANITH**



It was a thrilling experience for Jean when the old lady fastened the necklace around her neck.

**D**ENNIS WOODWARD became suddenly aware that there were traits in his wife he had never suspected. As the problem developed he grew very disturbed. At first he had thought, to his considerable disappointment, that Jean was merely childish. Later he began to think she was selfish or greedy, or both. Her tenacity actually frightened him.

It began quite happily. Jean and Dennis had been married almost three years. They had a small but picturesque stucco studio house almost at the top of a big hill.

They were what Dennis called "temporary little people." For he was working like a beaver at several different jobs all hours of the day and night with one object in view—to amass money to go to art school full-time and take the complex technical courses which would qualify him as an art director, a profession more than ever alluring to a color genius since the advent of third-dimensional photography of the motion picture.

The days were gone when even the greatest talent could get in without any other qualification than the courage to experiment. Experiment had become too expensive.

Dennis was working in a department store by day and as a watchman by night. And instead of catching up on his sleep he made iron-legged, glass-topped coffee-tables in the garage on the weekends. These he painted under the glass with abstract paintings in color combinations to pick up the decorations in the customers' houses.

Jean helped with the amassment, also to pass her time, by working six hours a day as companion to a wealthy old lady who lived in a wheelchair. Until the anguish of the necklace she had been contented, enthusiastic about their ambitions, and co-operative.

She had never shown she missed any of the normal things they sacrificed for their wonderful future.

Dennis got home at six one Friday night. He had till 9 o'clock to have dinner and relax before he drove off to his job as night watchman.

Jean was humming while she set the dinner and Dennis noticed there was a more than ordinary air of well-being about her.

"You sound happy," he commented.

"I'm always happy, darling. But today a truly marvellous thing happened. My old lady had the whim to give me an absolutely fantastically wizard necklace."

"Fine. Why aren't you wearing it?"

Jean set the dish of corned beef and cabbage on the table and sat down.

"Because she feared the clasp wasn't safe. She wouldn't let me get it fixed. She said she would only trust a first-class jeweller to do it."

"Sounds like it had some substantial value."

"Oh, it has. Wait till you see it. Funny thing, she'd had some kind of attack in the night. Woke up fighting for breath. I think she has a premonition or something. She said why wait till she died to see me enjoy it. So she gave it to me."

That was all that night. Dennis went off to get a short nap while Jean performed her trick of watching television while she washed the dishes.

Saturday Dennis returned from work to find her in tears. Her old lady had died in the night. Just as apparently she had expected to.

"Well, she was 89," Dennis comforted her. "We all have to go some time, and she had a long innings."

"I know. But I had got very fond of her."

"That's natural. But don't go moping about it."

It was on Sunday that Jean really astounded him.

"How am I going to get my necklace? I went over to ask for it this morning, but her granddaughter (the mean one with the sharp nose) was in charge and she refused to give it to me."

"Then skip it, Jean. How can it matter to you?"

"But it does matter to me. It matters very much. It's rightfully mine. So why should I surrender it to one of those mean members of her family?"

"Why? Because it's decent, that's all. It's unlucky this happened, since you set such store by it. But you're my wife and I don't like the idea of you arguing over a trifle with the old lady only just dead. It isn't dignified. I forbid it. So let's hear no more about it."

Jean blazed with rage. "You forbid it! Who do you think you are, forbidding a grown woman to go after her rights? Well, all right, you won't hear any more about it till I've got it. Which I mean to do, if I have to sue for it. If only I could find that woman."

"What woman?"

"Listen, Dennis, this once. My old lady used to travel

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In an access of delight, Larry, Miss Hocking's splendid alsatian, leapt and sported around her. Friends! Playmates! Two unprepared seated victims at his mercy! His joy knew no bounds. He was hurling himself at Norah now, panting and woofing and pawing her, his feathered tail sweeping the things off the table, his long red tongue seeking her face, too.

Norah tried to rise, upset the bowl of peas into her lap, swore.

A shrill whistle came up from the scrub. In one effortless bound, Larry sailed over the verandah rail, over the garden fence, and disappeared among the trees and bushes. Through them, on the narrow path that led down to her house, his mistress could be seen in the distance, her red beret a bright spot in the landscape, as she waited for her darling to rejoin her.

Continuing . . .

## MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 27

The back door banged and Toby's step came up the hall. Larry, in his usual gregarious fashion, had escorted him home. Toby came out, hot from his walk to the store and back to buy bread and meat for dinner. A loose sports shirt and shorts became him well. His tall broad-shouldered figure had almost retained its boyishness. His face, too, showed none of the marks of care or thought. An extremely comfortably-off stockbroker, Toby seemed to find life lacking in nothing for his special delectation.

A minor grumble he allowed himself now as he came out on to the

verandah mopping his face. "Gosh! this is a stuffy part of the country. It never seems to get a breeze."

Norah was on her feet. "You want a cool drink, darling. I'll get them." She put her hands on his shoulders and pushed him down on to the long chair where she had been lying. She was back in a minute with the tray of drinks.

Toby continued his mild grumbling: "I don't believe I'll ever be able to sell this place. Who'd buy it? It's so damned inconvenient."

"Don't worry, it'll sell," Norah said. "Not that you'll get anything of a price for it, but there are always people who like to bury themselves away and live on dreams and a view."

Alison said: "If money is the root of all evil, they must be a virtuous little set here. Not one of them seems to have any, or want it."

The round ball of the sun hadn't yet touched the top of the hill on the left, a rosy haze veiled it, and the scene was suddenly transformed. The shabby matting and verandah furniture lost their dinginess, and the three people were glorified

beings; Toby bronzed and sculptured, Norah's flesh like a ripe apricot against her scarlet bathwrap. The rays set aglow the red lights in Alison's dark hair, and gave warmth to her rather too delicately tinted face and cool hazel eyes. Her slender figure in its skimpy cotton dress looked without weight or substance.

"Anyone at the store?" Norah asked, handing Toby another gin squash.

He took a big swallow of the tinkling drink, put the glass on the floor beside him, and reached for the cigarettes. "Boris making himself offensive to poor old Ethel Hocking," he told her.

"What about?"

"That dog of hers, as usual. It chewed up one of his chickens last week."

"Well, Larry can be rather overwhelming, beautiful beast as he is. He was in here just now and upset the peas."

"There's not a grain of malice in him. The kids up at the store were riding on his back just now."

"Maybe. But I do dislike having my mascara licked off. I think old Ethel ought to keep him a bit more under control. What happened at the store?"

He described the incident, the discreetly listening bystanders and Vetch, shuff-faced, and embarrassed behind the counter.

"There were threats and counter-threats. The old girl left in a great flap. Boris really is a nasty bloke."

"Too much time on their hands," Norah said crisply.

Alison glanced down at her own. "Too much grime on mine," she said. "I must go and shower before dinner." She got up and put her glass on the table.

Beside it lay the volume of Thackeray. She opened the cover and held it to Toby. "What's this, Toby?"

He squinted down at it. "What's what?"

"This. In your mother's writing."

He took the book and stared at the words, shook his head. "Haven't the foggiest, Alison. Very cryptic, isn't it? I'm sure I don't know." He turned it over, shut it and handed it back to her. "But then, what I apparently didn't know about my mother's last years would fill a volume a good deal bigger than 'Vanity Fair!'"

ON the path among the trees, Miss Hocking stood watching Larry as he loped toward her with his wolf-like springy run. The lines of anxiety that had marked her face as she made her way down the hill from the store after her encounter with Boris McEvoy were all at once smoothed out. The dog's presence was working its usual magic.

"Larry," she called. "Come here, you old larrikin! Come here and behave yourself. Too much gadding about, that's your trouble." Obeyingly, Larry sat down on the path at her feet.

"You're nothing but a great big nuisance. I don't know what I'm going to do with you. Do you hear me? You hear me all right! Yes, you do. And much notice you take of me! It's all very well you saying you'll turn over a new leaf! I've heard that one before! I wonder, I just wonder. Oh, well, you'll grow up. My old larrikin!"

But in her heart Miss Hocking didn't want him to grow up, didn't want him ever to change. How could he be better? He had left behind his clumsy puppyhood and was now at the peak of young exuberant doghood. His coat, glossy from its daily brushing, was lion-colored, darker around the neck where the thick hair, like an Elizabethan ruff, stood out above his brass-studded collar. The small dark cross on his forehead was velvety brown between his eyes of shining amber.

He sat looking up at his mistress with wide-open mouth and lolling red tongue that dripped a crystal drop on to the sand, and the broad grin on his face was the nearest a dog can get to the laugh that expresses the pure joy of living.

Miss Hocking looked down at him, holding his eye, sending him all the message of her love. How

## another QUICK SMART idea from Kraft



### SNAPPY CASSEROLE

#### INGREDIENTS:

- |                                |                            |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 2 large onions, thinly sliced  | 1 packet Kraft Dinner      |
| 2½ ozs. butter                 | 3 hard-boiled eggs, sliced |
| 2 tablespoons flour            | Additional butter          |
| 3 cups milk, 1½ teaspoons salt | Chopped parsley to garnish |
| Pinch pepper                   |                            |

**METHOD:** Melt butter in saucepan and cook onions until tender. Remove onions and add flour to saucepan. Cook for a few minutes. Stir in milk gradually, add seasonings. Bring to the boil, stirring until sauce is smooth. Meanwhile cook macaroni in three pints of boiling salted water. Drain and rinse. Combine macaroni with sauce. Arrange half the onions in a greased casserole and sprinkle with one-third of the cheese from the envelope. Top with a layer of half the egg slices then half the macaroni and sauce. Repeat layers. Sprinkle over remaining cheese and dot with additional butter. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375°F. gas, 400°F. Electric) for 15 minutes or until heated through. Garnish with chopped parsley. 6 servings.

A complete meal in a packet, and it cooks in seven minutes.

In each packet of Kraft Dinner you get special macaroni that cooks so very tender in just seven minutes . . . plus lots of golden grated cheese in a special foil envelope to mix through and through the macaroni. And there are four to five hearty serves in every packet for man-sized meals or satisfying snacks.

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did people live without a beloved pet? Her glance asked to be told. But then, all pets weren't like Larry. He wasn't only beautiful, but so clever, so engaging, and though his nature was surely the most affectionate on earth, what a protector he was!

Miss Hocking and Larry lived alone together, but there was no loneliness when Larry was around. At sixty, in the year since she had acquired the pedigree alsatian puppy, Miss Hocking had become amazingly active. She could be seen rushing around the hillside with a light, springy step not unlike Larry's own, playing games with him, laughing at his antics, and scolding her piercing whistle that called him back when he strayed too far afield.

At night, in their cosy sitting-room as she knitted or played patience, her animated talk supplied his half of the conversation to her perfect content. Larry had something to say on every subject. He was no yes-man, either, but disagreed only just enough to make himself companionable.

Of course, she had to concede, he was mischievous, but would you want a dog to be like a careworn adult, afraid to be himself, trotting around primly? He had a naughty habit of carrying off little odds and ends that people left lying about. Nobody minded that. Nobody but Boris McEvoy.

She stopped now and further fluffed up his ruff, put down in front of him the basket of stores. Not too heavy — ever — so as not to injure his teeth.

"Come on, now, make yourself useful. It's nearly time for our dinner."

Larry picked up the basket, and, with head held high, trotted down the path ahead of her toward home.

**A**s you faced the bay, of the five houses on this side of the hill the two on the right, closest to the water, were Mr. Cornwall's, and, beyond that, Miss Hocking's.

Jeffrey Cornwall lived alone, too, but needed not even an animal companion to enrich his self-contained existence. He was sixty-seven or eight, retired from the insurance company where he had been a not very successful executive. His wife was dead, his sons and daughters, unregretted, had long since gone their separate ways. He had built himself a crowded small world of tiny interests and occupations.

"Friends in town ask me what I do with myself. I do very nicely, my boy," he would say. "Very nicely indeed. I knock over the odd rabbit, do a bit of fishing, grow a few vegetables. I assure you the days are hardly long enough. And I don't see what more a man can want as he gets older."

Jeffrey Cornwall certainly seemed contented, with his cheerful expression and his tuneless humming. His repertoire consisted of three tunes, three only, whether he was prising loose the undersized oysters on the rocks, or planting out vegetable seedlings. The tunes were just recognisable as "Cherry Ripe," "Come All Ye Faithful," and "The Isle of Capri."

On this late afternoon he came in from his weekly trip to Fordham, let himself into his house and put away his stores, humming gently the while. This done, he went through to the bathroom and had a shower. Standing in the tin bath under the trickle of lukewarm water from the tank, he trod beneath his feet the drip-dry shirt — a well-thought-out economy of water and effort. He was a tall man, with bottle shoulders and a long nose set between rather full-glazed cheeks.

As a few minutes later he went through to the verandah with a glass of beer and an evening paper, Dal Owen appeared. Only the smallest frown on Cornwall's face showed that he had looked forward to enjoying in perfect solitude this dulcet hour.

"Evening, Dal." He sank on to the old sofa and put his feet up and started to fill his pipe, his glass on a stool beside him.

"I was up at the store and brought you an evening paper, Mr. Cornwall," Dal said ingratiatingly.

"Thank you, my boy. I got one when I was in Fordham."

Continuing . . .

## MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 34

The fair, good-looking youth came up the steps and put the paper down on the sofa.

Cornwall bowed to the inevitable. "Get yourself a glass of beer, Dal. The bottle's in the kitchen."

Dal went through the living-room with its ill-assorted saleroom furniture: massive black sideboards and flimsy bamboo chairs and a flotam of mats and bits of carpet peppering the floor; through to the kitchen, where a snug order reigned. On the table was a thick fillet steak, a bowl of cut beans, and two peeled potatoes. The bottle of beer stood cooling in water in the sink.

Dal poured himself a glass and went back to the verandah with it.

He took the bull by the horns as he emerged. "Mr. Cornwall, would it be all right if I dosed down here for a couple of nights?"

Cornwall looked up at him over the top of his steel-rimmed spectacles. "Boris kicked you out again?"

Such a point-blank question was damaging to Dal's "face." He smiled uncomfortably.

For all his youth and good looks,

at the back of Dal's eyes lurked a secret anxiety about how to get by in a world that was inimical to his philosophy.

He had studied how to be on hand in friends' houses when meals or drinks were due. He was always ready to help in small tasks that earned him small rewards, to run messages, to carry wet bathers, to make cups of coffee, to listen to bores and egotists sympathetically, and he had learnt to be practically invisible when someone might be trying to get rid of him.

The only open rebuff he had met since his arrival at the Bay three

months ago was from his sister Virginia's husband, Boris McEvoy, into whose none-too-welcoming house he had unobtrusively insinuated himself.

Dal sat down and took out cigarettes. "Well, he's a bit on the snooty side these days," he answered. "I'd rather make myself scarce for a while than come to holts with him. I don't want to make it any harder for Virginia."

"Ye . . . es."

"Actually, I'm going back to Sydney in a few days. A bloke I know's starting a dance studio and wants me to go in with him."

"Got the capital, Dal?"

"Just about."

"H'm." The brief sound was sceptical. "Well . . . I suppose you

To page 58



RICE (*Oryza Sativa*)

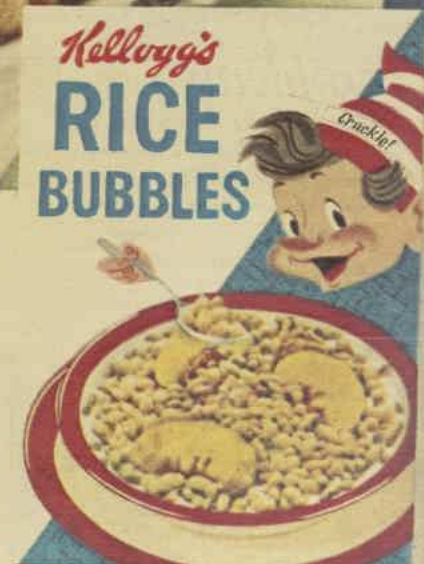
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### Caravan life

A WAITING possession of our home, my husband and I have become temporary caravan dwellers. Until now we were quite unaware of the large number of families who do their best to substitute these places for the conventional home. Privations are many — communal washing and laundry facilities, lack of space and privacy, heating in winter, to mention just a few. As one young neighbor told me, it's fun at first but hateful after a year. Is there a solution to this situation, apart from hard work and dedicated saving? Perhaps some "ex-caravaners" could tell of their experience and give encouragement to those dreaming of a proper home.

£1/1/- to J. R. O'Neill, Geelong, Vic.

### Long-filled glory boxes

I CAN'T understand why so many girls begin buying items for their glory boxes years before they marry. The articles lie idle, taking up precious space, changing fashion dates them, and there's always the risk of loss in the event of theft or fire. How much wiser to bank the money where it gains interest and, when the time comes, the necessary items can be bought in up-to-the-minute styling.

£1/1/- to "Thrifty," (name supplied), Esperance, W.A.

### Misfortune had its blessings

A MONTH ago, during the rush hour, I was knocked down by a young man in a hurry to get his tram. As a result I suffered a broken wrist, which is now in plaster. At first I was most indignant that, through carelessness, I should be put to so much inconvenience. However, I have had time to adjust myself and now feel I've gained considerably from this experience. I realise the true value of a helpful husband who anticipates my needs and good employers who have shown me every consideration. I've also been amazed at the number of helpful and understanding people I've met during my daily travels.

£1/1/- to F. M. Fabian, East Melbourne, Vic.

### An undeserved reputation

I WONDER where the idea that Australia has an unhealthy obsession with sport originated? As one who has travelled overseas, I know we are far behind most countries in placing sport on an out-of-perspective pinnacle. We don't hold large race meetings every day of the week, we don't value footballers as (in some cases) many thousands of pounds transfer material, and we don't equal the Latin countries in team partisanship. Australia has many talented men and women of science, medicine, industry, and top-line entertainment.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Allen, Brighton, Vic.

### Vintage soap

MRS. S. Crain (Qld.) asks if anyone has an older cake of soap than the 16-year-old cake with which she perfumes her stored clothes. I found a cake of soap which was put in my mother's dressing case in 1900 when I was a small girl. When I used the soap this year it had lost most of its perfume, but otherwise compared favorably with modern soaps.

£1/1/- to T. Boothwick, Hunter's Hill, N.S.W.

MY cake of soap, now 37 years old, was bought by my mother for my use on my wedding morning. It was put away and not used for three years, when I brought it out to wash my first baby. It didn't come out again until 10 years later — for my second baby. Though slightly harder and a wee bit smaller, this soap still bears its perfume.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. A. Sampson, Richmond, N.S.W.

MARRIED in 1915, I went to live at my husband's home at Marble Bar — and found some soap he had kept with his clothes since 1908. An old lady had told him soap would keep the silverfish away, and she was right, as he still wears some of these clothes.

£1/1/- to Mrs. M. Martin, Rivervale, W.A.

AS a souvenir of their tour in 1925, my late husband's parents brought home a cake of Parisian soap supplied by their hotel in Detroit (U.S.A.). A whiff of the original exquisite perfume still remains, though the paper "dust cover" bearing the hotel's coat of arms is slightly worn.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Q. Turner, Redcliffe, Qld.

I HAVE a small cake of soap which I bought in a sample bag at the Melbourne Show 42 years ago. Although the perfume has gone, the soap is in perfect condition.

£1/1/- to A. E. Bohner, Blackwood, S.A.

I HAVE soap in my possession which dates from 45 years ago. My stepmother brought some out from England with her and has since added to her collection. Though the oldest cake has lost its perfume, it entertains the grandchildren by floating in their baths.

£1/1/- to Mrs. I. Howe, Millicutt, S.A.

## Ross Campbell writes...

LOTS of people will be cheered up by something a big businessman just said.

"In our firm," he said, "we get some of our best ideas from discussions round the coffee table."

The habit of discussing things round the coffee table is common in the business world now. If you look into city coffee shops around 11 a.m. any working day you will see scores of men at it.

Now and then I duck out myself and join the coffee-drinkers. It is usually when my .1 of a secretary is sick, and there is no tea in the office.

I feel a bit guilty doing this. My impression is that the other men in the coffee shop feel guilty, too. They don't talk about it much at home.

A man's wife asks him in the evening: "What sort of a day did you have, dear?" But he doesn't reply: "Pretty hard. The service was too slow in the coffee shop."

That is why this business leader's opinion is important. It will stop

### INSTANT INSPIRATION

men in coffee shops from feeling guilty.

If they have good ideas during discussions round the coffee table, they aren't wasting their time, or the boss' either. They should drink all the coffee they can.

Coffee has taken the lead over



tea in this matter. No business leader, so far as I know, has said he got good ideas from discussions during the tea break.

When the tea comes along in my office there isn't any discussion, as

a rule. My .1 of a secretary (I share her with nine others) puts the cup on my desk and goes out. Sometimes she says: "Would you give me your tea money, please?" and I say: "Could you wait till tomorrow?" That's about all.

If a few of us have a short talk at tea-time we usually say things like: "I was one off a tanner in the lottery yesterday," or "Did you hear they're going to pull the accounts department down?" It's interesting stuff, but you couldn't say it threw up many good ideas.

The people who duck out for coffee seem to be a smarter, more go-ahead type than those who stay in for tea.

They look more serious as they sit around the tables in the coffee shops. If their wives or bosses look in, they can always say they are discussing things and having good ideas.

That may be why I am so pitifully short of ideas — I keep on drinking tea in the office. Perhaps our tea club ought to switch to coffee to brighten up our discussions. But darn it, I like tea!



A six-page section for

# WORKING WIVES

To help them

SAVE  
TIME..

SAVE  
TEMPERS..

SAVE  
MONEY



**SHE LEADS A DOUBLE LIFE:** She must dovetail together her home-life and her outside job and be efficient at both. It's not easy. Household budgeting, office worries, sickness in the family, looking chic for town, keeping the family well fed and well clothed, the laundry and shopping up to schedule, and at the same time doing her paid job well—these are only a few aspects of her double dealing. Most working wives, however, learn to take crises in their stride—as when unexpected visitors turn up at home half an hour before she's due at the office party.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 29, 1962

● These days the working wife is almost a sign of the times. No one is surprised to find the bride back in the office once the honeymoon is over or the mother of growing children resuming work to help pay school bills or “get a few extras.”

AND the older woman, her family grown up and married, often finds that getting a job solves the problem of feeling rather lost.

Hence: Where there were 139,780 married women working in Australia in 1947, seven years later there were more than twice that number—285,505.

When statistics from last year's census come out (they haven't been released yet) they are expected to show another startling increase.

Now the chief characteristic of the working wife is: she's in a hurry.

Time, rather than money, usually governs her housekeeping habits, even when she's watching her piggy-bank closely.

Some women cope very well with hours of cooking and chores at night, but most are too tired. They want ideas for quick meals and time-saving hints on housework.

This six-page section is designed to help them.



**HE NEEDS TO HELP HER.** Most Australian husbands have a strong sense of fairness and help out the working wife. For instance, they're (often) quite good at washing. They'll even peg out the clothes. But oh, dear. When it comes to sorting out what has to be ironed, what belongs to one child and what to another, what is “good” household linen and what is everyday stuff—that's when a man begins to bumble and his temper goes.

As cooks, too, men are often just as skilful as their wives—at doing a grill, baking a joint, making toast, tea, porridge, scrambled eggs. But, as a general rule, DON'T ask a man to make a cake, a custard, or anything finicky. It drives him mad. He'll sweep but not dust. He'll vacuum-clean, hose the paths, change light bulbs. But he's quite unlikely to be able to fix flowers, tidy a dressing-table, or find a lost sock. Let him do the things he's good at. He'll be a big help, really he will, and save your time.

Continued overleaf

## TOO HARD PRESSED

- The experts are always saying it—keep a little time to spend with your husband!

HERE'S a snippet of talk overheard on a Sydney bus after two men exchanged greetings.

A: How're the wife and daughters?

B (evasively): Well, er, I haven't actually been seeing much of them lately.

A (sensing a scandal): Uh-hm-m-m!

B (very irritably): Oh, nothing like that. It's just that they're all in jobs and are ALL ALWAYS IRONING.

(Moral: A well-pressed dress is nice to have, but a contented husband nicer.)



# "Coping is fun - but I cry sometimes"

By June Page

● The honeymoon is over and you are back at the office. "How are you coping?" they all ask kindly. At first you wonder why the fuss . . .



**WHY**, managing a husband, a home, a job, and yourself seems as easy as walking up the aisle! . . . or does it?

At the time, thank goodness, it does seem quite easy. But looking back on the first month, my memories of "coping" are mortifying.

The procession of burnt dinners ("The stove's fault, darling. I just can't get used to it"). The hearty breakfasts of rock-hard toast and runny boiled eggs ("Much healthier that way").

His bewilderment on finding there are no clean socks ("Wear my tennis ones, darling. They'll stretch").

And you know, really, that you're not coping: that you're being neither a good wife nor good employee. So you cry. Buckets.

This makes him very upset, which makes you more upset and the whole thing, you both feel, has been a hideous mistake.

Where do you go from there? At the end of the first month, we held a debate.

First. Was I happy in my job at the office? Yes.

Would I not be happier at home running the household? No. Our flat was small, and should be easy to run. There wouldn't be enough for me to do at home.

That settled, we considered whether, in fact, it was worth my while working, financially. Was it costing us more than my staying at home would?

Ironically, a working wife costs more to maintain than a stay-at-home one.

To start with, a non-earning wife is a tax-deductible asset — worth a concession on her husband's income tax.

So a working wife will have to earn enough to compensate for the lost income-tax concession as well as all the other "luxuries" of having a job:

- More clothes — think of the stockings you buy.

- Travelling fares.

- Expensive lunches in the city.

- Costlier food — no time to look for bargains and no time to spend preparing the cheaper cuts of meat.

- Laundry sent out.

- If possible, a cleaner once a week.

If all these things could not be covered by my wages, there was no point in having a permanent job.

However, we discovered that we could afford to keep my job. In fact, we could even afford to save a bit of money.

Whew! Up zoomed confidence, self-respect, and "copeability." I was of value

to the partnership. This means a lot in the complicated clash of egos in early marriage, which everyone calls "adapting."

It also proved that running two jobs at once works in theory. The only problem was to make it work in practice.

So you go to it with a will.

You change your mental attitude to your job as a home-maker. You have to. You can't compete for domestic laurels with the young wives who don't have jobs, so you shouldn't try.

Entertaining friends at home has to be much less elaborate than you had tried.

Pickling, bottling, and sewing are right out of the question — praise be.

Surface mess and untidiness must be tolerated, and/or bundled into the nearest cupboard and forgotten.

And funnily enough, you find that everyone, including your husband, is quite satisfied with the superb way you're running the household.

After all, you've made it quite clear

If you woo these tradesmen, they'll take a personal interest in your larder and may even telephone to remind you that you have forgotten to place a weekly order.

It is a good idea to check off your orders against the bill as you stack the things away.

Even your trusted grocer can make a mistake. If you find something IS wrong with the order, tell him. Oddly enough he'll respect you for being demanding.

- Have an office spike or large paper clip in the kitchen for bills. This saves time wasted looking for them in the garbage-can and saves tempers.

- Appoint between you an official household treasurer. Two people trying to cope with the finance is very muddy.

- When you get home from work, resist the temptation to dash into the kitchen and tackle the cooking.

Have a little rest instead. Put on flat-heeled shoes and slacks or something comfortable, have a drink, cigarette, and

But you can take the time for cooking when you can most spare it. This, for me, is during the weekend — and that's when all the weekly provisions are fresh.

So, instead of putting the lettuce away just as it arrived from the greengrocer, it's nearly as easy to wash it, weed out the unusable leaves, and put it in a plastic bag in the refrigerator ready for use.

Cabbage and carrots can be treated in the same way.

Silver-beet and spinach can be cooked and stored in a screwtop jar in the fridge. You can do the same with tomato and onion, for use later as either a sauce for a grill or separate vegetable dish.

The meat preparation for use later in the week is a bit more difficult. Grills and roasts taste awful if they have been pre-cooked, but casseroles prepared in the weekend improve with age and reheating.

Brains also can be pre-boiled and ready for tossing up later in melted butter.

Meat and tomato sauces for spaghetti

## "List the things he just won't eat"

that it's not the only thing in life you have to cope with. The office job is, in effect, a wonderful excuse for any domestic imperfection.

Nonetheless, the path to true domestic ease for the working wife isn't smooth. But with time and errors, trials and experience, it becomes less rough. In fact, quite fun.

You work out systems and rules. You come to shattering conclusions — which probably every other young working wife has worked out, too. Yet you feel these have been your own discoveries.

Here, haphazardly, are a few of my "shattering" short-cuts for newly married working wives.

- Get your husband to make a list of all the food he won't eat.

This saves a lot of time, money, and embarrassment. Men are so sweet that they don't tell you they hate, say, rhubarb pie while you're making it. They don't tell you when you serve it. In fact they never tell you. You just have to "observe" that they haven't eaten a mouthful of it.

- Cultivate an obliging family-type grocer, butcher, and greengrocer who will (a) take weekly orders and (b) deliver.

This saves time and your back, and spilt parcels in the bus.

chat. It's time well spent—at least, that's my view.

- Apart from getting the dinner and the dishes, don't do strenuous housework in the week-day evenings.

For one thing, you'll get too tired and run-down. For another, you'll start feeling sorry for yourself. ("Here I am slaving away like a domestic drudge and HE is watching television.")

- Give him some special jobs to do. This will make him feel as though he belongs to the menage and is pulling his weight.

Indeed, despite the crack in the last paragraph, he gets rather upset and lonely if he has to sit back and watch you slaving. If you have to work, find him a cupboard to fix if he has none of his own jobs left.

Good, permanent household responsibilities for husbands are:

The garbage; the milk bottles; clearing out drawers (e.g., sorting out his socks); seeing that all the bills are paid; seeing that all the light globes and switches work; sorting out the laundry; and, if he's mechanically minded, he might like to work the washing machine.

- Cooking. No matter how hard you try, you can't outwit the basic culinary fact that food takes time to cook.

can also be pre-cooked. And while you're at it, mix an extra quantity of pre-made french oil and vinegar dressing.

- The washing-up — an unending, thankless chore — can be helped along by (a) rinsing and stacking dishes as soon as you've finished a meal and (b) cooking a whole meal in one pan.

(You'll find Continental peasant recipes good for one-pan meals. Paella — a Spanish rice, chicken, and vegetable dish — and a French dish, ratatouille — vegetables and Continental sausage — are both easy.)

One of the alarming things about keeping an office job and a home running is that you've got so much to think about that you forget things all the time.

A large memo pad — or child's black-board—in the kitchen solves this.

So does a large engagements diary by the telephone. This does away with that ghastly "You didn't tell me we had to go out tonight."

Make sure that the engagements diary isn't chock-full. Unless you have the stamina of oxen, two outings and one evening entertaining at home a week is as much as you both can cope with.

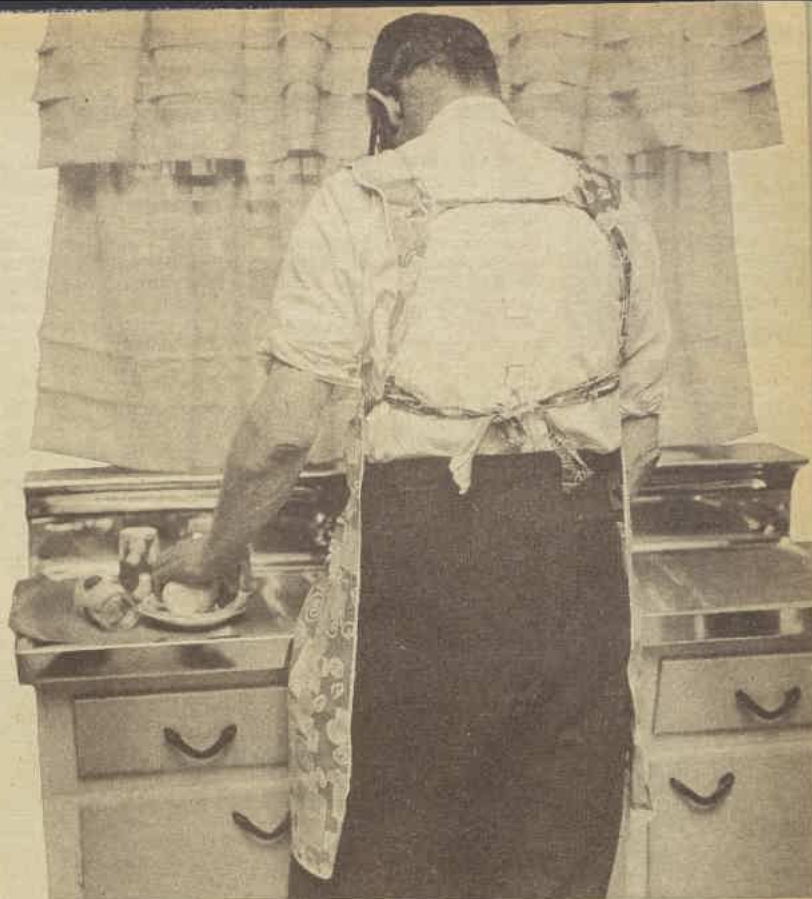
And, after all, it is rather nice to be by yourselves sometimes at home.



# "We manage -but I'm a 'soft touch'"

By Theo Moody

● As the working husband of a working wife I find myself a full partner in a regime of domestic slavery. But of domestic felicity, too.



WHEN my wife, Muriel, with the children nudging into their teens, decided to go to work to supplement our income, we agreed that it would only be possible if I pitched in and helped around the house.

A bit of a laugh this, as all my married life I have helped with the housework. I'm a soft touch.

Anyway, I agreed to go on helping because I believe it is just not possible for a woman to hold down an outside job and run a house efficiently, particularly where there are children.

I believe also that it is good for a woman's morale, when the children are getting on, to get a job outside. Housework is the dulllest, most soul-destroying of all occupations.

We have a well-organised division of labor, and it works well.

My working day begins, all the year round, at 5.30 a.m., when I get up and

set. The usual pepper and salt, of course. It's simple, but superb.

While breakfast is cooking Muriel finishes off and packs the school lunches.

Breakfast over, daughter Mary (11) and I wash the dishes while Muriel is making the beds and vacuuming.

When we all leave home at 7.45 a.m.—the kids catch their school buses, Muriel and I drive to the city—the flat is immaculate.

Muriel fortunately has a job where she can leave at 4 p.m., so she is home soon after the kids.

This gives her plenty of time to prepare dinner, but I have made this easier for her by pre-cooking a number of meals at the weekend.

I do this Saturday afternoons while I listen to the races and make an occasional bet (small).

I am writing this Sunday morning and in the fridge now I have (prepared yesterday afternoon) a meat pie ready for

casseroles in the oven, I used the top shelf to bake an outside rice custard, big enough for two or three meals. I also made three or four varieties of jelly.

In the warmer months I always make a huge bowl of fruit salad at the weekend, but for hot desserts in the winter I'm not too proud to use the many excellent varieties of canned fruit puddings available now. They're cheaper (and often better) than I could make.

I have one fairly quickly made dessert that's always a silencer to the constant brother-sister bickering that goes on in our house.

In a large frying pan boil up one cup of water and half a cup of sugar. Add two drops of vanilla. In this syrup gently poach three halved firm pears, peeled and cored (about 10 minutes). Take pears out and arrange them on a platter round sides up. Reduce the syrup in the pan a little more and in it boil one cup of sliced strawberries until they are a thick

The full week's wash is done and hanging out by 9.30 a.m. Muriel and young Mary do the ironing Sunday morning while I am cooking the midday dinner (we still favor the traditional Australian midday Sunday roast).

My domestic co-operation would not be possible, I know, if I were a golfer, a fisherman, or a boating enthusiast.

I gave up golf 20 years ago when my mother-in-law (rest her soul) took it up.

To keep fit (and I need to with this regime) I do three or four solid lunch-hour workouts at a city gym. It's cheaper and much more effective than golf.

I'm fond of fishing, but I can satisfy this by taking a line at daybreak summer mornings down to the local jetty to drag in a few tailor, bream, or once—wonderful day—a 6lb. flathead.

But I do like my modest punt and not all the needs of working wives can keep me from that.

I occasionally play hookey and go to the races, particularly for the big meetings. (I was at Randwick that exciting day when Mel Schumacher pulled Tom Hill's leg in the Derby finish, bless his unscrupulous heart. I did not care much that I had backed Blue Era, Schumacher's mount, which lost on protest. I saluted Schumacher's noble, wicked effort on my behalf.)

I do most of my betting S.P. with Bill, who, with what he has won from me and other keen judges of form, has just built himself a nice new home in the suburbs. Do I grudge him this? I certainly do. I hope his new roof leaks.

Anyway, the work regime I have outlined means that all chores are finished by dinnertime, and after that we can relax.

Sunday afternoons I get my head down, always hoping to have another dream like the one I had about Matweai just before he popped up and won at 33/1. I really hit Bill with that one.

There is a fourth member of the family I have not mentioned who will take no part in this domestic activity.

Dan, 13, has an after-school delivery job which, he believes, absolves him from any housework.

I do not argue with him about this. I feel that it might help better in shaping his character to learn early the brutal facts of being a wage-earner.

I feel also that, if he does learn to cook and help about the house, he might finish up, poor slob, like me.

## "I give her morning tea in bed"

put on the kettle for morning tea, with which, with thinly sliced bread and butter, I waken Muriel at 6 a.m., in time for the radio news.

Muriel never does this, nor do I expect her to, because she is a "night person"—she likes to go to bed late and get up late. I am a "day person"—I like to go to bed early and get up early. It's a difference that works out well in these circumstances.

While the kettle is boiling I slice and butter the bread for lunches and start off breakfast when it is not something like bacon and eggs or a grill that has to be cooked and served at once.

This might be smoked haddock, a gravy in which to simmer sausages grilled the night before, or a Spanish omelet, which is a favorite with the kids.

You make it this way: In a frying pan or skillet (I have a large cast-iron one, which is the handiest thing in my kitchen) saute lightly in butter a finely sliced onion. When it is transparent add a large peeled and sliced tomato.

I leave this simmering slowly while I go and shower and dress, and Muriel takes over in the kitchen. She lightly beats four eggs, adds them to the onion and tomato, stirs once only, and allows to cook until

baking, a rabbit braised in claret, braised steak and onions, and a Queen Victoria stew.

They are in that marvellous air-tight plasticware you can buy now and they just have to be heated.

That Queen Victoria stew is another family favorite. I read once that it is so named because it was the favorite dish of Queen Victoria.

I know the old lady's taste in most things was stodgy, but I'm a bit her way about this stew.

It, too, is easy to prepare:

Gently brown 2lb. of shin of beef and one sliced onion. Drain off the fat, cover with a good strong beef stock (I also prepare this Saturdays, in a large boiler, with 1lb. shin beef, one veal knuckle, and beef bones), and cook the stew until the meat is tender (about 90 minutes). Then add two peeled and quartered white turnips (white, mark you, not swedes) and continue cooking until they are done. Thicken the stew (in the proper way, not with flour and water, but as you would make a white sauce), then, five minutes before serving, add two tablespoons of sherry.

Desserts? I prepare a lot of these in advance, too.

While the braised steak and onions were

syrup consistency. Spoon over the pears and chill. Yummy with whipped cream.

I know it is a popular belief that men are messy cooks. It is not so in my case.

I have an inflexible rule of washing up as I go along. In cooking, as soon as I have used a dish or utensil, I wash it up and PUT IT AWAY. When Muriel goes to serve dinner the only dishes about the kitchen are those containing the food.

(I have unsuccessfully tried to educate the Mrs. in this system. The kitchen, even when she serves boiled eggs, manages to look as though she's been preparing a banquet for a football team.)

During my Saturday afternoon cooking stint, Muriel is able to relax and read, or try to turn off the race broadcasts and on to some good music while I am out of the room. We go back to Ken Howard—that's one thing I'm firm about.

Resting, she strings and shreds beans and shells peas, enough for the week. Frozen vegetables, I know, are wonderful, but we prefer the fresh ones. The prepared vegetables, too, are stored in an airtight plastic container.

Then there's the washing and ironing. We get our week's shopping over by 8 a.m. Saturday, then get the washing machine going as soon as we get home.



## MY COOKING SECRETS

by Leila Howard of The Australian Women's Weekly Kitchen



### TREAT FOR MOTHER.

After one of those mornings at home when nothing seems to go right, try cheering yourself up with a glamorous lunch like this one. Blend finely chopped apple and celery with cream cheese or mayonnaise. Spread this mixture on lightly buttered bread

or slimming biscuits. Place a dollop of the same apple-celery mixture into the hollows of canned peach halves, and toast both bread and peaches. Dish it up on your prettiest platter, then settle down with a magazine and your favourite piping-hot or icy-cold drink.

**SAVE THAT SYRUP!** Left-over syrup can be used to add extra flavour to jellies, custards, sauces, pie fillings, rice desserts, party drinks and even cakes and cookies. But remember to balance the sweetness to taste.

**PEACH PARFAIT.** There's nothing like a really professional looking parfait to put a gleam in a man's eye! Here's one that looks good, tastes good, and is so simple. Mix together some raspberry

jam, drained peach syrup and a dash of lemon juice. Spoon into tall glasses in alternate layers with chopped canned peaches and thick whipped cream. Place an extra scoop of cream on top, and decorate with a cherry and a wafer biscuit on a rakish angle.

**SUNDAE DELIGHT.** Sundaes, too, are ever-popular—especially with menfolk and youngsters. Place two up-turned peach halves on a pretty dish. Fill the cavities

with raspberry jam and balance a giantsize scoop of ice cream across the centre. Sprinkle with chopped nuts and stick in a wafer biscuit or penny paper parasol.

**A REMINDER.** Dietitians say we all need a serve of fruit a day. Make sure your family get their fruit by keeping several cans on hand always. Canned fruits are versatile, sustaining, easy to digest and lower in calories than most puddings.



### CHOCOLATE PEAR PRINCESSE

**INGREDIENTS:** 1 can pears; ½ cup pear syrup; 1¼ pints milk; 3 oz. grated chocolate; pinch salt; 3 eggs; ½ cup sugar; 2 teaspoons rum or ½ teaspoon vanilla essence; 4 or 5 slices stale bread (cut into fingers); 2 tablespoons extra sugar; extra grated chocolate.

**METHOD:** Place milk, grated chocolate and salt into saucepan and heat slowly until chocolate melts. Add ½ cup drained pear syrup. Separate eggs, set aside 2 egg-whites and place remaining white and 3 egg-yolks in basin. Add sugar and rum or vanilla and beat until creamy. Stir in chocolate milk mixture and bread fingers. Set aside for ½ hour, then spoon into greased ovenproof dish. Place in another dish containing 1 inch water and bake in a moderate oven until set. Remove from oven and allow to cool slightly. Meanwhile, whip egg-whites until foamy and fold in extra sugar. Beat until dissolved. Arrange pear halves on top of chocolate custard and coat each with meringue. Return to oven for 10 minutes to set and lightly brown meringue. Sprinkle extra grated chocolate over each mound before serving.

# Easy! open a can of perfect pears



### PEAR & LETTUCE SALAD

**INGREDIENTS:** 1 can drained pears, lettuce leaves, prunes, creamed cheese, walnuts, mayonnaise, parsley, meat rolls.

**METHOD:** Take 1 lettuce leaf for each serving. Arrange in centre of lettuce, 1 pear half. Top each pear with creamed cheese, prune, walnut, and parsley. Arrange meat rolls around the edge. Chill. Serve with mayonnaise.

### IT'S LIKE OWNING AN ORCHARD!

All the sunny, golden goodness of fruit fresh from the tree is yours—any time you want it! Just open a can. No work, no mess, no waste. And, mmm... just taste that healthy freshness! It's sealed into every can by pressure-cooking. You'll really enjoy making desserts like these with canned fruits. Pick up an extra can on every shopping trip.

For goodness' sake eat more canned fruit



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 29, 1962



Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

# Television



## THE JUDY GARLAND SHOW

● **Saturday night, August 25**

**T**HE Judy Garland Spectacular programme in sequence is:—

*Just in Time* (Judy Garland).  
*When You're Smiling* (Judy Garland).  
*You Do Something to Me* (Judy Garland).

*Too Marvellous For Words* (Frank Sinatra).

*You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby* (Dean Martin).

*I See Your Face Before Me* (Sinatra).

*The Man That Got Away* (Judy Garland).

*The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else* (Sinatra, Martin).

*I Can't Give You Anything But Love* (Judy Garland).

*Let There Be Love* (Judy Garland, Sinatra, Martin).

*You're Nobody Till Somebody Loves You* (Judy Garland, Sinatra, Martin).

*You Made Me Love You* (Judy Garland).

*Trolley Song* (Judy Garland).

*Rockabye Your Baby* (Judy Garland).

*Swanee* (Judy Garland).

*San Francisco* (Judy Garland).

### When to watch

- Sydney: Channel 9 at 9.30.
- Melbourne: Channel 9 at 7.30.
- Brisbane: Channel 9 at 8.30.
- Adelaide: Channel 9 at 7.30.

● **Overleaf for Judy Garland's Life Story and Preview of Show.**



# How Judy came back from the depths

From BETTY BEST, in London

● When a woman of 40, who has been working for 37 years, has had three broken marriages, years of being broke, and years of ill health, refers to her troubles as "minute," she is either a very big person or a fool.

JUDY GARLAND is no fool.

She has more emotion, nerves, sensitivity, and straight-out talent packed into her trim 5 feet than any living figure in show business today.

Judy has risen from depths of despair and frustration to the topmost heights of her career.

She has developed from what looked like permanent adolescence to warm, satisfied maturity.

She has grown from a would-be suicide to a woman with a passionate love of life.

She is not only happy—she has the sense to know she is

happy, and to be grateful for it.

"I was tarred and feathered in Hollywood, but I have no hate or bitterness for the past," she said.

"You need time to hate and to be bitter, and I haven't got the time to spare."

"There are so many good things to do."

This is a very different Judy from the one I met only five years ago during her wildly successful one-woman variety tour of Europe.

Then she arrived on a wave of loving wholesome publicity on the arm of her tall, handsome former test pilot husband, Sid Luft.

On the face of it that was a far more propitious entrance than her more recent one.

Then there were no screaming headlines about "Flight to Save Children," "Judy Flees—Husband Held," or "Dash to London After Unfit Mother Charge."

Instead there was a glamorous reception in one of London's oldest stately homes, a Niagara of champagne followed by an avalanche of stories about Judy's happy marriage.

Yet the plump little figure in a brocade mandarin coat seemed tense and taut.

She smiled constantly and had a gracious phrase for everyone—but her handshake was clammy with nerves and her eyes looked frightened.

She was still the child star whom time had caught up with.

She generated nostalgia and sympathy in her guests that night, but she looked as if she needed it to get her through a shattering ordeal.

Not that it showed the minute she got on stage. Once there she was the tireless troupier, the same old electrifying Judy who wowed us with "A Couple of Swells" and sent us home misty-eyed to "Over the Rainbow."

What we didn't know was that she was drenched with sweat during every performance.

So great was her stagefright that Sid often had to push her on from the wings.



JUDY, 1962. Suffering, tenderness, and the marks of years of sickness show in this beautiful study of the star. The Judy Garland Show was so widely acclaimed in America that it has been entered for the International Television Festival at Montreux. It marks Judy's return to TV after an absence of six years and is her first professional appearance with Sinatra and Martin, both close friends.



JUDY GARLAND as she arrived in London for her recent tour with her three children (from left), Lorna (9) and Joey Luft (7), and Lisa Minnelli (16).

## TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week



Tommy Hanlon

Momma once said: I think people depend too much on appearance. They think, because a person has a big car or home, jewels, and fine clothes, he or she is successful. Some of the most unhappy people in the world are also the wealthiest. One of the kindest, happiest, and most satisfied men with life I ever knew was also lucky if he knew where his next meal was coming from. He just enjoyed life and lived it to the fullest. We all can't have everything we want, so be happy if you can see through your two eyes, or walk on two feet. You count them as blessings.

Momma's moral: If we judged everything by appearance, NOBODY would eat an oyster.

Each week in this supplement we will publish Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the Week.

Now she admits that during that tour she became so terrified that she would have an attack of nausea in the middle of a performance and not know how to go on.

For two years she fought this mounting horror with any and every medicine she could lay her hands on.

But her fears mounted until they took in everything from aeroplanes to food allergies, insomnia to overweight.

Then late in 1959 fate struck its cruellest blow: Her voice gave out.

With nothing left to fight with she went to a New York hospital where doctors diagnosed hepatitis and told her she would never work again.

Perhaps it was the challenge that dredged the courage up from rock bottom.

If you've worked on stage since you toddled, an audience is as essential as the air you breathe.

Contrary to all expectations, Judy obeyed her doctors' orders to the letter.

She kept to a strict diet, drank only a drop of diluted wine with her meals, dodged all parties and publicity, and concentrated on her children, Liza, Lorna, and Joe.

She admits now that she

weighed more than 13 stone and "felt so fat that I thought I ought to tie myself to the bedpost at night to stop me floating away."

Quite suddenly she knew what she had to do. She had to stop being run by others and stand on her own two feet.

All her life, from the time she was in vaudeville with her mother and sisters, through studio childhood at M.G.M., every move she made had been managed for her.

Now 40, she would be an adult for the first time.

"I did something completely alone," she said. "I bought a ticket, got on a plane, and went through Customs alone, and I had never done any of those things before. They had always been done for me."

"I was determined to come to England and see my old friend Dirk Bogarde, and nothing was going to stop me."

Nothing ever has since. Within six months Judy had her voice back and was singing at the London Palladium.

Her reception was fantastic, so she went on to a European tour.

She was a sell-out.

To page 3





JUDY at her second marriage—to Vincente Minnelli in 1945. The bride, 23, had been married previously to David Rose, was then one of M.G.M.'s brightest stars.



JUDY'S third husband was former fighter pilot Sid Luft, photographed with her here two years ago. Judy and Sid, now separated, have two children, Lorna and Joey.

# Judy's show—it's breathtaking

By NAN MUSGROVE

● I'll be surprised if televiewers don't go wild one way or the other when they see "The Judy Garland Show", Judy's first spectacular, on Australian TV.

IT lasts an hour and is pure Judy from start to finish, although she is supported by Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin.

These not-unknown performers don't even get equal billing—Judy's name is up in lights 20 feet high all through.

And both the men sing, better than ever, solo, duets with Miss Garland, and the three of them together; but so overwhelming is the impact of Judy's singing and personality that at the end of the show I wondered what had happened to them.

At the special preview I had, there were no commercials. I missed them. I needed the break to draw my breath and rest.

For Judy's emotional singing makes this show an experience that is exciting but exhausting.

It is a really colossal show.

Judy sings 10 solos and every one is her song.

When she sang "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," it sounded like an anthem. It was so charged with emotion that I thought: if anyone strikes a match there'll be a terrific explosion.

Explosions seem to go with Judy. People don't feel neutral about her. They either love her or loathe her.

If you love her, this is definitely your show.

And even if you are one of the people who loathe her, watch it to see what life does to a woman.

Every now and then you catch a glimpse of the enchanting child who sang "Over the Rainbow," the excited young woman who sang "The Trolley Song," but mostly you see the face of a woman with every emotional jag she has suffered showing.

It is still a face you would stop and look at twice; a face far more interesting than it was before.

Her figure is good, dieted down to shapeliness from the fat that came from her compulsive eating; and she still has the wonderful Garland legs, unmarred by age.

For the first half she shows them off in a short basic black sheath and different jackets; for the second half she startled me by wearing the tightest stretch pants with a loose top made of shimmering paillettes.

I thought at first they were a mistake, but ended thinking she looked better in them than in the more conservative sheath.

If you still want other reasons for looking at the Judy Garland show, I give you two more—Sinatra (wearing a new toupee, but showing his age more than usual) and Martin. I've never heard them in more magnificent form.

## Judy Garland's story—from page 2

But she still wasn't sure about her own country. After all, it was there she had had her studio battles which culminated in a suspension, after which she had slashed her neck with broken glass.

It was there she had buried her marriages, had her breakdowns, and tried the comeback which never worked in "A Star Is Born."

But she went to see Sammy Davis, Jr., on his last night at the Copacabana, where there is a show-business tradition that the star on-stage introduces all famous names in the audience.

They were all there, from Louella Parsons to William Bendix, but as Sammy stepped to the microphone he said, "Ladies and gentlemen, tonight I will dispense with tradition and just introduce two great ladies in the audience. The first is my mother."

His mother took her bow to polite applause, and then he went on: "The second great lady has just returned from London, where she has been recovering from a serious illness. Her name is Judy Garland."

For an instant there was silence and then the great club rocked to an emotion that lasted for minutes.

As Judy walked to the microphone in a plain white blouse and black skirt, the entire audience rose to its feet calling her name.

She wept. They wept. The musicians wept.

Then they began to pick out the first bars of "Over the Rainbow," and, through her tears, Judy began to sing.

Never before had an audience been so with her. They willed her to success and begged her for encores.

She was home and wanted and loved as never before.

From Carnegie Hall to Hollywood Bowl, the rest of America showed that the night at the Copacabana was only a beginning.

She was given truly personal, spontaneous bursts of affection, not only on the stage but also when her name appeared on the credits of the film "Judgment at Nuremberg."

No other star has ever been accorded such warmth—unless it has been boosted by sex appeal. Hers isn't.

All big show-business names have tried to define Judy's magic. Sammy Davis says, "People like to see the champ get up off the floor to score a knockout."

Stanley Kramer, who knew he had a winner in Judy for "Judgment at Nuremberg," says: "She is a great technician. There is nobody in the entertainment world today, actor or singer, who can run the complete range of emotions from utter pathos to power and dimension the way she can."

"She is like a piano. You

touch any key and a pure note of emotion comes out."

Then he adds: "There is another attribute she seems to have acquired lately. Maybe it was the last siege of misfortune that did it."

"She now has the dignity of a woman who has been through it all. People sense this dignity and respond to it."

"More than anything else this accounts for the incredible mass neurosis of reaction she starts whenever she is on-stage."

### Mass affection

Jerry Lewis says: "Everyone knows the troubles she has been through, and all identify themselves with her. When she sings she communicates all the emotions they can't communicate for themselves, because they don't have the stage, the microphone, or the talent."

Because love for Judy is so personal I asked her why she thought she produced it.

"I have no idea," she said. "I think it may be because they feel the personal love I have for them, and they return it quite naturally."

"I never regard an audience en masse, but think of them as individuals."

She hates talking about her personal life, but I asked her if the general audience love made up for personal losses and disappointments and she

said, "I imagine so. It is most gratifying to get this wave of affection and it must make up for my own losses, which are minute compared with the affection I receive."

To look at her now is to know she speaks the truth.

There could be no greater contrast with the woman I met at that grand reception five years ago.

Her newly acquired slimness (she is now ten stone) has made all her movements quicker and lighter.

But more important is the look of confidence and peace on her face.

She told me a story to explain it.

"When I was making the film 'A Child Is Waiting' just before I left America, I worked with mentally handicapped children in a home."

"They used to come and lean quite silently against me in trust and friendship."

"I asked the medical director how they could give such love without fear of being repulsed and he said, 'They have accepted failure, so now everything that happens to them can only be a step up.'"

"That taught me a lot."

I asked her if her own children had helped her through the difficult times.

"They saved my life," she said. "They are my life. They are all-important to me."

It is for them that Judy now lives in a three-storeyed Edwardian house in Kensington with a little garden, loads of

comfort, and no Hollywood style.

She has a tutor for Lorna, who is nine, and Joey, seven.

Liza, 16, goes out to singing and dancing lessons she loves as much as her mother did.

Judy has a Spanish cook and a butler, her own hairdresser from the U.S., and an English woman secretary, so that every spare minute can be spent with her children.

She works at Shepperton Studios from 7.30 a.m. to 6.30 at night on a new film, "The Lonely Stage," yet she still gets up in the middle of the night to cook a special dish she knows the children might enjoy next day.

When I asked her if she felt they had ever hampered her in her career, she said, "Never. They've made my life brighter and my work more fulfilling."

She seemed so much more at peace than ever before that I asked if she had a religion or philosophy which accounted for it.

"My children and I have a religion," she said. "It is simply that we believe in God and prayer."

"We do not go to church, but our belief is strong."

"My philosophy in life is based in my belief in God and prayer."

The little girl from "The Wizard of Oz" has gone at last.

In her place is a very happy woman who has discovered her rainbow.



# 3 FACES OF JUDY



1938—Remember "The Wizard of Oz"? Here is Judy Garland at 16, when she first sang "Over the Rainbow," the song that was to become her signature tune.



ABOVE: 1943—Judy photographed specially for readers of The Australian Women's Weekly on her 21st birthday. RIGHT: 1948—Judy at 26, just before she made "In The Good Old Summertime." Her first daughter, Liza, then 2½, made her debut with her mother in this picture.

Page 4 Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—August 29, 1962





THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

August 29, 1962

# Teenagers' WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately



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**NEW BOATS WITH  
THREE HULLS—pages 4, 5**



# LETTERS

## Bored with boys at sixteen?

I AM a 16-year-old girl and have only started dating this year. My girl-friend, who is the same age, has been going out on dates since she was 13.

I used to envy her at this age, but am now grateful to my parents for restricting me. I always get thrills out of dates and parties, while my friend is forever complaining that everything bores her, as she is so used to it.

Wouldn't it be wiser for parents to restrict their children in these matters until they are older and can appreciate them more? Do other teenagers agree with me?—Jennifer Morgan, Randwick, N.S.W.

## Drive at school

ADULTS complain of the way teenagers and young people drive cars. This could be overcome by having driving lessons in all secondary schools after the age of 15.

This would increase the confidence of the driver for the time when he is old enough to drive his own car. The teenagers would all be used to the car, and it would probably stop them showing off. — G.M., Carrum, Vic.

## Stamp it out

HAVE you ever noticed how dull and uninteresting Australian postage stamps look when compared with those of other countries?

Foreign countries nearly always have brightly colored, interesting stamps, but ours are usually colorless. Couldn't something be done about this? — "Stamp Collector," Brinkworth, S.A.

## Satin pies?

IT'S a pity that material isn't like pastry. If it was, you'd be able to cut something out and then roll up the left-over pieces and use them. — Margaret Gallagher, Bendigo, Vic.

## Next week

BEEN to a pincurl party yet? This is the latest craze to hit Australian teenagers — the idea being for girls to gather at a friend's home on Saturday afternoon to wash and set their hair in preparation for a Saturday night date. To hide the ugly rollers while they gossip and listen to records they wear the new pincurl caps which are deliciously feminine — as you'll see next week when we go to our first pincurl party with our color camera. OUR PIN-UP is the latest of Cliff Richard.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to "Teenagers' Weekly," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Love-sick!

I AM heartily sick of the current records about love. Love is surely a joyous thing, but all these broken-hearted creatures seem to do is "cry" and be "blue." How about a little happiness now and then! — Amanda Etheridge, Surrey Hills, Vic.

## Aussie girl

WHAT is an average Australian female teenager? She is one who wears French fashions, Italian shoes, eats Continental dishes, buys American records and watches American films. This same girl often says, "I am proud to be an Australian." — "Video," Ipswich, Qld.

## Study make-up

THERE should be more advice on make-up for teenage girls before they leave school so they will not make so many mistakes.

We get a lot of good advice from magazines, which is very helpful, but it would be easier to learn if we could have expert advice on our own problems, and demonstrations on how to apply make-up.

There are so many products available today that it is easy to waste your money. Also, I think small samples should be sold so we can try things out. — Margaret Scott, Boronia, Vic.

## Any passes?

WOULD some male reader answer me honestly? I am a 17-year-old girl and wear glasses. Do boys dislike girls who wear glasses? I am always embarrassed at dances and I try to wear them as little as possible, with the result that I have a headache all night. — "Embarrassed," Balwyn, Vic.

## Fire's burning

IT'S a pity that with all the modern gas and electric heaters about, the old open fire doesn't burn in many homes today.

Recently a few friends dropped in, and they were delighted that we had an open fire. We gathered round and toasted crumpets and listened to records.

Everyone had a wonderful time, and they all said they'd love to have an open fire like ours. — Michele Ritchie, Clovelly, N.S.W.

## Student voice

SOME of the students of the high school I attend wanted to have a students' representative council. We approached our headmaster with the idea, but all we got was a reprimand, and the matter was dismissed. We would like to know if other schools throughout Australia have such a council, and if so, how successfully do they work?

A council such as this, with representatives in contact with the teachers to voice opinions, would surely help us to behave like the "young adults" we are told we are supposed to be. — G. H., Melbourne.

## Wake up!

CAN the average teenager truthfully say that he knows what is going on in this world of ours? If a cross-section of our teenagers were asked to do a test on current affairs I think the results would be shattering. Most teenagers are not interested enough to pick up a paper and read it — unless it's for the comic strip.

It's about time we woke up to ourselves and took more interest in the world around us. — J. Singleton, Hunterton via Roma, Qld.



"But I said I'd get you into pictures, didn't I?"

## Way of life

HINT for all dieters—eat to live, don't live to eat. — "W.L.N." Eastwood, N.S.W.

## Typical teen?

HOW much longer can I live on in hope? Whenever I feel depressed and think the world's against me, I'm told that this won't last — I'll soon be having a good time.

Then I recover for about two weeks, hoping and looking forward to things getting better. Nothing happens. I'm depressed again. — "Typical Teen," Lithgow, N.S.W.

## More women

ON the radio recently, I heard that a woman had been appointed minister for atomic energy in the Japanese Government. This surely shows that women can be as capable as men are in the scientific field.

It's a great pity that there are so few women in our State and Federal parliaments, and an even greater pity that our Federal Cabinet is all male.

Women often have more logical minds than men and a saner approach to problems. — "Matric. Student," Launceston, Tas.

## Who should do washing-up?

● "D.H." (T.W., 1/8/62) wrote asking if teenagers should do the washing-up. Friends had told the writer that washing-up was Mum's job. Here are some readers' opinions.

WHAT a fix everyone would be in if all the Mums said that it wasn't their job to carry heavy loads home from the street, cook meals, wash, iron, mend, and did things only for themselves.

Any teenager who can't do such a trivial thing as doing the dishes mustn't think much of his mother. So, don't be selfish, hop in and help, even if it does mean missing your favorite TV show. Think of all the sacrifices Mum made for you and try to repay her by giving her a rest and show her you appreciate all she has done for you. — D. Hewett, Bentleigh, Vic.

IT does not seem to occur to some parents that girls have to study for examinations just as hard as boys do. When boys of our age have finished their homework, they are free to do as they please. They are not expected, as we are, to do housework in their spare time.

What do parents want us to be—qualified women with a sound education behind us or unpaid domestic servants? We cannot be both. And we, too, need some time to ourselves. — "Education," Broken Hill, N.S.W.

SO many teenagers forget that things work two ways. Mum is not as young as she used to be and probably gets tired much more quickly.

So, saving her energy means more help for you. Try it. — "Mater Familias," Bilbul, N.S.W.

TEENAGERS should help their mothers and do their share of the housework. Otherwise, how are they to learn to manage at home when they get married—and I don't think it would hurt boys to share in the work and give their mothers a break. — Jennifer Noonan, Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

WHAT lazy people your friends are who say "No" to washing-up after a meal. Who helped to get the plates dirty? And who was eager enough to eat the meal their mothers had worked all afternoon preparing?

If everyone does his bit toward cleaning-up and washing and drying the dishes, everyone can have a break more quickly after a busy day. Washing-up hasn't broken anyone's arms yet. — L. Collins, Fife, S.A.

TEENAGERS should wash-up after a meal and let Mum have a rest. This is one way of saying "Thank you" for all the help one's mother gives throughout childhood.

Teenagers should appreciate this and help their mothers in every possible way to make her work lighter so that she has time for rest and hobbies. — Lynette Jamieson, Thornleigh, N.S.W.

"D.H." must have some very ungrateful friends. Their mothers have worked for them since they were born, so the dishes are the least they can do in repayment.

But don't stop at the dishes, what about all the other chores around the house that you can do? — "W.H.," Blackburn, Vic.

TEENAGERS should definitely help with the housework, but only in moderation. Washing-up, bed-making, and keeping his or her own room tidy is the least we can do, but extra work should be limited because, after all, we (I mean the girls) will be housewives ourselves soon and will have to do all these chores anyway. — "B.P.," Battery Point, Tas.



## Frank Ifield hits the top



● Australian singer Frank Ifield has earned a silver disc (above) with more than 250,000 sales of his latest disc, "I Remember You."

THE disc is now No. 1 on the British charts—and Frank is two years ahead of schedule. "I came to London three years ago, determined to make a success within five years," he said.

Not that he stayed long at the bottom. His first London disc, "Lucky Devil," found its way into the lower half of the Top Twenty, and each record since then has done better.

"I Remember You" is not a new song to Frank, but his treatment of it is new.

"The song was written around the early 1930s," he said, "and had always been recorded as a rather slow, sad number. I used to sing it a lot before I left Australia."

"A few months ago, when we were discussing my next single, I brought it out and we decided to give it a Country and Western flavor."

Country and Western material has become increasingly popular with British teenage record-buyers, and one top musical director, Norrie Paramour, predicts that Frank Ifield will lead it to even greater popularity.

"I still think of myself as a bit of a hillbilly," said Frank. "Over here most of my records have had that kind of flavor. Although I've done ballads,

they've never proved very successful for me."

Immensely popular with DJs and fans, Frank has seldom stopped working since he arrived in London. His television appearances have been frequent and he has represented Britain in the Eurovision Song Contests—narrowly beaten this year by Ronnie Carroll.

"Because I've never been out of work I've never had to worry about a hit," said Frank, "although there's nothing to compare with the feeling that a big hit gives you."

"I've been very fortunate in having a good manager, Peter Gornley, who brought me here, and in working with so many friendly people."

"Cliff Richard and Tommy Steele are both good mates of mine, and when I first arrived here they were among the first to make me feel at home; it's

# Make friends—not just boy-friends

● Girls of the romancing age—here's a little secret on how to keep yourselves surrounded by a bright set of friends and admirers long after youth fades, long after you have settled down behind the dishmop, the feather duster, and the sprinkler on the lawn.

**YOU** must have, right now, friends as well as boy-friends.

In your flaming youth, girls, you don't need to make every post a winning-post. Thank your lucky stars that a boy is friendly with you, without trying to make him fall head over heels.

If you try to make every quest a conquest you could be labelled "man-eating tiger" and finish up looking as lonely as a motor-cyclist at a drive-in movie.

Even if you're breaking with a boy who you really thought was going to be the one, try to keep him as a friend.

### Anger passes

At first he'll be irate at the old line, "Can't we be friends?" He'll stay irate for weeks, possibly months, but in the end he will be glad you wanted it that way, especially if you're going to live in the same town all your lives. It has to be made big enough for you both.

The main thing is, don't YOU get irate to the point where you can never speak to him again.

You'll be surprised to find in later years that "old lovers" can be the very best of friends. It's human nature to remember the best and forget the worst—of events, places, and people.

By MARCH WINGATE

Time has a mellowing effect upon an old love affair.

One day you will meet—both happily married to someone else—and you will recognise the heart-warming thrill of coming face to face with a friend who knows all about you, faults and virtues, and likes you just the same.

As you part with a boy you think rather sadly: "That's the end. I'll never see him again. He'll hate me. Now I have one less friend in the world."

This need not be so. He will eventually forgive you for fracturing his heart, but he will not forget you. And I guess that on your wedding day he will think: "That lucky guy has got himself a nice girl."

I recently heard a woman say she could introduce her husband to all her ex-beaus without a blush. As first I thought, "Oh, how you boast!" But when I got to know her better I saw that it was true.

### Uncomplicated

She led an uncomplicated life with stacks of friends from whom she had demanded nothing but friendship. They were beaus, because all escorts were beaus in her young day. But they weren't Cupid-type bows.

Old Plato had kept himself firmly in the picture, and he's

the chap who specialises in long-range forecasts of a rich and rewarding life.

We all know the sort of sex-kitten girl whose manner changes the moment a man enters the room. She turns her best profile and purrs like a four-stroke motor mower.

She has a compulsion to prove to herself that she can charm the man, any man, if she wants to. The trouble is that when kittens grow up they become cats.

### Always important

Just supposing the boy brushes you off: He'll carry a guilt complex for a few months—or maybe years—but you'll always have a position of some importance in his memory if you go the right way about it.

Let him think it doesn't matter too badly, even if your heart has gone into deep freeze. Some day it will defrost and you'll be glad to call each other friends.

It's nice to have a magnetic personality that can snare any old boy any old time—but what would you do with them all?

We get back to the main point—have friends as well as boy-friends. . . . friends you can talk to loud and clear and not only in clandestine love whispers. . . . friends you can talk to on the phone with the door wide open.

something that I've always felt grateful for."

Three years in Britain haven't changed Frank's love of Australia. He still talks like an Australian, thinks like one, and never misses an opportunity to visit the place that most reminds him of home—the holiday island of Jersey.

"I fly over there to swim and fish whenever I'm free," he said. "It reminds me so much of home that I call it Little Australia."

"Now that I've got this hit there's a good chance that I may return to Australia to work. Nothing would please me more than to be able to do that and see my parents and friends again."

"I am cutting an album called 'I Remember You' and it's possible that one of those tracks will be chosen as my next single."





QUICKCATS on Parkdale Beach, Victoria, made a blaze of color at this year's Victorian championships. Quickcats, 16ft. long, are the most popular class of catamarans sailing in Australia.

## ALL GIRLS IN THIS CLUB



VICTORIAN LADIES' YACHT CLUB, the only all-girl sailing club in Port Phillip, have races every weekend. They sail 11ft. Moths (left) and 8ft. Sabots (above), but some members are thinking of introducing catamarans, too.

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## NEW CHALLENGE SINGLE-HULL



MARTIN COOPER (left) and STEVEN ROBINSON work on the trimaran in Port Phillip Harbor. The outrigger hulls, 30ft. long, give the craft a unique look. The designer, Arthur Piver, is at present sailing the trimaran.

### ● The biggest challenge to deep-keeled trimarans designed by Arthur Piver

PIVER, at present sailing his 35-foot trimaran Lodestar across the Pacific, claims that under ideal conditions he could log 1000 miles a day, averaging close on 40 knots.

In Sydney two young men are building a copy of Lodestar. When finished it will be big enough to sleep 11 on board, there will be a stove, refrigerator, and sink, a shower-room, and space for two tons of stores.

All this will cost them only £1400, they say, compared with at least £6000 for a comparable orthodox yacht which would sleep only six and have a maximum speed of about 10 knots.

Arthur Piver has already sailed Lodestar over long distances at more than 30 knots.

Sydney's two trimaran builders are Martin Cooper, 27, science teacher at Knox Grammar School, Sydney, and Steven Robinson, 17, first-year science student at the University of Sydney.

Martin and Steven started to build the trimaran (they will call it Impeesa — African Matabele native word for "The wolf that never sleeps") last Christmas.

They had already built an 8ft. 6in. dinghy, an 11ft. sailski (a sort of surfboard with a sail), and a 27ft. Daydream sloop.

They sold the Daydream to pay for the materials for Impeesa. Since Christmas they have worked most weekends on the trimaran, first inside a boatshed in Careening Cove, Sydney Harbor, and now at a mooring in Long Bay, Middle Harbor.

"Trimaran plans are expensive," Martin said. "Those for Impeesa cost us £294."

"But the overall cost of a trimaran is low — compared with that for a single-hull yacht."

"It's a big job to build, but a relatively simple one. The hulls are made of a marine plywood on oregon frames and will be sheathed with red fibreglass."

"Everything is glued together," Martin said that a trimaran was easy to sail — extremely manoeuvring.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — August 29, 1962



# CHALLENGE TO YACHTS

**YACHTS** with only one hull and a keel of lead are on the way out, according to multi-hull enthusiasts. Sailing their catamarans (two hulls) and now trimarans (three hulls) faster than the wind, they say that orthodox yachts are too slow, too uncomfortable, and too costly to build.



...ing on the deck of their 35ft. trimaran in Sydney's Middle  
... great stability even though the main hull draws only 30in.  
...ing a trimaran of this design across the Pacific.

... yachts so far is coming from a series of  
... American, Arthur Piver.

...rable, and virtually uncapsizeable.

"The rougher the weather the better she likes it," Martin said. "Mr. Piver has had his Lodestar over to 90 degrees — with the mast parallel with the water — and it didn't capsize."

The main hull of the Lodestar trimaran is 35ft. long and the floats are 30ft. The beam is 20ft., the top of the mainmast will be 34ft. above the deck, and the boat will sail in less than 3ft. of water.

Impeesa will carry a six-horsepower outboard motor which can drive it at six knots.

The basic work on the hulls is finished, but the boys have yet to fit out the interior and rig the two masts. They hope to be sailing her by next Christmas.

Sydney's only trimaran so far under sail is a 24ft. Nugget type, also designed by Arthur Piver, built by Ken Berkeley, of Elizabeth Bay. Yachtsmen have been amazed at its speed.

Several other trimarans are under construction and several will probably be seen on the water next summer.

In the meantime, the mushroom growth of the smaller catamaran classes continues. Officials of the Catamaran Association, which now has branches in all States, estimate that there are about 600 catamarans sailing in Australia.

More than half of them are Quickcats, designed by Charlie Cunningham, of Melbourne, and all were built since 1957.

Most of the Quickcats are home-built. Cost of materials is £135 to £150 (depending on quality) and an average handyman takes 250 hours to do the job. They are built of marine ply on timber frames.

Next in popularity is another Cunningham design, Yvonne, a 20-footer, of which about 150 have been built. (Cost £220 to £250.) Another popular 20ft. cat is Attunga, now numbering about 40.

Kittycats, designed in New Zealand, are 12ft. long. There are about 20 sailing in Australia. With a moulded ply hull, they cost from £160 to £170.



**MORE THAN 300** Quickcats, like the one above, have been built to the original design of Charlie Cunningham, of Melbourne. They have proved to be one of the fastest small sailing boats ever built.

**KITTYCAT** (right), a New Zealand 12ft. catamaran, being rigged on the shores of Port Phillip, Victoria. Made of moulded plywood, they are much faster than the best 12ft. single-hull skiffs.

Catamaran and dinghy pictures by J. O. Colohan.

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Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

## Rejected Romeo

"I AM very much in love with a 15-year-old girl in my office. I have made many attempts to win her love, but am not having much success. She never seems to talk to me or to any other boys in the office. Every time I try to make advances to her she ignores me, and her section head tells me to go away. My section head encourages me in my actions. Do you think she is snobbish or immature, or just too shy to talk? I want to ask her out, but don't seem to have the opportunities or courage to do so. I am 18 years old. What should I do?"

"Snubbed," N.S.W.  
She may be snobbish, immature, or shy, but if she ignores you constantly I think it is more likely that she just isn't interested in your advances.

Leave her alone and get on with your work. Keep your personal life for after office hours.

## Change of heart

"I AM a girl of 17, and until five months ago I was going out with a boy of 19. We had been going steady for 14 months, with our parents' permission, and were very fond of each other. Last Christmas we saw each other every day for about a month, but I got very sick of this and broke it off. Now I am the sorry one. Although I have been out with other boys, I know how much I love him and miss him. Could you please give me your suggestions, and please don't say 'sit and wait' because I have been doing that."

"Lonely Girl," Qld.  
Why not give a small barbecue, or have a few friends around for Sunday night supper, and invite the boy along?

## Does he love me?

"I HAVE been going with a boy for about eight months and we get on extremely well. He says he loves me, but I have my doubts. When I am with him I feel that I know no one better, but when I don't see him for a while I feel different.

"He hardly ever comes to see me through the week and usually rings me once a week. He often says he will come up on Saturday or Sunday, so I stay home, but he doesn't come and doesn't even ring up to say he is not coming. He has ruined many of my weekends this way. He always comes out with my parents if I ask him, but he never asks me out with him.

"Do you think he really loves me or is he just friends with me? How can I tell him that he ruins my weekends? I don't think he goes out with any other girls, but I am not sure."

"Wallflower," Vic.  
I don't think he can be very interested if he never asks you out and doesn't come to see you often. Don't let him ruin your weekends. Go out with friends and enjoy yourself. He can't complain if he has broken his word so often.

## Unhappy job

"I HAVE been working at one job for nearly four years, but I have not been very happy for the past two years, as there is a girl who makes the place unpleasant to work in. (She is 21 and my employer's secretary.) The whole office routine and my employer have changed since she came to work, and I find it difficult to keep up with her demands. I am thinking of leaving and finding another job, but my mother and my boy-friend tell me I shouldn't, as it pays good money. What do you think I should do?"

"Unhappy," S.A.  
If you have tried to get along with your employer's secretary, and after two years you are still unhappy, I think you would be justified in looking for a more congenial job.

## It's a toss-up

"I AM a 17-year-old boy who is in love with two girls. Could you please help me to choose which one I should take to a party next month? They happen to be friends and I don't want to hurt the other one.

"Unworthy," W.A.  
No, I can't help you. If you really can't make up your mind between them, you will just have to toss a coin.

## The rivals

"WE are two boys who are in love with the same girl. One of us took her home from a recent party, while the other missed out. We had planned to take her girl-friend home, too, but she did not turn up at the party. We know that the girl we are in love with likes one of us, but don't know which one. Could you please tell us what to do? We don't want to hurt the poor girl-friend we're not very fond of. She seems sweet, but it so happens that we both like her friend. Should we be friendly toward both girls or just the one we like?"

"Unpaired Threesome," Vic.  
The best idea is to keep it a foursome and not pair off into twos too soon. Be kind and friendly to both girls. These situations have a way of solving themselves.

## The right age

"RECENTLY a very nice boy asked to take me out, but my parents refused because I am only 15½. Do you think I am old enough to start dating, or should I wait until I am 16? Also, how can I tell him without feeling embarrassed?"

"Brown Eyes," N.S.W.  
Lots of teenagers ask me what is the right age to start dating, but there is no arbitrary age. It depends on each individual's maturity and sense of responsibility, and parents are usually the best judges of that.

They will let you have dates as soon as they think you are old enough and sensible enough. It is best to tell the boy the truth—that your parents think you are too young for dates.

## Too young

"COULD you please tell me how to refuse a boy's invitation to go out with him? I am 14 and not interested in boys yet. My main interests are outdoor sports. I meet a lot of people and I am told I am attractive. People often mistake me for 16 or 17."

"Not sure," Vic.  
Tell the boy you are 14 and too young to go on dates.

## Not a snob

"MY boy-friend is a friendly person, but when we are with a crowd of people he is very quiet and people think he is a snob. How can I get them to change their opinions?"

"Snob," S.A.  
You can't force them to change their opinions, but perhaps when the crowd gets to know your boy-friend better they will like him more.

He probably clams up in a crowd because he is shy. You could perhaps help him along by including him in the conversation whenever possible, or introducing subjects in which you know he is interested.

## Failing courage

"I AM a boy of 18 and have been keen on a certain girl for some time now. Whenever I see her she always gives me a smile or nods her head in politeness. I have often wanted to take her out, but for some unknown reason I don't know how to go about it. I have taken other girls out and have never felt this way before. Could you please advise me what to do or, if I see her at a dance, how to go about asking her out?"

"Uncertain," S.A.  
Nothing ventured, nothing gained! You must just take your courage in both hands and ask her. If she smiles and nods to you she is probably quite willing to be friendly, and I don't think she will refuse your invitation.

If you see her at a dance it will be easier to bring up the subject while you are dancing together.

## Too shy to kiss

"MY boy-friend is very shy. He calls for me to go on dates and to go to fellowship, but he is too shy to kiss me goodnight or even to hold my hand. I think he would like to, but he is too shy. What can I do? I don't want to seem forward."

"Too Shy," N.S.W.  
He will get around to it in his own good time, so don't try to hurry him along. If he is very shy it might scare him off.

## Birthday party

"I AM having a twenty-first birthday dance which will be held in a hall nearby, and there will be about 100 guests. Should I arrive early with my mother and father to receive the guests, or when should we arrive? When should the key be presented and the cake cut, and what would be the usual speeches? Should we have a toast if I announce my engagement?"

"Twenty-one," Vic.  
You and your parents should be at the hall well before your guests, to greet them as they arrive and to introduce those who do not know each other.

The speeches and presentation are usually made at supper, when you will cut your cake. Usually a good friend of the family proposes a toast to the guest of honor. If you are becoming engaged, your father should make the announcement.

## A word from Debbie



Don't you just HATE those girls who are marvellous at sewing? Every time you see them they're wearing something new that they've just whipped up.

If you're not very good at sewing, I have a marvellous idea to whip up a blouse that looks effective and is as easy as falling off a log.

It won't cost much—just the price of two square scarves. You can buy gorgeous ones for about 5/- each.

Buy two scarves. If they are patterned, buy two the same, if plain, you could have two different colors.

Sew up the sides by hand or machine, leaving six inches open at the top for the armholes. Join the outer edges at the top together, leaving enough room for your head to go through in the middle. And there you have it!

Believe me, it works just like that, but if you want the Paris look you can add finer touches like leaving splits at the bottom of the side seams or curving the corners of the splits.

You can also have a little bow at the shoulder seams, making it look as if the bow is holding it together.

There are one hundred and one variations on this simple theme. Make a couple of them. You will find them wonderful over your swimming-costume or with shorts and slacks come summer.

## Forget him

"I AM 20 and I am very much in love with a married man who works with me. He has asked me out several times, and I have accepted and had a wonderful time. He is a thorough gentleman. I cannot forget him, and I don't want to leave my job. He is still asking me out. Do you think I should tell him that I love him and see what he says, or what should I do? I really love him very much, don't tell me to forget him."

"Can't Forget," N.S.W.  
You know that this is an impossible situation and that you have to forget him, otherwise you wouldn't be writing to me for advice. It is hard, but it must be done—immediately. You must look for another job, it will make the break easier in the long run. It is useless to try to forget someone you see every day at work.

## Weight for age

"COULD you tell me how much a girl aged 14, about 5ft. 4in. tall, and of average build should weigh? Also could you tell me how long hair would take to grow about 5in.?"

"Wondering," Qld.  
Average weight for a girl of your height and weight varies between 8st. and 9st. Hair usually grows at the rate of 1in. per month, but in summer it grows more quickly and may take only three or four months to grow 5in.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



LISTEN HERE — with Ainslie Baker

## Girls are now getting the breaks

● To begin with it was the boys who made all the big teenage entertainment news, but these days the girls seem to have overtaken them and are getting all the breaks.

**F**IRST of all, Judy Cannon, our pin-up girl last week, started as a rock-'n-roll singer, came up the hard way touring, and in the last year blossomed into a living doll on TV.

Now she has been put under exclusive contract to Sydney's Channel 7.

She'll be appearing on the new national show, "Startime," as well as on "The Johnny O'Keefe Show," among others, and the station intends to help her develop as a performer as well as a singer.

This is great news, for many people feel that they've so far only had a peep at Judy's real potential.

Patsy Ann Noble's already left to try her luck in England, and now Lana Cantrell's all set to go to the United States in January — on the sponsorship of American nightclub singer Frances Faye.

Lana will stay at the Los Angeles hilltop home of Frances Faye (who's a cousin of comedian Danny Kaye, incidentally), and as well as doing some recording over there will probably go on tour with her hostess.

With her second record, "Mirror Mirror on the Wall," just out, Sharon O'Brien, who's been singing professionally for only a year, had a wonderful 19th-birthday present in being given a year's exclusive TV

contract by Sydney's Channel 7.

She, too, will be appearing in "Startime" and "The Johnny O'Keefe Show," and might even be seen later in TV productions of light musicals.

One way and another it's all pretty exciting.

**Local talent:** Another Aussie novelty, "June In June" (June's the girl, June's the town in N.S.W.), is Lucky Starr's follow-up to his number one hit, "I've Been Everywhere." Geoff Mack's supplied the lyrics and tune again, and this time there's the addition of a commercial trad jazz backing. Bet you like it. (A Festival 45.)

**PLENTY** of trad jazz should be available locally in the future, for Graeme Bell has just signed a five-year contract with Festival, and the first single out, a tradded-up version of that horrible old "In a Persian Market," sounds just great.

**MORE** good news along the same lines is that the Ray Price Quartet's "A Moi De Payer" is being released in the U.S. on the lively Epic label, which has new sensation Bobby Vinton under contract.

**Pops:** Usually it's Don Gibson singing Gibson originals, but this time (an R.C.A. LP) it's "Some Favorites Of Mine." Two of his favorite composers are Boudleaux Bryant and Hank Williams, and he sings three tunes from each. In a year with

Country and Western riding so high, it's a good disc to have, and Gibson's one of the men of the moment.

**IT'S** nothing for purists, but if you'd like to hear a very able commercial singer, Eydie Gorme, have a go at things like "Limelight Blues," "Bill Bailey," and "Mississippi Mud," try "Eydie in Dixieland" (ABC-Paramount LP).

**DON'T** believe that the wild, yeller breed's died out, for a new U.S. boy, Tam Duffill, has emerged to prove it hasn't. His "Cooly Dooly," "You Put The Hurt On Me" (R.C.A. 45) must be just about the rockiest, twistiest thing currently on disc. And loud.

## MISS-BEEHIVE-ING

**T**HE sluggard, according to the old wise saying, should go to the ant. (To consider his ways and be wise.)

But, apparently, no young female should go to the bouffant!

That would make any girl lazy, it seems.

For an American physiologist says that physical fitness of U.S. youth has run into a serious problem—hairdos.

The physiologist, Dr. Laurence Morehouse, says that most eight-year-old lasses in America are fatter than their 13- to 19-year-old sisters because the bigger belles fear exercise will ruin their expensive, elaborate coiffures, beehives, etc.

They also, according to Dr. M., don't want to muck up their make-up. (Thus, I suppose, they could be accused of paying lip-service to fitness?)

Well, for P.T.'s sake!

But there is an answer to the problem of keeping teenage girls fit as well as fashionable. It's to make exercise more suitable for prettied-up participants.

Let girls, for instance, wear saris and have planned activity. That way, won't they have their fill of indian clubs?

And put plopsies in battered old shoes. What a pathetic sight. What touching toes!

Through no vault of mine, if there are some exercises that just can't be adapted — well, I guess that's how the knee bends.

Of course, while the girls who put beauty before bulging biceps aren't excellent exercisers, they are good P.T. instructors of males.

There's nothing like a belle — even a dumb one — to keep a boy in trim. And that applies to any Tom, Dick, or Harry. Or Gym!

— Robin Adair

## RECORD OFFER REPEATED

● The response to the recent announcement of "BANDSTAND STAR PARADE" has been so great that this offer is now repeated, under which the 8-record set is available for £12 cash or £3 deposit and £1/10/- a month for 6 months.

The 8 records included in this offer are:

Brian Henderson—"Everything's Swingin'"; Johnny O'Keefe—"Oldies but Goodies"; Col Joye—"The Golden Boy"; Brenda Lee—"This is Brenda"; Paul Anka—"Swings for Young Lovers"; Dion—"Alone with Dion"; Buddy Holly—"Memories of Buddy Holly"; Lonnie Lee—"A Night Out with Lonnie Lee"; but possibly the most interesting is Brian Henderson's selection, "Everything's Swingin'," which includes The Joy Boys, The Delltones, The Leemen, The Crescents, Warren Williams, Rob E. G., Noeleen Batley, Patty Markham, Ray Melton, Johnny Devlin, The De Kroo Brothers, Paul Wayne, and Judy Cannon.

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## WORTH HEARING

### MOZART, RAVEL: Piano concertos

**CONCERTOS** for two pianos and orchestra are somewhat rare, but concertos for one-handed pianist and orchestra, as one might expect, are even rarer.

A new record from Coronet introduces the two best-known examples in these two categories as a pair. On one side pianist Robert Casadesu and his wife, Gaby, play Mozart's two-piano Concerto in E Flat; on the other the left hand of Robert Casadesu plays the "Concerto for the Left Hand" of Ravel. The orchestra is the Philadelphia, conducted by Eugene Ormandy.

The charming Mozart concerto, written when the composer was 24, was originally intended for performance by Mozart and his gifted elder sister, Nannerl. Ravel's left-hand concerto was specially commissioned by an Austrian pianist, Paul Wittgenstein, who lost his right arm in World War I. It was Ravel's last major work, written in 1930-31.

In their very different ways, both are most appealing works. One striking thing about the comparison between them is that the piano writing in the four-handed Mozart does not sound any fuller than that of the one-handed Ravel. The Mozart style did not seek richness of tone so much as an elegant simplicity. Here the two pianos converse together rather than reinforce one another.

Ravel, on the other hand, faced with a challenge, has sought to make the five-fingered solo part sound as rich as possible, by means of wide-sweeping passages and the sustaining pedal. It is also a challenge to the soloist, and Casadesu meets it brilliantly.

— Martin Long

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## ARCHITECTURE through the Ages

By Morton Herman 7. STRASBOURG CATHEDRAL

# French liked decoration

IN 1772 the German poet Goethe said of Strasbourg Cathedral: "It rises like a most sublime, wide-arching Tree of God, who with a thousand boughs, a million of twigs, and a leafage like sands of the sea tells forth to the neighborhood the Glory of God."

"All is shape, down to the minutest fibril; all contributes to the whole. How firm-grounded this gigantic building rears itself into the air. How filagree'd all of it is, for all eternity."

Built in the last half of the thirteenth century, Strasbourg Cathedral is the high point of French decorative art. As the century advanced, solid stone became more and more ornate until it apparently dissolved into fine trellis work.

Both the insides and outsides of church buildings became encrusted with superabundant ornament, the most exuberant example of which is to be found in the west front of Strasbourg Cathedral.

The great round window, called a rose window because of its form, was built between 1277 and 1360, and gives

a bewildering interplay of solid stone, recessed hollows, and decorative gaps, all surrounding petal-like shapes of rich stained-glass.

Figures of saints are carved in profusion in the series of niches across the top, while Madonna and Child rest in the ornate niche in the pediment below.

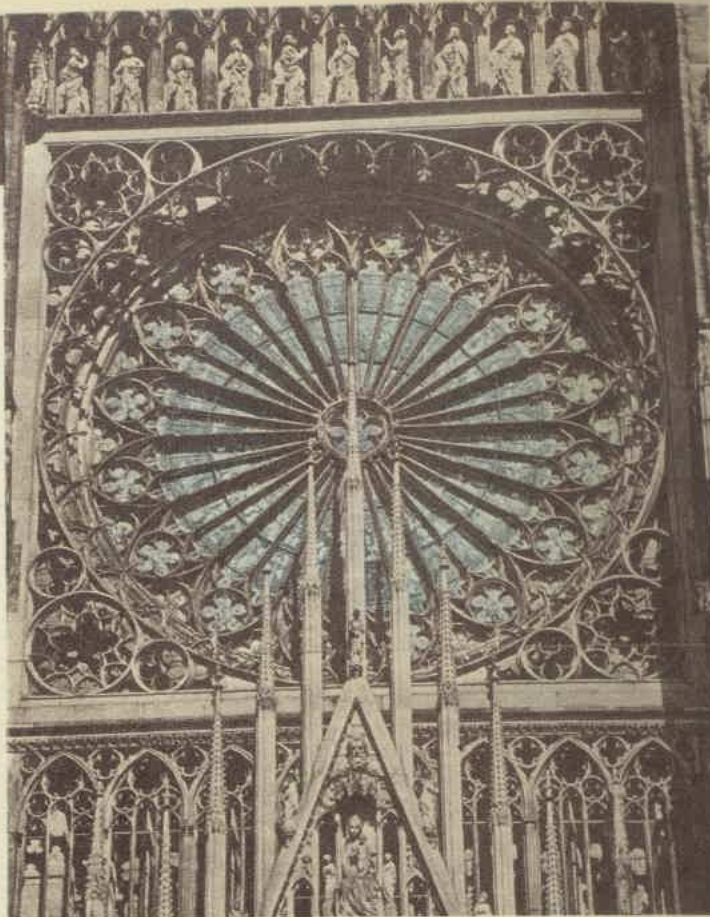
It should be noticed how the centre pinnacle above this niche has been carefully designed to cross the centre of the rose window.

In some Gothic cathedrals, such as that at Rouen, a saint is placed on top of the pinnacle and the onlooker's viewpoint is so controlled that the centre ring of the rose window always appears as a halo around the saint's head.

Such refinement and richness of stonework are the result of nearly 1000 years of experimenting with building methods. More than one Gothic cathedral collapsed before it was finished because the structural system was too daring.

But Strasbourg remains as an artistic triumph and a monument to man's architectural ingenuity.

NEXT WEEK: Westminster Abbey



THE GREAT ROSE WINDOW of Strasbourg Cathedral, completed in 1360.  
From "European Architecture in Colour," by R. Furneaux Jordan (Thames & Hudson).





One woman's plan—

## DINNERS FOR UNEXPECTED VISITORS

● Having been a working wife all over the world since I married 19 years ago, I have had to cope endlessly with the problem of time for my home as well as my job.

AFTER lots of trial and error I have finalised a series of timed and absolutely foolproof menus for unexpected guests who come home with you from the office to dinner.

I now find most of my girl-friends beating a track to my kitchen with sharp eyes, endless questions, and even notebooks.

Not for me the comfortable gossip over coffee with the girls after a dinner party, leaving the men in the dining-room. Out go the guests into the kitchen, opening the fridge, peering into the store cupboards, and always asking, "How do you do it so quickly?"

These menus are based on certain simple things always being available in the store cupboards and the fridge and the use of frozen vegetables and pre-washed salads to speed things up.

Kitchen, store cupboards, housekeeping money, shopping, and cooking are all organised to co-ordinate with each other. And most important of all is a husband completely trained from the word go to co-ordinate and collaborate at top speed.

The planning of the kitchen is the most important part of it. No entertaining can be done quickly if one has to run about all over the place to collect every item needed.

My kitchen is a very large one, but the same plan can operate equally well in the tiniest of kitchens.

All staple foods, all spices, all flavorings, and everything I need to cook with are arranged on the cooking area in glass jars. These jars are square for easy arrangement and cleaning. The largest, containing rice and sugar and other such dry staples, hold two pounds. When replenishment is needed it is a matter of minutes to refill them when the monthly order arrives.

All perishables, including homemade sauce mixture and pastry mixture, frozen vegetables, frozen puff pastry, butter, milk, fats, ice-cream, and anything handy that needs keeping, are kept in square plastic containers in the fridge, which is near my working area.

This means everything needed is near to hand before any cooking is begun. In our household my husband takes charge of everything a butler would do if there was one. He arranges drinks, glasses, silver (pre-cleaned and ready), laying the table, cigarettes, and checking the plates and dishes required in double-quick time on return from the office.

I was for five years Press relations officer for the Savoy, Berkeley, and Claridges Hotels in London at a time when my three children were young. This meant leaving the house at nine and rarely returning before seven in the evening.

An enormous number of guests seemed to use our house, which was near London, as Grand Central Station during meal-times and weekends.

Many people I met on the job, from famous authors and film stars to European royalty, developed a habit of continuing business by coming home to dinner.

Because these people tended to be accustomed to Claridges' standards of foods, one could not indefinitely produce bacon and eggs and coffee.

So my husband and I began to plan high-standard eating in quick time and at reasonable cost.

In the Savoy kitchens then there reigned two kings of cookery—Messieurs Alban and Laplanche. I spent a great deal of time in the kitchens, and here I learned it was not what you spent on food and not what you cooked that decided whether you gained a reputation for good or indifferent food in your house. The time factor was not a great problem, either. The whole thing consisted of pre-planning.

I learned that the wonderful food produced in the great hotels of London, Paris, and Rome was all pre-prepared—not always pre-cooked—in the hotel kitchens. With that in mind, I found nothing was beyond either my time or my pocket.

Modern labor-saving devices, except as large a fridge as possible, are not really vitally necessary, either; but I find a mixer that whips things is most useful.

The whole secret is a knowledge of the tricks of the trade translated to the needs of one's own household.

First of all I have learned to shop without taking up hours of my valuable time. I have a monthly order of staple and tinned and non-perishable foods with my local grocer. The order varies slightly in winter and summer, but it is delivered on the first of every month and goes into the store cupboards.

I have a weekly order of all perishable goods delivered by the same grocer every week on a Wednesday.

Everything is done to save time. My bacon is delivered with the rind cut off ready to cook. A telephone call to the grocer at any time will vary the order or produce a delivery.

My husband has made a personal friend of the butcher and, man to man, buys a superb joint every Saturday morning. I have trained the butcher to produce exactly what I want in the way of meat perfectly prepared for cooking at a moment's notice.

We live in the country six miles from the nearest shops, but in a town this carefully planned shopping is extremely simple.

The trick is to select your ideal butcher, grocer, and fishmonger by trial and error and then train them to serve you in the best possible way. Then no vital time is



THREE-COURSE MEAL of prawn cocktail, spiced ham, and lemon cream can be prepared in 40 minutes. See Menu 1 below.

wasted aimlessly shopping or collecting things at the last moment.

Today no one expects more than a three-course meal followed by coffee. Most guests would even prefer two courses if it ensured them a completely peaceful meal and the unruffled company of their host and hostess.

Many and many is the time I have heard guests complain that they have had the most marvellous meal with certain friends at the expense of their host and hostess not being able to sit down and talk to them throughout the entire party.

This is actually one of the most vital and difficult points for newlyweds when entertaining. However much one plans, food does not walk on to the table and hand itself to guests. Unless husband and wife co-ordinate the production of a meal with precision and skill, allied to a good hotplate, one or the other is bound to be on his or her feet at some time.

The complete plan for entertaining which follows will avoid all the pitfalls. The three perfectly timed menus, taking from a quarter of an hour to 50 minutes to produce for four to six people, are within the means of most newlyweds.

But it is only with practice and careful planning of dishes and equipment needed that speed can be maintained. I have not tried to explain quantities, because any cook must learn to vary amounts according to the number of people.

The cost of each menu is approximately 7/3 to 7/6 (Australian) per person. This may vary in country and city areas and also if various fresh, frozen, or package ingredients are in season, and therefore cheaper or are sold at special prices.

It may also be possible to substitute

similar ingredients to reduce costs for necessity or convenience.

The preparation time is given with each menu. With practice you may be able to reduce this working time.

### MENU No. 1

For 4 to 6 people.

Preparation time, 40 minutes.

Prawn Cocktail (5 minutes)

Spiced Tongue (or Ham), Mashed Potato, Green Peas (20 minutes)

Lemon Cream (15 minutes)

Coffee

#### INGREDIENTS REQUIRED

One packet frozen prawns (or use fresh), 1 or 2 lettuce, mayonnaise and piquant tomato sauce, onion salt, black pepper, potatoes (for mashing), 2 packets frozen green peas, 1 pint cream, 2 packets onion soup (brown type), 4 to 6 slices tongue or ham cut a little thicker than usual, butter, grated cheese (optional; parmesan is best), 1 packet lemon jelly, 1 fresh lemon, spices.

#### METHOD OF PREPARATION

Get all items needed ready on table. Wash lettuce, thaw prawns. Mix 2 small cups mayonnaise with little cream and piquant tomato sauce, add little sugar (if desired), black pepper. Add prawns and soak. Put all in fridge with lettuce to chill. Peel, cut, and boil potatoes for mashing. Boil the onion soup in  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint water, add onion salt and any flavoring you like such as barbecue salt. When boiled, add some butter and thicken with flour or gravy browning until just pouring consistency. Add worcestershire sauce to taste.

Arrange tongue (or ham) flat in large ovenproof dish, pour gravy mixture over,

Continued overleaf



sprinkle with grated cheese, put in oven set at medium until heated through or until you are ready.

Grate rind of lemon, add to lemon jelly, and dissolve in saucepan with a little water to keep from burning (say  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint). Do not boil. When melted put in fridge to cool quickly in freezing compartment. Whip cream until thick and foamy. When jelly mixture begins to set, add to the cream and keep whipping until a pale yellow froth (do not overwhip or it may curdle). Pour into glasses and chill again. A little reserved whipped cream and grated lemon looks very professional as a garnish here.

Cook the frozen peas, mash the potatoes with butter and milk and pepper, dish up potatoes, and put in oven to keep warm. Add peas to tongue dish at the last. Check heat of oven (should now be just warm). Put plates in to heat. Put prawn mixture into lettuce leaves in glasses and leave in fridge if room; if not, in dining-room.

**GO AND CHANGE, AND HAVE A DRINK WITH THE GUESTS AT LEISURE. NOTHING BUT GOOD CAN HAPPEN IN THE KITCHEN.**

Continuing . . .

# Dinners for unexpected visitors

## MENU No. 2

For 4 people.

Preparation time, 15 minutes.

*Crème Vichysoise (3 minutes)**Salmon Vol-au-vent, broccoli with**melted butter (15 minutes)**Orange Whip (7 minutes)**Coffee*

### INGREDIENTS REQUIRED

One pint milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cream, butter, cornflour, salt, pepper, black pepper, chopped fresh chives (optional), 1 large tin best red salmon, 2 packets frozen broccoli, 1 small tin pea and ham soup, 1 small tin cream of chicken soup, 1 small tin vichysoise soup (if not available use 2 small tins cream of chicken soup), vanilla ice-cream, 1 packet orange jelly crystals, 1 tin mandarins, coffee, 1lb. packet frozen puff pastry.

### METHOD OF PREPARATION

Put all tins of soup, milk, and cream in coldest part of fridge. Arrange all other ingredients on table if not easily to hand. Put jelly in saucepan, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint water and dissolve over low heat (do not boil). Put ice-cream in soufflé dish. Add mandarins to jelly. When mixed, pour over ice-cream, stirring and whipping until mixed. Place in freezing compartment of fridge.

Light oven and set it at high heat. Roll out puff pastry about  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thick, cut in circle with medium-large saucepan lid. Mark, but do not cut through, another circle about  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. from edge with smaller saucepan lid. Brush pastry with milk lightly. Put in oven. When pastry has risen about 5 minutes, lower heat as needed. While pastry is cooking pour boiling water on broccoli, add butter, simmer until tender. Open tin salmon, remove bones; put in saucepan with butter and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk. Heat until it bubbles slightly, stir vigorously. Mix black pepper, 2 tablespoons cornflour

(approximately) with another  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk, add to hot salmon mixture until it creams. Set aside with lid on.

Go and change while the vol-au-vent shell cooks. Remove centre of vol-au-vent and form lid with inner circle. Set oven to just warm. Place cooked broccoli, covered in butter, salt, ordinary pepper, in vegetable-dish with lid on; place in oven. Put main-dish plates and salmon (mixture in saucepan) in oven. Rewhip orange whip, which should now be almost set, adding as much cream as you can spare and some orange curacao if available (if not, few drops brandy). Chop some chives (if available). Pour all tins soup in a jug, add chives, leave in fridge.

**GO AND HAVE A DRINK WITH THE GUESTS AT LEISURE. YOUR DINNER WILL WAIT UNTIL YOU ARE READY.**

To dish up, pour soup into bowls. Add salmon mixture to centre of vol-au-vent, place it on dish on hot plate in dining-room with vegetable. Carry in Orange Whip.

## MENU No. 3

For 4 to 6 people.

Preparation time, 50 minutes.

*Tomato Soup a la Crème with Basil (10 minutes)**Crab Soufflé, mixed salad (30 minutes)**Pineapple and Kirsch (5 minutes)**Cheese Wafers (5 minutes)*

### INGREDIENTS REQUIRED

Tomato ketchup (or use concentrated tomato soup),  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cream, cornflour, 1 pint milk, sugar, minced basil leaves (optional), 1 crab already cooked or 1 tin crabmeat, lettuce, cucumber, avocado, or any salad material to hand, 1 pineapple, 1 miniature bottle kirsch (medium size, not smallest), 2 packets crispbread wafers or slimming biscuits, plain parmesan cheese, dry mustard, gelatine, 2 eggs.

### METHOD OF PREPARATION

Mix half-bottle tomato ketchup (or 1 tin tomato soup) with  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint water, large knob butter, chopped basil and heat together. Let stand in pan. Whip the cream, put in fridge. Melt 2 small packets gelatine (enough to set 2 pints) in cold water, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint boiling water, let stand until melted. Set aside  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful whipped cream (for top of soup). Mix all the crab with the whipped cream remaining. Whip the 2 egg-whites until stiff, set aside. Beat the 2 yolks with a little hot water until light and fluffy, add the gelatine mixture, and when cool, but not setting, add both to the crab and cream mixture. Pour all into soufflé dish, add whipped white of eggs (keeping a little back for the soup), stir gently until mixed, and put in fridge to set.

Slice the pineapple (one slice each), pour kirsch over each slice, and lightly sugar. Set aside, each on separate plate ready. Mix and prepare any salad you like—lettuce, cucumber, and avocado with a light dressing or just plain sugar is nicest. Leave in fridge. Mix  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk with enough cornflour just to thicken the 1 full pint. Boil remainder of the milk, add the cornflour mixture, stir until it thickens, then add tomato, butter, and basil, taking care it does not curdle. Pour into soup bowls with lids and put in low oven to keep warm. Combine the set-aside cream and egg-whites, add little more basil. Put in small jug and set aside.

Lay wafers on the grill, sprinkle with parmesan cheese, little dry mustard, and lightly grill until brown. Put in dish and keep gently warm and crisp until needed. Arrange everything in the dining-room and—**GO OFF FOR CHANGING AND DRINKS—ALL WILL KEEP STANDING SAFELY.**

Just before handing out soup (or at the table) add cream, egg-white, and basil mixture to top of each person's bowl—it's super.

## TIME-SAVERS

• Buy good, efficient gadgets for the kitchen. Strong tin-openers, vegetable-peelers, etc., cut down working time, are less dangerous to your hands than cheap ones. Cut fingers can slow you down when you're hurrying.

• A peg-board wall panel with tin-opener, strainers, vegetable-peeler, grater, cooking spoons and forks all hung up saves the minutes you'd spend fiddling in a drawer for them.

• Look for new time-savers regularly at the gadget counters (but before you buy make sure they do save time).

• Before you buy expensive equipment—electric mixers, for instance—check on the virtues of the various types with experienced cooks among your friends.

• Keep several kitchen knives for different purposes and keep them sharp. (A magnetic knife-holder on the wall beside the peg-board panel is handy for them.)

• If you're asked out to dinner on Saturday night, that gives you a bonus of time with no meal to prepare. Don't spend it on extra chores. Put your feet up.

## HEADLINES ON HAIR CARE

by Anne Bryant

HAIR BEAUTY ADVISOR



Each week I receive many letters from women who are undecided as to whether or not they should colour their hair. Perhaps, like them, you are unhappy about your hair because it is greying, fading and losing its youthful beauty. If so, these are some of the questions you would probably ask if we were chatting together:—

**What's wrong with grey hair?** Nothing at all—silver or pure white hair can look quite lovely. But it can never make a woman look younger, and that, if we admit it, is the secret desire of every one of us. If you're a career woman, a smart, youthful appearance will contribute to your success . . . if you're a housewife, your husband will preen himself when people pay you compliments . . . whatever you are, looking younger will make you happier and add to your poise, your confidence, your personality!

**Must I use a dye?** In these enlightened days, the word 'dye' has been replaced by the phrase 'hair colour cosmetic'. And this is absolutely right, because hair colouring does just as much—or more—for a woman's appearance as lipstick or eye shadow. And when greying hair is the problem, the hair colour cosmetic I recommend is L'Oréal of Paris Tintette, a gentle liquid creme which lastingly, lovingly, permanently transforms drab hair with radiant, natural colour beauty.

**What is different about Tintette?** Many things, but the most important is the wonderfully natural look of it. With Tintette you can be confident of truly natural colour—never too bright, never too dark, never artificial. The clear, shining colour penetrates deep into the hair shaft, just like natural pigment, restoring the sunny, lively loveliness your hair had when you were a young girl.

**How do I know which shade to use?** Your chemist—or the hair consultant in your favourite store—will gladly help you choose the right Tintette shade for your hair. Or, if you prefer, write to me for personal, individual advice. When selecting the Tintette

shade for your hair, remember that Tintette can do far more than any ordinary hair colouring. First and foremost, of course, it can restore natural colour to grey hair. But it can also lighten up to two shades (without bleaching), add deeper tone to fading hair, or give you a complete colour change. If your hair is greying and darkening, a Tintette shade just a little lighter than your natural colour will bring back its original colour loveliness.

**Will colour harm my hair?** Not if the colour you use is Tintette, which contains gentle vitalising and nourishing ingredients to pamper your hair, make it glossy, healthy and marvellously manageable. Tintette is not just a hair colouring—it is a complete hair beauty treatment.

**Is Tintette difficult to use?** Even if you have never used anything on your hair before but a shampoo, you can use Tintette happily and successfully, in the privacy of your own bathroom. And there's no need to worry if you are interrupted, because Tintette contains a completely automatic colour controlling agent which works like a stopwatch—and no matter how long Tintette is left on your hair, the colour cannot become darker, or brighter, or change in any way at all.

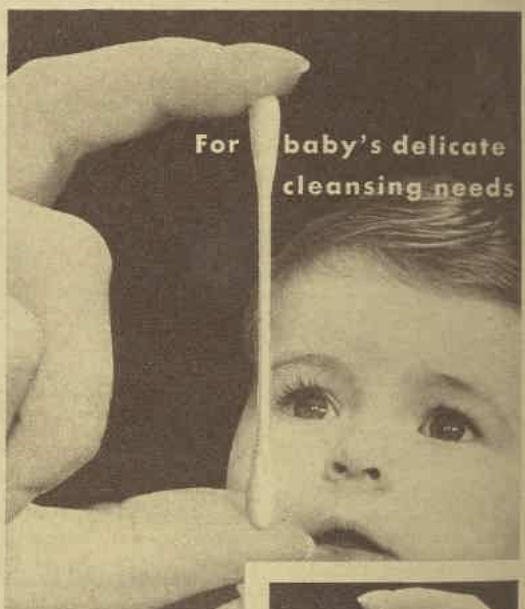
**What type of shampoo should I use?** It is absolutely vital, when using any type of hair colouring, to use a soapless shampoo. I always recommend L'Oréal Shampoo, which is made to the original French formula, and guaranteed absolutely soapless.

*I hope I've dispelled any doubts you may have about taking your first step towards fresh youth and glamour with hair colouring. If you have any other queries—or any hair beauty problems at all—why not write me about them? And enclose a 2-inch snippet of hair for personal guidance on the Tintette shade you should use.*

Anne Bryant

Marigny/L'Oréal Advisory Bureau, 4th Floor, 177 Collins Street, Melbourne. MA2.

## Johnson's cotton buds



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- To slice fresh bread deftly, first dip the knife in very hot water.

## WORKING WIVES

- Save lemon rinds and boil with tea-towels to make them white.

# QUICK!

● Holding down a job rather shatters a cosy home routine, so most working wives switch their habits to suit the situation. One told us, "My golden rule is to get up early and go like mad." Another said, "I like to sleep in. But when I get home at night I doff my hat, don my apron, and get to." The hints and recipes on this page are all from actual working wives who have learned quick ways to cut corners, make tasty meals, and meet day-to-day crises as they occur.

## SOUPS

● Remember that good tasty soups, all speedy to serve, can be bought in cans, packets, or cubes. They aren't costly. Keep a varied stock so you don't have to have the same thing all the time. Here are some special ways with bought soups that are both quick and tasty.

### TWO-MINUTE CHINESE SOUP

Boil two cups water, add three chicken-broth cubes. When dissolved, break in one egg and stir furiously. This looks and tastes just like Chinese egg-flower soup. Serves two people.

### CREME OF CHICKEN

Prepare 1 packet of chicken broth as directed on package, folding in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup cream

just before serving. Fill into four soup coupes and top with a sprinkling of toasted croutons, finely chopped parsley, or toasted coconut chips.

### CREAMY ASPARAGUS

To improve packet asparagus soup add some real asparagus pieces and half cream and half milk instead of just milk.

### QUICK ONION SOUP

Packet of dried soup made to directions, plus addition of two big browned real onions and plentiful thick chunks of white crusty bread. Sprinkle cheese thick on top and brown under grill or in oven.

Made with two packets, this can feed about six — an extra-handly meal for inexpensive "young-married" get-togethers.

## VEGETABLES

● A three-in-one saucepan is a boon for cooking vegetables — saves precious hot-plate or top-of-the-stove space and cuts electricity or gas bills.

### POTATOES

Potatoes always seem to be the last vegetable cooked — so to hasten the cooking chop peeled potatoes small. Serve mashed and seasoned with little finely chopped onion or shallot. OR,

Don't peel before cooking. Do it afterwards, then mash with butter and whip up with milk and a fork. Better with a bit of mint in it while cooking. Peeling hot potatoes is easier and keeps flavor.

### BEANS

When preparing beans, there is no need to

slice them diagonally, it takes much longer. You can chop a handful at a time into one-inch lengths.

Or string them and cook whole with a knob of butter and very little water. Keep lid on. Shake to prevent burning. Or buy a bean cutter.

### PEAS

If you like fresh peas better than frozen, put the unshelled peas in a basin, pour boiling water over them, leave for a few minutes, pour off water, then squeeze the pods at one end. The peas pop out quickly, your hands are not stained, and the peas are partly cooked.

### OLIVES

Always keep a quarter of a pound of black olives and, when they are in season, celery and a green or red pepper in the

fridge. They're handy for savories for unexpected callers and they are useful additions for reheated dishes made from the cold weekend joint or emergency meals of canned fish with boiled rice served hot or cold.

★ ★ ★  
To produce beautiful white cauliflower that will make your friends ask the secret — cook in a little milk as well as water.

### SPINACH

Here's a short-cut to a delicious French spinach dish to serve with grilled or fried meats. In France it is made with fresh, chopped spinach and a white sauce made separately; you can prepare it in less than 10 minutes this way, using frozen spinach:

Heat the spinach in a saucepan, drain and press out as much water as possible. Add a lump of butter and a dessertspoon of

flour, stir, then add a little milk or cream and stir again. Sprinkle with grated nutmeg.

### TOMATOES, MUSHROOMS

To peel tomatoes quickly, dip them in boiling water and the skin slips off easily.

Don't waste time peeling mushrooms. It isn't necessary.

★ ★ ★  
Packaged frozen vegetables are a good buy, but buy fresh when vegetables are at their peak and at glut prices.

### CABBAGE

If you must have cabbage don't bother shredding it finely. Soak it in salted water during the day if you like, but boil it quickly in lots of salted water, as this takes away the strong flavor, then mash it with butter and put pepper over. Cut a whole cabbage into eight pieces and remove the hard stalk. It will mash up finely enough.

## MEAT OR MAIN DISHES

### SINGAPORE NOODLES

● Fly into kitchen and fling large packet of flat noodles into boiling water. While they are cooking, mince half a pound of garlic sausage (on coarse grind), also one lamb's fry and some fillet pork.

Fry the meats in butter, stirring steadily. Put the fry in last, as it cooks quickly. When cooked add two large cups salted water, some celery salt, and paprika.

While meat steams in covered pan, wash and shred six large green lettuce leaves, the curly variety if possible.

Drain noodles and pour them into warmed

meat dish, heaped high in centre, then pour meat mixture over.

Quickly garnish with lettuce and chopped chives and take to table before lettuce wilts. Strips of capsicum (red) add color.

Exact amounts don't matter the slightest bit. You can use minced topside with the garlic sausage. The meal takes half an hour to make and will serve six. Soy sauce is the right accompaniment.

### TIPS FOR GRILLS

Grills are costly because only the best cuts of meat give the best results without using this trick:—

For guaranteed tenderness, place less expensive chops, steak, etc., in a marinade of oil and acid (such as vinegar or wine)

in the morning and leave it to soak all day. Flavor with garlic, shallot, red or green pepper, sesame seeds, piquant or soy sauce for the "different" touch.

### PAN-FRIES

Pan-frying in small quantities of butter, oil, or fat is also quick, but requires tender meats, so these, too, may cost more.

Coatings of egg and breadcrumbs, crushed cereal, or savory biscuits are nice.

★ ★ ★  
Fish can make quick, nourishing, yet medium-cost meals. Fresh fish can be dear, so frozen packages are often a better buy.

### SIMPLE SIMON PIE

To use up the weekend joint, Beef, lamb,

or veal, in a sort of shepherd's pie—meat cut up, onion lightly browned, left-over gravy with a little tomato or Worcestershire sauce; if liked, a pinch of herbs.

Put in piedish or casserole, top with very thinly sliced uncooked new potatoes dabbled generously with butter, or mashed cooked old potatoes with dabs of butter and bake till the top is brown. Or make an

### EASY CURRY

Lamb or veal curry — roll the chopped meat in curry powder and leave overnight. Brown onion in butter, add apple and banana if liked and brown these, too. Then brown the curry-covered meat, add left-over gravy and a bayleaf. Cook very gently in a saucepan or casserole for an hour.

## SWEETS

● A working wife likes to have something on hand for unexpected visitors, yet cake and biscuits often get stale before being used. So why not buy or make a dozen or so small meringue cakes and store in an airtight tin? They'll keep indefinitely and can be filled with whipped cream, canned fruits, or custard as desired.

### JUST PERFECT

If you have parfait glasses, whip up cream with a couple of teaspoons of sugar and tip over either tinned peaches or pears or fresh strawberries. Top with crushed nuts. Serve immediately — it looks pretty and tastes nice.

### NOVEL JELLY

Jelly a tin of mandarin-oranges in any orange or yellow jelly crystals, top with blobs of whipped cream. Delicious.

★ ★ ★  
Having visitors and you have no time to ice that cake? Why not just sprinkle top of cake with sifted icing sugar and decorate with fresh flowers?

### GINGER PEARS PRINCESS

One large can pear halves,  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint cream, few drops vanilla essence, 2 teaspoons sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup finely chopped crystallised ginger, 2oz. chocolate.

Spoon pear halves and a little syrup into four sweets dishes. Whip cream and flavor with sugar and vanilla. Fold half the

chopped ginger into it. Pile on to the top of each sweet and sprinkle with remaining ginger and the chocolate (grated or finely chopped). Serve.

### READY-MADE

Don't despise packet mixes — it's often hard to tell the difference from the home-made product. Cakes, puddings, scones, pastry, pancakes all come from packets these days—all are easy, all are boons.

Experiment with these ready-mades — fruits and cream can make a luscious sweet from a packet of jelly; dried fruits, nuts, wine, or liqueurs do wonders to an instant-pudding mix.

★ ★ ★  
Beat your pancake mixture into a jug: not

only do you save washing-up, but you can pour the mixture straight into the pan.

### APPLE CRUMBLE

Stew your apples the night before, using honey and a bit of grated lemon peel. Make the crumble with two tablespoons of flour, one tablespoon of butter, and two tablespoons of sugar. Crumble all three ingredients together, then put on top of apples and bake in oven.

If something dreadful happens and you forget the cream to go over and haven't made a custard, the "top of the milk" is quite good.

★ ★ ★  
Make use of cheese and biscuits, cheese and lettuce, or cheese and celery for a second course when you're specially rushed.

## HINTS

● Impose a total ban or heavy fine on those unnecessary crimes like twisted telephone cords, crumbs on the table, glasses without coasters, clothes on the floor.  
● For sanity's sake try to be alone sometimes. That's the working wife's biggest problem of all. She's never alone.

● Make a six-monthly survey of wardrobes. Out with everything that's really unwanted and into the charity bags.

● Nail a pretty sink basket high up near your back door for deliveries like bread and meat — above dog level.

● Shop by phone — yes, butcher, grocer, and greengrocer will deliver. But go to shops sometimes and see whether there are

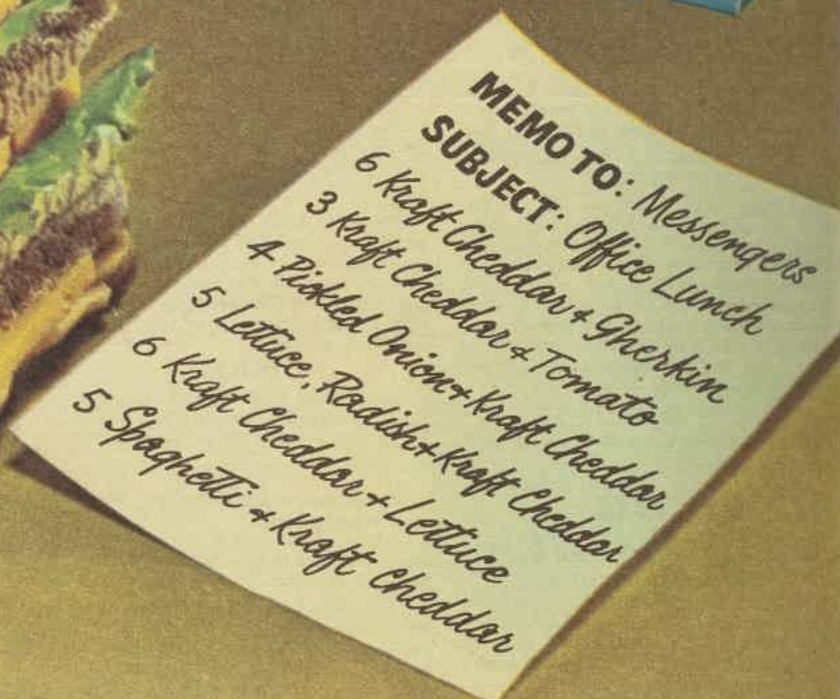
new things available to save work or to make variety in easy food. Watch for "specials." Buy in quantity and the pennies will soon become shillings.

● Lunch sandwiches can be prepared the night before and stored, well-wrapped, in the refrigerator. But don't use soggy fillings like tomato.

● Wash your undies while you're in the shower each night — it saves it from piling up and lets you spend an extra minute or two in the nice warm water.

● Drying-up is old-hat. Use liquid detergents, leave dishes on a draining rack overnight covered with a tea-towel. They can be put away next morning as you are getting the breakfast.





# Lunch with Kraft Cheddar

best cheese for sandwiches

Lunch time is Kraft Cheddar time. The smooth-slicing texture and mellow flavour of Kraft Cheddar combine so well with bread, meats, salad vegetables and relishes. It takes a gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese... that's why Kraft Cheddar is so rich in strengthening protein, essential vitamins and minerals. Kraft Cheddar is truly a bargain in nutrition. Get Kraft Cheddar in the 8 oz., 1 lb. and family-size 2 lb. packets. Also in 1 oz. portions.

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### Ask for sliced Kraft Cheddar and . . .

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- beef or pork sausage and thinly sliced onion
- flaked Tuna and chopped pineapple
- Vegemite and lettuce
- sliced hard boiled egg, sprinkled with curry powder
- sliced cornbeef and chutney
- sliced beetroot and cucumber
- mashed sardines or anchovies
- sliced cold pork and apple sauce
- raisins or dates
- sliced salami and prepared mustard
- sliced Wham and tomato sauce
- flaked Tuna and Kraft Mayonnaise
- lettuce and sweetcorn

FROM THE **KRAFT** KITCHEN

KR260/R





## HOW'S A GIRL TO KNOW WHEN SHE'S REALLY GROWN UP?

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**The Bulletin**  
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 29, 1962

# AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● I suppose every nation has illusions about itself. The French claim that they are great romantic lovers, the Germans believe themselves the most musical nation in the world, the Americans think that they're the go-getters with more know-how than anyone else.

And what about Australians?

**M**OST Australians believe we're one of the world's healthiest and most sporting nations because of our good climate and our open-air life, and we bring home the Ashes and the Davis Cup and handfuls of Olympic medals often enough to make this look true.

Some testing that has recently been done by one State's Education Department rather shatters that illusion. Our children are not quite as physically fit as American children and nowhere near as fit as British children.

In Britain, in America, and in Australia, 11,000 children ranging in age from ten to 17 were given the same physical-fitness tests by specialists using standard equipment.

They had to chin themselves on a bar, throw a soft ball, run 600 yards (they were allowed to walk as soon as they were too puffed to run), do a standing broad jump, do 50 sit-ups to test their stomach muscles, run a 50-yard sprint, and do a shuttle-run to pick up alternately two objects placed 75 feet away.

The results were different for different age-groups, of course, but here are some sample figures:

	Aust.			Britain			U.S.A.		
Standing Broad Jump: ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
16-year-old boys	6	11	6	11	6	8			
Chinning the Bar:									
16-year-old boys	4		5		5				
10-year-old boys	1		4		1				
Throwing Soft Ball:									
10-year-old boys	71ft.	85ft.	87ft.						
10-year-old girls	39ft.	54ft.	41ft.						

This seems a pretty sad state of affairs and quite a shock to our national pride. The figures made me start thinking about how much less exercise every city dweller gets than, say, 50 years ago.

Take the housewife. Fifty years ago she swept her floors and carpets with a straw broom, carried in the wood to stoke the copper, lifted great stick-loads of wet clothes from the copper to the tubs, wrung out the wash by hand or by turning a wringer, then folded down the dry linen and smoothed it out by turning the handle of a heavy mangle.

Not much fun, any of it! But it kept her circulation going and her muscles toned up. If she went to church on Sundays she probably walked there and back, and she walked to do her shopping and visit her friends.

## Now Mum runs a shuttle-service

**E**VEN thirty years ago children did a lot of walking, too. Nobody thought anything of the kids having to walk a mile to school, and if they lived farther away than that they probably went on a bicycle.

Now outside every school you see dozens

of cars pulling up every day to drop or collect small children, and the rest make complicated connections between buses and trains.

The children are not to blame for this, but the net result is that all the walking they do in a day is from the back door to the garage or the bus stop, and then from the school gate into their classrooms.

I don't suppose it's altogether fair to blame the parents for it, either. Thirty years ago there wasn't much traffic about and the roads were comparatively safe for young walkers and cyclists.

Nowadays, if Mum has the use of a car, it's easy for her to run a shuttle-service backwards and forwards to school and out-of-school classes and doctors and dentists and school sporting fixtures. Though it keeps her on the run, it's better for her peace of mind to know that her children are not dawdling in the streets or dashing across crowded roads.

Most children (mine included) seem to be half-way to losing the use of their legs. Even Mike, whose only interest in life is exercise, is quite shocked at being expected to get himself from place to place by walking.

## The duds and flops are left alone

**T**HIRTY years ago, too, almost every child played out of doors. Now so many thousands live in flats where there's no playing space, and all there is to do after school is sit on the floor and stare at a television screen.

These changes, surely, must make our children less physically fit than they used to be. The schools contribute to this lack of general fitness, too, by concentrating on those who shine at sports and not bothering much about the duds and the flops. This can't be true of all schools, but it's true of a good many.

Di manages to get away with taking no exercise at all at school now that she's past the classes where time is set apart each day for regular physical jerks, and I'm sure it's bad for her health and bad for her work.

The English poet Dryden had the right idea when he said:

*"Better to hunt in fields, for health unbought,  
Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught.  
The wise, for cure, on exercise depend;  
God never made his work, for man to mend."*

In the matter of sport, I'm all for some compulsion. We make them learn arithmetic and clean their teeth. I can't see why children shouldn't also be made to spend 20 minutes a day getting really warmed up at some non-competitive exercise. I'm not so keen on compulsory competitive games, because that's where hatred of exercise usually begins. Movement of any sort—running or jumping or dancing—ought to be a pleasure to any young thing.

It's only when it's arranged in such a way that those who haven't a natural aptitude are shown up and made to feel foolish that they decide to hate exercise and save their faces by not taking part in it.



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Best gift you could give a man for Father's Day - 2nd September

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## Today's Remington ADJUSTABLE shaver outshaves blades

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 29, 1962





HEART-SHAPED tins and base boards in varying sizes are available for making this popular design for a tiered wedding cake. See details of decorations below.

## Cake of the month

● This beautiful heart-shaped wedding cake looks equally well made in three tiers, as shown above, or in two tiers.

THE heart shape is the first favorite for wedding cakes, but if a round cake is desired the piping design shown could be adapted to suit it and four pillars could be used to support each tier.

Colorings for the cake are a pale cream (obtained from adding yellow and a touch of brown food coloring to the fondant) with deeper cream Cecil Brunner-style roses and sprays of white lily of the valley. Other attractive color combinations would be pale and deeper-shaded apricot; white with pink roses; pale blue with pink roses; pale green with lemon roses.

Frechand pipework in a dainty flower design is done with a fine number 0 or 00 writing-tube. Greaseproof paper cones are also ideal to use in place of writing-tube and bag, because the desired fineness

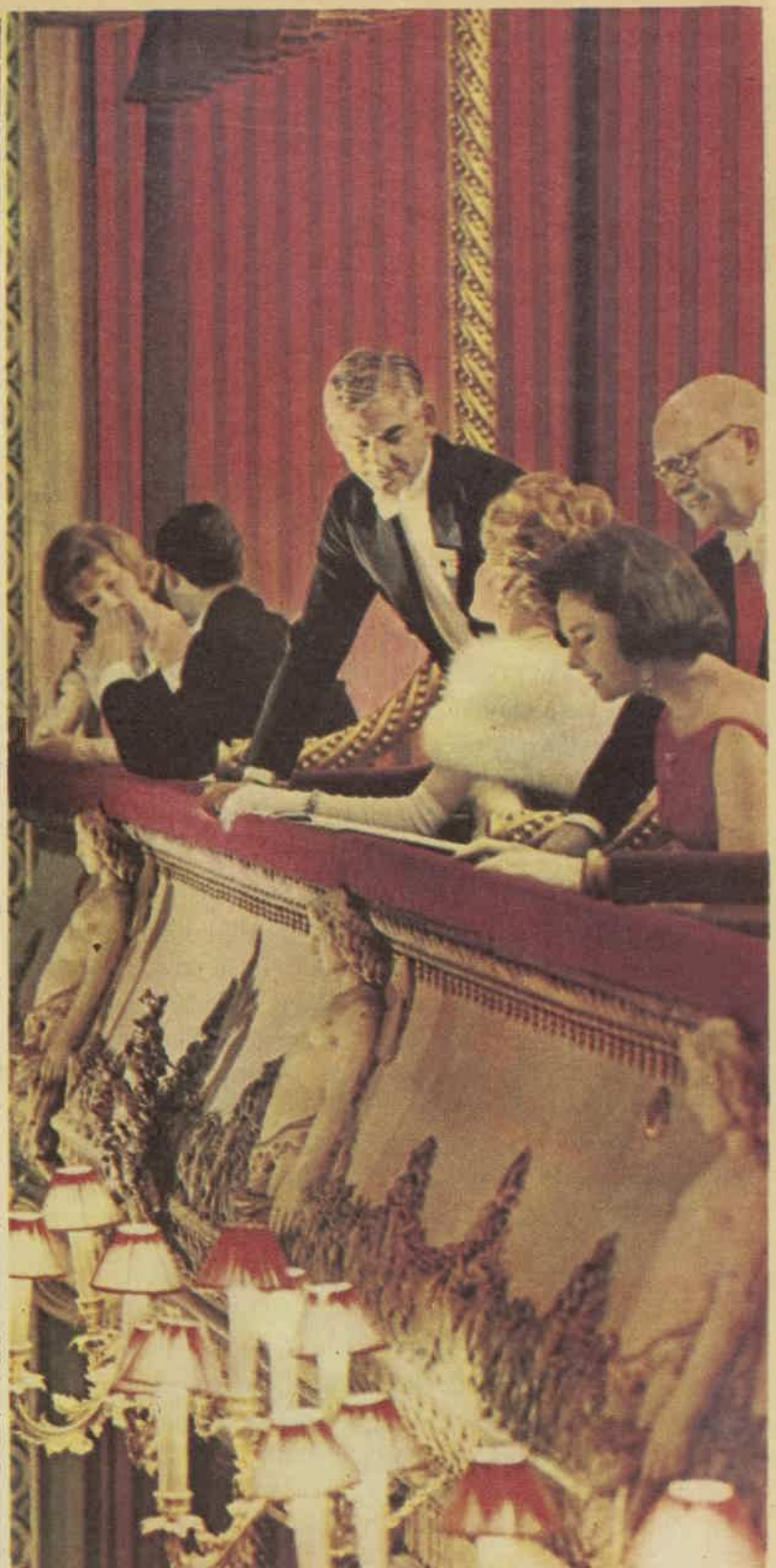
can be obtained merely by folding the paper tighter or cutting a minute portion off the tip of the cone.

Overall pipework designs are simple to do, because they do not have to be exact to obtain a dainty finish. They are ideal for use in covering a cracked, soiled, or otherwise imperfect fondant.

The popular built-out bridgework in peaked and curved design, piped with a fine writing-tube, outlines the base of each tier. This style of edging does away with the necessity for the usual shell edging covering join of cake and board.

Lace "tatting" gives a light, dainty effect to the bridgework peaks and forms a pretty design round base of each pillar.

Enlarged photographs of the decorated cakes featured in our Cake of the Month series are available from our Photo Sales Department, 195 Elizabeth Street, Sydney. The price is 5/- each, plus 9d. postage.



## Encore for Our Man!

Our Man's evening is perfect. Between the Acts at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, his delight knows no bounds. The performance is brilliant; the orchestra superb. And among the many splendours of the auditorium his Sanderson wallpaper has never looked better.

In more ways than one, Sanderson papers and fabrics have a very special way with them. Their beauty is timeless; their quality supreme; their colours and designs as gay or

as subtle as you wish to have them. Quietly or *fortissimo*, they are always perfectly in tune—with your ideas and their own surroundings.

When they are not at the Opera? In famous buildings, in stately home or semi-detached, Sanderson papers and fabrics bring a breath of success wherever they go. You wish to know them intimately? At your Sanderson stockists they are yours at the drop of a hint.

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## CAKE DECORATING CONTEST

THIS week we announce a Cake Decorating Contest for readers. A similar contest held last year was most successful and aroused great interest.

To enter the contest, send a photograph (in color or black-and-white) of a wedding cake, celebration cake, or novelty cake you have iced and decorated, together with detailed instructions for design and pipework. Write sender's name and address on separate sheet attached to picture.

Prizes as follows will be awarded to cakes that show the best examples of decoration and icing work:

- Three first prizes of £10 each for (1) Wedding Cake, (2) Celebration Cake, and (3) Novelty Cake.
- Three second prizes of £5 each for (1) Wedding Cake, (2) Celebration Cake, and (3) Novelty Cake.

Prizes of £3 each will also be awarded for any other cakes of these three types which our judges select for publication in The Australian Women's Weekly. When photographing cakes for this contest, please use a plain dark background behind and under cake so details of decoration will show up sharp and clear.

Send entries to Cake Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Photographs will be returned to competitors who send a stamped addressed envelope with their entries.



AT LAST A TOOTHPASTE GUARANTEES WHITER-LOOKING TEETH

# New Pepsodent with stain-removing Lindent 'A' gives you whiter-looking teeth in 12 days!

*Read how you can benefit from the dental discovery that's bringing whiter-looking teeth to thousands:*

## What makes teeth dull?

Everyone can't start out with sparkling white teeth. Natural teeth vary in shades of whiteness. Yet, in 8 cases out of 10, the natural whiteness is clouded. That's because film builds up on teeth daily. Dentists call it mucin plaque. It settles on everyone's teeth like dust settling on a building.

## Stains from food, smoking

Unless the film of mucin plaque is shifted thoroughly from teeth, it gets stained. Smoking stains it, so do some foods and drinks (beetroot, meats, tea and coffee). The trouble is that this stained film builds up so gradually you get to thinking you're seeing the natural colour of your teeth. New Pepsodent with the dental discovery Lindent 'A' is the only toothpaste that gets rid of film. People who've tried New Pepsodent are often amazed to discover just how white their teeth really are!

## Proof your teeth can be whiter

If you've ever had your teeth cleaned by a dentist, you know your teeth can look so much whiter. Dentists use a special paste which cleans off all the stained film that builds up over months. For a week or two after, people notice how much whiter your teeth look, and remark upon it — just as they will when you start using New Pepsodent with Lindent 'A'. This amazing toothpaste

polishes away film to get teeth white and, most important, when used regularly keep them white.



## How Lindent 'A' works

Lindent 'A', a remarkable enamel polish, was developed quite recently by scientists working to improve toothpaste. This gentle, but amazingly effective polish works two ways. First, it dissolves the stained film of mucin plaque, removing the major cause of tooth dullness. Second, it polishes the enamel to give teeth a shine and sparkle. *And it's true that when teeth shine they reflect the light better and give the appearance of even greater whiteness.*

## Only New Pepsodent has Lindent 'A'

New Pepsodent is the only toothpaste formulated with this remarkable dental polish. Only Pepsodent will give the cleaning and whitening results which will delight you. You'll see an improvement from the first time you use Pepsodent. The toothpaste itself is different. It has an immediate and lasting foaming action — you can feel it's doing some good!

## You'll have whiter teeth in 12 days

After a few days of regular brushing with New Pepsodent you'll notice your teeth looking whiter. In twelve days you'll be amazed with the sparkling whiteness of your teeth — polished to a shining whiteness you wouldn't have believed. There's a bonus in New Pepsodent, too — it has a new, fresh, minty flavour which makes your whole mouth feel cleaner, gives you a wonderful "face-the-world" feeling every day.

**IMPORTANT** *No toothpaste can ever guarantee that your teeth will stay free of decay, so it's wise to see your dentist twice a year. But New Pepsodent with polishing discovery Lindent 'A' is guaranteed to give you whiter teeth if used regularly.*



## FREE 12-DAY TRIAL TUBE OF NEW PEPSODENT

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● Jimmy was a pathetically undersized boy with the sort of tremendous ears that go straight to a mother's heart. Alone and silent, he did not play with the other boys in the institution. A mother who "adopted" him for weekend outings watched his transformation. She tells:

# The story of Jimmy

Many mothers, for one reason or another, cannot accept the responsibility of another member of the household, but they could do what I did, and would get great enjoyment and happiness from it.

MY world, consisting of a good husband and three healthy children, was wonderful to me, and yet I always felt sad when I read of the pathetic cases of unwanted children in institutions. I yearned to help in some way.

One day I took the plunge and approached the superintendent of our local "boys' home." I asked him if it would be of any help to befriend a boy and have him for a few outings, and perhaps a weekend occasionally.

Through the window he pointed out a pathetically

undersized boy with the sort of tremendous ears that go straight to a mother's heart. He was a problem. Since his transfer from a babies' and toddlers' home some weeks before he had not spoken to anyone, or joined in any games.

"Would you mind," asked the superintendent, "having this boy?"

## First smile

Our first outing was rather a silent one, except for an outburst at the sight of our numerous pets. I felt we were not yet accepted.

His first real smile was there to greet us when we picked him up for his second outing—this time a weekend

visit. And during that weekend Jimmy slowly thawed.

He asked a lot of questions, and in turn we found out some remarkable things that were a natural result of spending seven of his eight years in an institution.

He had never used a telephone, never seen an egg-beater, never spent money in a shop, nor poured himself a glass of milk.

He had never ridden on a train or tram, or had a birthday cake; and the switch of his bedside lamp certainly worked overtime!

His clothes, though adequate, were not very attractive, and I felt the contrast between his appearance and my own children and their

friends was not good for any of them.

I got busy with the sewing machine and some "hand-me-downs" from helpful neighbors, and next time Jimmy came there were quite a few garments. His reaction of touching and refolding what were his first personally owned clothes made my heart turn over.

## HOME AND FAMILY

I shall never forget the expression on his face when he discovered that the jumper I was knitting was for him. Every time I sat down my knitting bag was presented to me and eager eyes helped speed the needles. Never before have I knitted a jumper in so short a time!

Gradually, Jimmy's weekend visits became quite

regular—I was always very careful to let him know exactly when he could come again, as I felt disappointment would be bad for him.

The children and their friends accepted Jimmy without question.

In no time he was one of the gang. All the neighborhood seemed to turn up for his birthday party.

He did not hanker after adoption. From the start we had openly discussed with him the fact that we were doing as much as we could, but that no matter what the future held we would never lose interest in him.

It certainly seemed little that we were doing compared with adoption, but I was thrilled when the superintendent told me 12 months later that Jimmy had become one of the brightest and most popular boys in the home.

As time passed his self-confidence grew, and he was

even starting to grow physically when the news came that his parents had decided to come together again to try to make a home for their boy.

We were very sad to see Jimmy go, as his home would be many miles away and we would see him only occasionally.

## His wisdom

The greatest worry was, of course, what would be the effect on him if his parents' attempted reconciliation failed and he was once again the victim of a broken home.

Would all our efforts be for nothing?

The answer came from our clear-eyed young Jimmy.

"I'll try to help Mum and Dad make a go of it," he said. "But if they don't, could I please come back here and help with the younger boys?"



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**FILTER RIGHT! FLAVOUR RIGHT! A RIGHT CLEAN CIGARETTE!**

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - AUGUST 29, 1962



Join the swing to  
**CRAVEN FILTER**

the clean cigarette  
that's kind  
to your throat



# New Glamor for Mothers-to-be



● Two pretty-as-a-picture party dresses for mothers-to-be. Silk chiffon and diamante-studded guipure lace are combined in the dress at left. At right is a one-piece in fine lace lined with silk organza. The illusion back panel falls from flat shoulder bows.

● These smart-as-paint maternity fashions are designed for sun-loving, fun-loving young Australian mothers-to-be. The clothes are all obtainable in Australia; they show new dash and unexpected and flattering color mixes.

—Betty Keep



● White coat in waffle cotton is fully lined. The gold buttons on the coat are matched to those on the navy dress.

● Muu-muu is made in floral diagonal-striped cotton. Practical during pregnancy and afterwards.



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● Trio designed for sun-loving young mothers-to-be. Navy-and-white check gingham swimsuit has its own built-in bra. Harlequin top and shorts are in American cotton, and the spotted frilled and bowed playsuit has separate bloomer pants.

● Gay bare-shouldered dress made in printed cotton. Note the washable gold trim on pocket. One-piece in printed cotton (far left) has gold buckles at shoulder-line matching the pocket trim.

● Cool sleeveless one-piece made in American dacron. The dress is permanently pleated, has its own lace-trimmed slip. The all-round pleats fall from a high yoke.





# Dress Sense

By BETTY KEEP

● The one-piece dress illustrated below is my design choice for a reader who wants a dress with an all-round pleated skirt.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

*"I have 5yds. of foulard silk to make a spring frock, for which I need a pattern. Is this sufficient fabric to have an all-pleated skirt, long sleeves, and some type of high neck? Should the skirt be professionally pleated?"*

Yes, you have sufficient material, and the design below incorporates the items listed in your letter. The skirt will be more satisfactory and will keep its shape better if it is machine-pleated.

A paper pattern for the design is available in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. By the way, you omitted to state the size you required. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

*"My waistline is a problem — it really does not exist. I am one of the straight-up-and-down types. What do you advise?"*

There are numbers of fashions that by-pass the waist. These include straight-up-and-down jackets, the easy-fitting princess line which curves but does not hit the waist, and the low-belted shift which misses the waist altogether.

*"During summer, I always get a good tan. As I have no occasion to wear a frock with a bare top, what could I wear to show off my suntan?"*

Either a sleeveless dress with wide straps or a sleeveless dress with a low oval back and front neckline will show your suntan to advantage.

*"Will you assist me with some etiquette and fashion advice? I have been divorced and am now about to marry again. Can I again wear a white wedding gown and veil, and can my 14-year-old daughter be my attendant?"*

It is not correct to wear a white wedding dress and veil. You can only be a bride once. Wear a pretty street-length dress or suit, preferably in a becoming pastel, and a small hat. It is correct to have an attendant, only one, and she can be your daughter.

*"I want to make myself a cardigan in wool jersey. It is to wear with a dark grey (nearly black) skirt, black pants, and a printed frock, featuring grey, red, and white. What do you suggest?"*

A scarlet cardigan piped in black.

## These important baby things need special washing care-LUX care!



For the softness baby must have...

only the pure-soap gentleness of Lux will do. Clothes washed in harsh products should never touch baby's tender skin, but Lux is completely safe. Because it is all pure soap, Lux contains no harmful chemicals to leave fabrics stiff and scratchy. That's why Lux care is just as important for the nappies and singlets and nighties you machine-wash as it is for the fine, sheer things you do by hand. Lux means comfort for your baby... and safety.

*If it's safe in water, it's safe in Lux*



DS489 — One-piece dress with machine-pleated skirt in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9. Patterns available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.





**LEFT:** The sensational fluorescent red variety Cowichan, which glows in the twilight. Note the self-color almost to the centre.

**GROUPING** the polyanthus with other flowers is suggested by Mr. Owen Fletcher at his garden at Burradoo, N.S.W. He supplied these pictures.

## GARDENING

# POLYANTHUS' NEW GLAMOR

● That cottage-garden favorite the polyanthus is available in all colors of the rainbow.

**A**N American grower, Mrs. Florence Bellis, of Oregon, has worked for many years to improve the color, perfume, and constitution of primroses and polyanthus.

Colors are produced from seed arranged in series to enable the home gardener to grow the exact shades needed for a particular layout.

The polyanthus was derived from the crossing of primroses, oxslips, and cowslips. These inhabit woodland places in the Northern Hemisphere. The key to successful growing is constant moderate moisture and semi-shade.

Soil should be neither dry nor boggy. Mix in peat moss, old manure, the best compost, or rotted leaves—all these if you have them. Make sure the soil

has the necessary moisture-retaining quality—the feel should be “springy.”

The roots delve deep, so prepare your soil deeply, too. Watch established plants. If the crown protrudes above ground level, firmly pack mulch under the leaves. New roots are produced immediately under the leaves, and they cannot reach the soil if not helped by annual mulching.

Like all perennials, the polyanthus sheds its leaves each year. Some people think the plant is ailing, but if you simply pull the old leaves away, mulch and water the plant, new leaves will soon develop.

Divide polyanthus just after their flowering (August, September), or else in early autumn. Plant out from pots any time. Seed sown in early spring produces the largest and strongest plants to set out in the autumn.



**ABOVE:** Wood Violet Victorian looks well with golden daffodils. Other shades in this series which blend in are heliotrope, lavender, royal - purple.

**BELOW:** Victorian Stripe has veining like a Japanese iris. This new variety will be released next year for sale in Australia.



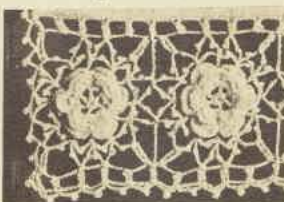
**ABOVE:** Pink polyanthus, a new release. **BELOW:** Trough of mixed Barnhaven Silver Dollar polyanthus at Mrs. Florence Bellis' nursery in Oregon, U.S.A.





# TABLE SETTING IN CROCHET

● Hand - crocheted lace trims mats and napkins to suit a modern table setting.



DINNER-TABLE elegance (left) with linen-and-lace mats. Close-up (above) of delicate flower motif.

**Materials:** Four balls selected color Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 60; 1yd. organdie to match; Milward steel crochet hook No. 5 (slack workers could use No. 5½ hook and tight workers No. 4½).

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain; sl-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; h.tr., half treble; t.tr., triple treble; qt.tr., quintuple treble; sp., space.

## FIRST MOTIF

Commence with 8 ch., join with a sl-st. to form ring.  
1st Row: 6 ch., (1 tr. into ring,

3 ch.) 5 times, 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 6 ch.

2nd Row: Into each sp. make 1 d.c., 1 h.tr., 3 tr., 1 h.tr., 1 d.c., join with 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

3rd Row: \* 5 ch., 1 d.c. between next 2 petals; rep. from \* to end of row, join with 1 sl-st. into first of 5 ch.

4th Row: Into each loop make 1 d.c., 1 h.tr., 5 tr., 1 h.tr., 1 d.c., join with 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

5th Row: \* 1 ch., 1 d.c. between next 2 petals; rep. from \* to end of row, join with 1 sl-st. into first of 7 ch.

6th Row: Into each loop make 1 d.c., 1 h.tr., 7 tr., 1 h.tr., 1 d.c., join with 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

7th Row: \* 5 ch., 1 d.c. between next 2 petals; rep. from \* to end of row, ending with 1 d.c. between last and first petal of previous row.

8th Row: 8 ch., 1 d.c. into 3rd

ch. from hook (picot made), \* 3 ch., into next loop work 1 tr., 3 ch., picot, 3 ch., picot, 1 tr. into next d.c.; rep. from \* to end of row, ending with 3 ch., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 8 ch.

9th Row: 1 d.c. into same place as sl-st., \* 2 ch., picot, 5 ch., picot, 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next tr.; rep. from \* to end of row, ending with 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

Fasten off.

## SECOND MOTIF

Work as for first motif until 8th row is completed.

9th Row: 1 d.c. into same place as sl-st., (2 ch., picot, 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into corresponding loop of first motif, 2 ch., picot, 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next tr. on second motif) twice, and complete motif as for first motif (no more joinings).

Make 7 more motifs, joining each motif to previous one as second motif was joined to first motif, having 4 loops free on each side of joining.

## HEADING

Attach thread to 4th free loop from last joining.

1st Row: 5 ch., 1 t.tr. into same loop, \* 9 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop, 9 ch., into next loop make 2 t.tr., holding back the last loop of each on hook, thread over and pull through all loops on hook (cluster made), in joining between first and second motifs make 1 qt.tr., 2 t.tr., cluster into next loop; rep. from \* across, ending with 9 ch., a 2 t.tr. cluster into 4th loop of last motif, 3 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 1 tr. into first cluster, \* 5 ch., a 2 tr. cluster into next sp., (5 ch., a 2 tr. cluster into next d.c.) twice, 5 ch., a 2 tr. cluster into next sp., 5 ch., a 2 tr. cluster into next qt.tr.; rep. from \* across. Fasten off.

Work heading on opposite side in same way.

Cut piece of organdie 15in. x 18in. Make narrow rolled hem all round. Sew strip of motifs to one narrow edge.

## EDGING

Attach thread to one corner on organdie, 1 d.c. in same place, \* 2 ch., picot, 2 ch., miss 1in. on organdie, 1 d.c. over rolled edge; rep. from \* around, working over outside edge of crochet. Fasten off.

## TABLE NAPKIN

Make a motif as for first motif until 9th row is completed. Do not break off at end of 9th row.

10th Row: Sl-st. to centre of next loop, 5 ch., into same loop make 1 t.tr., 5 ch., a 2 t.tr. cluster, \* 9 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next loop, 9 ch., into next loop work a 2 t.tr. cluster, 5 ch., and a 2 t.tr. cluster; rep. from \*, join with 1 sl-st. to top of first 5 ch.

11th Row: 3 ch., 1 tr. in same place, \* 3 ch., a 2 tr. cluster into next sp., 3 ch., a 2 tr. cluster into tip of next t.tr. cluster, 5 ch., a 2 tr. cluster into next sp., (5 ch., 2 tr. cluster, in next d.c.) twice, 5 ch., a 2 tr. cluster into next sp., 5 ch., 2 tr. cluster into tip of next t.tr. cluster; rep. from \* all round. Join with a sl-st. Fasten off.

Cut piece of organdie 11½in. square. Make narrow rolled hem all round. Sew motif to one corner. Cut out organdie at back of motif. Turn ends under neatly. Sew in place. Make edging as for mat.

## OUR TRANSFER



RIBBON motifs for pillowcases and towels are from our Embroidery Transfer No. 187. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price of the transfer is 2/-



Makes good  
meals  
taste  
better

Rosella rich, full-flavoured Tomato Sauce is prepared from only the finest sun-ripened tomatoes, delicately spiced.

... no preservatives ... no artificial colouring.

You can always rely on Rosella, the sauce with the true tomato flavour.

# Rosella Tomato Sauce

AUSTRALIA'S TOP-SELLING TOMATO SAUCE



# COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antique vases and a pair of brass candlesticks.

My brass candlesticks stand 12in. high. They were brought from Scotland at the turn of the century. How old are they, please?—Mrs. B. Wilkie, Cairns, Qld.

Your interesting pair of brass candlesticks (right) were made about 1770. Candlesticks with a square base and a tall reeded or fluted column were fashionable during the second decade of George III's reign. They were usually made in silver or Sheffield plate. Brass examples are scarce.



● Candlesticks made of brass about 1770.



● Opaque glass vase.

● Vase of unusual design.

Could you tell me anything about my unusual vase, please? It stands 19in. high, has no markings, and is decorated with flowers and a lacy pattern, which are raised.—Miss W. Taylor, Triggs, W.A.

Your vase (above) is Japanese and was made about 1890.

I have a white, opaque glass vase decorated in autumn tones and edged in gold. It is signed "Boucher," but there are no markings on the base. Could you give me any information about it, please?—Mrs. E. A. Muir, Byron Bay, N.S.W.

Your opaque glass vase (above, far right) is late Victorian and was made about 1890. The decoration is not entirely hand-painted. The design is transfer-printed and is taken from a painting after Francois Boucher, the celebrated 18th-century French artist. Hand-painting has been applied over it.

## Prize recipes

A RECIPE for a tasty, nourishing layered meat loaf wins the £5 main prize this week.

All spoon measurements are level.

### CALIFORNIA MEAT LOAF

One pound topside, round, or chuck steak, 1lb. sausage meat, 1 medium-sized carrot, 1 cup chopped cooked celery, 1 small finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, pinch pepper, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 egg, extra breadcrumbs, 2 or 3 medium-boiled eggs, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon curry powder.

Combine minced steak, sausage meat, coarsely grated carrot, celery, onion, breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, sauces. Bind with beaten egg. Prepare loaf-tin, grease thickly, coat with extra breadcrumbs. Press half meat mixture into tin. Shell and chop eggs, mix with salt, pepper, curry powder, grated onion. Spread over meat in tin, cover with remaining meat mixture. Place piece of greased paper on top. Bake in moderate oven 1½ to 1¾ hours. Carefully pour off liquid round loaf, reserve for use in gravy. Serve hot or cold.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. R. Brown, "Earls Court," Parkville, N.S.W.

### GREEN TOMATO MINCE

Four cups minced green tomatoes, 6 cups chopped cooking apples, 1lb. raisins, 1lb. currants, 6 cups white sugar, 2 teaspoons each salt, allspice, ground cloves, 4 teaspoons cinnamon, ½ cup vinegar.

Mince tomatoes, drain off juice (use pulp only). Chop apples finely with knife. Mix all ingredients together in large saucepan. Bring to rapid boil, then simmer until thick (about ¾ to 1 hour). Bottle and seal tightly.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Boorman, 704 Pascoe Vale Rd., Melbourne.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 29, 1962



Father's Day Sunday Sept. 2nd.

## Pick the winner for Father's Day ... Winning Post

Everybody's favourite in any event! Naturally Dads go for Winning Post Chocolates. Doesn't everybody? More Nestlé's Winning Posts get passed (around) than any other boxed chocolates in Australia. Inside information: 18 different centres—all double-dipped in swirls of dark, rich chocolate—and 48 to the 1-lb. box! Buy your Dad a 1/2 lb., or a 1-lb. box!

**NESTLÉ'S** make the moment ... shows you care!



NE1011-62

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can have a shakedown on the sofa here."

"Thanks a lot, Mr. Cornwall."

"For a night or two."

"Oh, it won't be for longer."

Dal sipped. The hill had swallowed half the sun. The water lapped with the incoming tide. A fish leapt and plopped back . . .

Miss Hocking and Larry came into view. She paused at the row of stones that marked the limits of Jeffrey Cornwall's territory. She called out a good-evening, lingered, didn't move on. This was an occasion when Larry wasn't audience enough.

"I came away from the store in such a rage," she told them, "I left my cheese on the counter."

"Can I go up and—?" Dal began.

"Oh, leave it, leave it, it doesn't matter."

Continuing . . .

## MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 35

"What happened?" Cornwall asked.

The memory sent the blood rushing up to Miss Hocking's face. "Boris McEvoy. Now look, Dal, you can tell him from me that if he harms a hair of Larry's head it'll be the worse for him. I told him so myself, actually."

"What would he do that for?" Cornwall asked, stepping to the verandah rail and tapping his pipe on it.

Rage was transforming Miss Hocking's face. Her eyes glittered, her mouth worked. "He threatened to kill him. Threatened to kill him!"

Her voice was shrill with outrage. "I said, 'Look, Boris McEvoy, my dog's life is every bit as precious as yours. A good deal more so!' I said, 'Larry makes one person perfectly happy. Can you point to one person you make perfectly happy? Or happy at all! No, you can't.' I said, 'That ought to sting him. Several people in the store heard me say it. Everyone knows what a brute he is to Virginia. I'm only saying what's common knowledge, aren't I, Dal?'"

"You are, Miss Hocking." Dal couldn't agree quickly enough. "That's the honest truth. It gets me mad."

"Yes. Well, I gave him as good as I got. He stood there with that sneering look on his face and attacked me the moment I went in. 'I haven't seen you,' he said, 'since that dog of yours killed one of my chickens the other night, and I tell you frankly if it happens again—' I said, 'I'm very sorry, Boris. You must let me give you the price of the chicken,' and he said, 'Price be damned! It's not the money. And, anyhow, it would

have been a laying hen in a few weeks.' 'All right,' I said, 'I'll give you the price of a laying hen. Anyhow,' I said, 'why don't you keep your chickens locked up?' and he said he did, but this one just happened to get out under the wire and I said that Larry couldn't very well be blamed for that, that he hadn't a grain of vice in him, he hadn't meant to harm the bird. It's a dog's nature to give chase if a chicken starts running and squawking away from him."

"Destroying my property," he said. Property! That's all anything means to him. If he'd loved the chicken I could understand him being upset, but he was only keeping it to lay a few extra eggs and then chop its head off and eat it."

"And expect me to pluck it," Dal said disdainfully. "Pity it wasn't that blasted black rooster that makes morning hideous from four o'clock onwards."

"I was trembling so I could hardly collect the things from the counter and put them in the basket. And then I left the cheese behind. Nobody else said anything, of course. Toby Pritchard was in the store, and the Frys. Virginia was at the other end of the counter and pretended not to hear. Poor girl, I knew she was as uncomfortable as she could be. You could see every one was on my side. He wasn't even satisfied then; he had to follow me to the door and say right into my face, 'Well, I give you fair warning, Miss Hocking, if that dog of yours comes ramping over my property again he won't live to kill another chicken.'"

CORNWALL shook his head commiseratingly. "Yes, he's a very tough man to mix with, Boris. I found that out myself. He blew up in my face the other day simply because I objected to him walking in here when I'm out and helping himself to my Sunday paper."

"Well, he's no tougher than I am, as he'll find out to his cost if he lays a finger on Larry. And I mean it. Don't think I'm just talking. I mean it. I turned there in the doorway and stared straight back at him, and I said, 'And I give you fair warning. If you harm a hair of Larry's head you won't live to tell the tale!'" She mashed out the end of her cigarette on a tree-trunk and flung it on the sand and trod it underfoot.

Standing there in the shade in her incongruously gay cotton dress printed with all the hotel labels of the world, Miss Hocking's movements had a youthful vigor. Even her face was rejuvenated by the passion that burned in her. She frowned, coughed, picked a shred of tobacco off her lip, and yanked her red beret farther over one eye.

The two on the verandah kept silent, as though hesitating to disturb the brimming cup of hate, a hate that consorted ill with the heavenly scene at her back: the placidly lying water, the serene enclosing sky of cloudless gold.

"Of course," she said in a moment, "he was only trying to scare me. He wouldn't dare do anything. He wouldn't dare to." This last was more of a question than an assertion as her eyes darted to Dal's face, seeking reassurance.

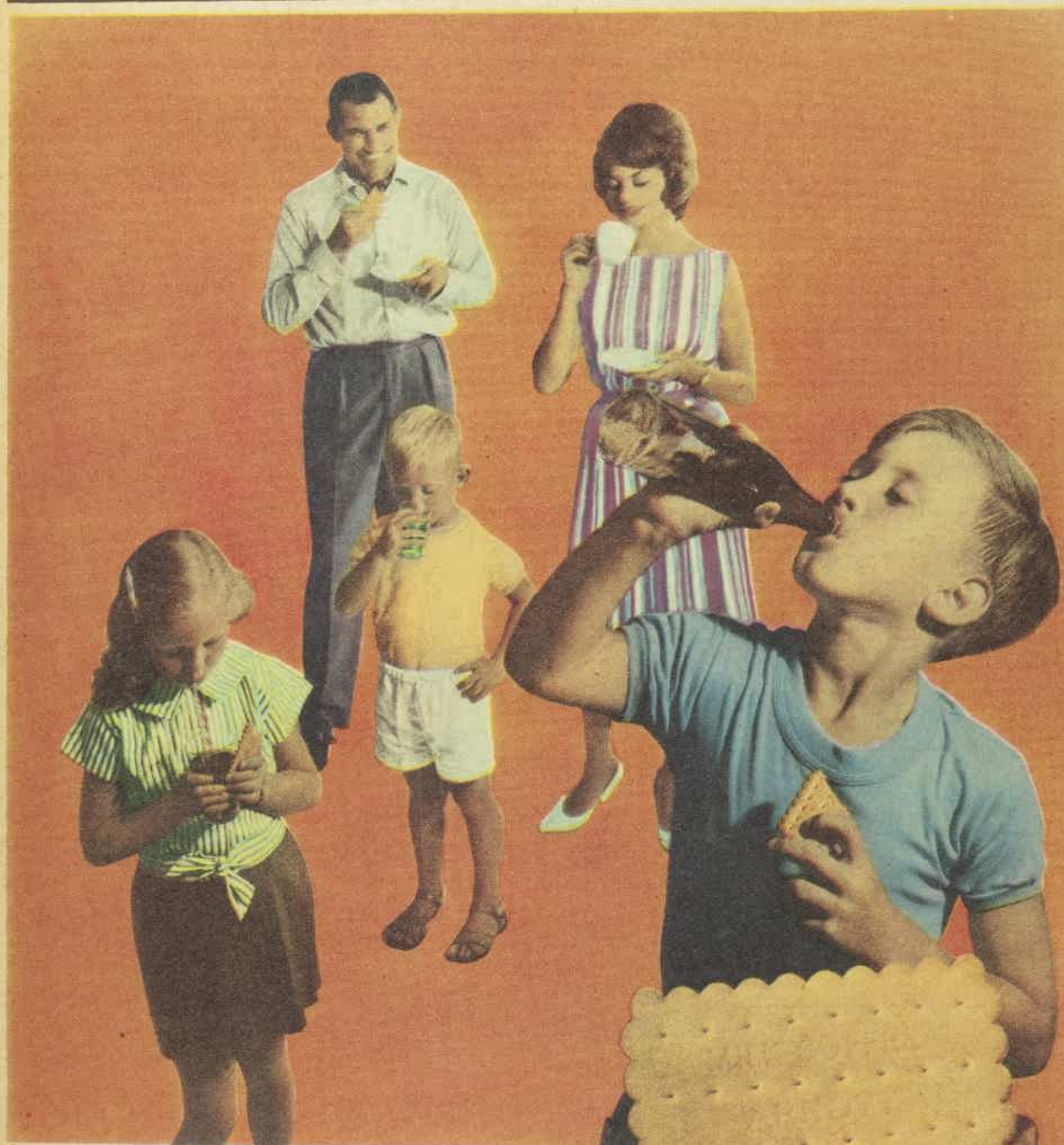
There was none to be found there. Dal's smooth, boyish features looked dubious. "I don't know about that, Miss Hocking," he said slowly. "I wouldn't like to say. Boris doesn't give a damn for anyone. If he was my dog, though, I'd chain him up at night, just to be on the safe side."

She reacted to this with horror. What! Chain up Larry? Chain up a beautiful healthy young animal that was used to his freedom!

The day she had to do that she'd sell up here and clear out. And when Dal went home he could tell his precious brother-in-law that if he so much as harmed a hair of Larry's head—

Miss Hocking turned and stamped off through the trees to her cottage a hundred yards away, where Larry had deposited his basket on the porch and was noisily lap-lapping at the bowl of water beside the mat.

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...it's a family Milk Coffee biscuit break!

Any time is right . . . any drink is perfect . . . when the break is for Arnott's Milk Coffee biscuits. Taste's right, texture's right to make Milk Coffee biscuits the ideal family refreshment favourite.



**Arnott's**  
FAMOUS  
**Biscuits**

There is no Substitute for Quality



Continuing . . .

## MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

On that same afternoon when Edward and Jane Fry got home from the store, Edward went straight to the bathroom for a shower while Jane prepared the cold supper. With her restrained movements that were like those of someone in attendance on a sick-room, she took out the ham, the salad, the bread, the fruit and cream, put them all on a tray and carried it through to the living-room.

The room was austere, furnished and impersonal. Even the Frys' books remained in orderly rows and never sprawled face downward on sofa or chair. There were no spoils of country walks, no shells or pebbles or driftwood. The Frys tried to make life as simple as possible in a search for that peace and quiet which seemed to be the main aim of their existence, a negative aim which paradoxically they pursued with passion.

Edward had been a schoolmaster. Jane, too, had taught French at a girls' school. Then, in their middle forties, Edward had come into a little money, and they had boldly decided to retire to some haven where small boys didn't scruff and shout, and small girls nudge and giggle.

At first, the Bay had seemed to be that longed-for paradise, but lately there had been more and more petty annoyances to play painful tunes on their fine-drawn nerves.

Also the disciplines of a lifetime are hard to break. Although they no longer taught school, routine still ruled them. Meals were punctual, and they for them.

The time could have been told by their appearance at the store on two afternoons a week. Their weekly trip to Fordham was always on the same day, the same bus. The hag of habit rode them with whip and spur.

Jane put the food on the table by the window and turned and pulled the blinds a little higher. The glare of the sun was mercifully over, and the air was beginning to cool.

The Frys' home was higher up the hill than the other four houses, about equidistant between the McEvoy's and the Pritchards'. From this front window, both their roofs could be seen. For the rest, only the bay and trees. Trees, trees, bunchy-topped, uniform in shape, size, and color, encircling the water.

LEAVING the living-room, Jane went into the bedroom. Sitting at the dressing-table, she brushed and combed her straight fair hair and sponged her face with a cooling lotion, trying to smooth out the two lines that would etch themselves between barely perceptible eyebrows. A thin, slight figure in her pastel frock, she was all pale-tinted — hair, eyes, and skin.

Edward came in buttoning his shirt. He was a small, lean man with a stiff carriage and an eye that had been able to instil fear into the breasts of even schoolboys. When he had turned that steely glitter on the rows of upturned faces, silence had fallen.

Above his wife he stooped to the glass and parted and combed his hair. "Supper ready?" he inquired of her image.

"It's on the table, darling."

"Good. We'll have it right

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away, if it's all the same to you.

"That's what I thought."

"I won't be out of bed long tonight, I can tell you."

"No, indeed. Not after last night."

Last night a mosquito had got under Edward's net and the rising westerly had sent dry leaves rustling on the verandah; and Jane had wakened to hear those signals of Edward's exasperation, the threshing about of his shoulders, his desperate sighs.

Every night at bedtime Edward went grimly out after the desirable state of death. First, he arranged his bed, which, with its mosquito net hanging from its ring at the top and firmly tucked under

### On the land

*The paddocks are arid.*

*The paddocks are wet.*

*The paddocks, whatever*

*They are, you can bet*

*The weather that makes*

*them*

*The way they appear*

*Isn't what's wanted*

*At this time of year.*

—Ian Healy.

the mattress at the foot, bore a remarkable likeness to a commodious coffin.

He then placed the bedside clock on a cushion to deaden its ticking, secured the edges of the blind with thumb-tacks against moonbeams and early sunbeams, tied a piece of black silk over his eyes, plugged his ears with wax pellets, swallowed two sleeping pills, and, stretching himself out under the cool sheet, prayed for a great and glorious annihilation until seven-thirty next morning.

He opened a drawer and took out a fresh handkerchief, saying as he did so: "That was a damn nasty scene at the store between Miss Hocking and Boris, wasn't it?"

"Horrid. I've rarely been so acutely embarrassed. I think everyone felt the same. I felt like going up to Boris and saying—"

"No thank you!" Edward said sternly. "Don't let us start interfering in our neighbors' affairs. These small places are only bearable by strict attention to one's own."

"Oh, I'm with you, Eddie. The last thing I want is any kind of unpleasantness. But I do think Boris was unnecessarily cruel."

"Mind you, that dog of hers—"

"Still, to threaten to kill it—"

"Pray heaven he only threatens," Jane murmured, pouring a little pool of toilet-water into her palm and rubbing her throat with it.

"As to that, of course, one can't make a guess. Boris is such a ruthless devil, and they're both so unbalanced. I thought she was going to take up the cheese knife and do for him there and then. Vetch looked a bit apprehensive. I thought, when he took it up and started asking if she wanted mild or tasty."

"And the trouble is," Jane

moaned, swivelling round on the stool and fanning herself with a handkerchief, "the situation's not going to get any better. Boris isn't going to get any milder-tempered or Miss Hocking any the less

cracked over the dog. Or Larry less of an inveterate hunter, for that matter. Do you know he walked off with one of your grey socks the other day, and took it home to her?"

"Well, anyhow," Edward snapped. "I wish people would leave me alone and not air their grievances in front of me. You'd think in a place like this with only about two men and a dog—"

"Exactly," Jane agreed, and even went one better: "I've been thinking. Mightn't it be wiser to abandon the Bay?"

"Abandon the Bay!" Edward blew a blast on his nose and looked at her over his handkerchief with his ever-ready anxiety. "What do you mean?"

Jane wilted a little in the sudden wind she had raised. "Well, darling—I only meant—if the worst came to the worst, we could sell this house and try for some little place up beyond Blackheath or somewhere."

"Why should we? Why should we have to up-end ourselves for these lunatics and their livestock? It's convenient, it suits us, it's cheap."

"It's not cheap if your health suffers, Eddie."

"You're not looking too

blooming yourself, Jane."

"Oh, I can take it." Her

pale cheek was a tribute to the difficulties of his lot. "What a shame it is people won't be reasonable," she deplored, rising with a little piteous gesture. "It's such a lovely evening. It's going to be a full moon tonight."

Edward grunted. "Yes—I'm afraid so!" and trudged along the passage after her to the living-room.

For Edward, a full moon meant nature at her most wretched. Her lusty creatures would all be abroad and vocal. Frogs would sob their love calls from pool to pool, possums would scamper and squeal, cats would give battle, dogs roam, and even domestic poultry, seduced by that golden orb, would untimely raise their arrogant crowing. A full moon for Edward was the enemy of his dearest love, sleep.

AT just about this time, Boris McEvoy was talking on the telephone. Sitting at his desk, he was listening with close attention to the words of his caller. The expression on his face was one of satisfaction, even pleasure, an expression rarely seen these days on Boris' face. He was a heavily built man, but not tall or athletic. His face was not unhandsome, though no one would care to look twice at it, for his big-pupilled eyes were coldly opaque, and the smooth white forehead was like a wall to shut out the intruder.

He had come back from the store alone, his wife having stayed behind to gossip with Mrs. Vetch and anyone else who happened along. Having no one on the walk home to air his further opinion of Miss Hocking to, his voice when he answered the telephone ringing was brusque. It became marvellously mild in a very few minutes, and as the talk proceeded it positively cooed. At the end he nodded complacently, said:

"You can? Well, now, that's fine. Good Right," as Virginia came into the room.

"Who was that?" she

asked.

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Page 59



He put the receiver back with a precise click that ostentatiously excluded her, smearing his face with a maddening smile. "Mr. Khrushchev," he said.

"No. Who was it? Boris?" "Old Mother Hubbard." He fitted a cigarette into a holder, lit it, and gently shook out the match.

"Why do you have to be so uncouth?" she said in a conversational tone. "I asked you the simplest question and—"

"Am I really bound to answer? You come bursting into my study—"

"Oh, it doesn't matter an atom. It was just that I couldn't believe my ears when I heard you being so nice to someone." She ripped off her abbreviated cotton jacket and shone forth with her youthfully gleaming shoulders and arms. She

Continuing . . .

## MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

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tossed her jacket from her; it landed on the floor, taking with it two record envelopes from the top of the cabinet.

Boris replaced them and handed her back the jacket, holding it out at arm's length. His pale impassive face was unchanged but for the faint lift of one eyebrow.

Six months ago Boris, a confirmed bachelor and near-recluse, had gone to Sydney on business, had disastously accepted an invitation to a party, and some weeks later had returned to the Bay with a wife, a specially inappropriate marriage partner as seen against the back-

ground of Boris' life. Half his age, ravishingly pretty, gay and gregarious, Virginia, to say the least of it, didn't fit in, and hardly a month had passed before Boris became a deeply repentant man.

He made small effort to conceal his dismay, inveighing at first humorously and then not so humorously against his own folly at having bartered away his freedom for a mess of femininity.

Virginia, for her part, had sailed zestfully through the six months.

She amused herself visiting her neighbors, roaming afield, swimming, sunbathing, eating, and sleeping, and giving a display of quite intolerable animal spirits after her young brother Dal came to stay.

As though she had taken her coat and gone, Boris sat down at his desk again, but close behind him Virginia lingered, polishing her shiny little nails on the inside of her golden arm. The sun had turned her skin and hair to a coppery gold. She buffed at her nails a moment, inspected them closely, pausing occasionally to glance down at his studiously bent head.

He lifted it presently and half turned, sniffing distastefully. "What a powerful scent that is you drench yourself with."

"Drench? It's far too expensive, let me tell you, to use more than a drop or two!" She took out a wisp of linen, lifted it to her nose rapturously, and flicked it in his direction. "I can't afford this brand in drenching quantities."

"Thank heaven for small mercies," Boris averted his head. "This passion for scent! It's just a kind of smokescreen. Women hope their trivialities and vulgarities will escape notice behind it."

She gave a little bubbling laugh, more derisive than any words.

"Their persons are sweet jasmine," he said venomously, "while their natures are unredeemed skunk."

"Just to arouse the male, eh?" she mocked. "What a hope! Poor old Boris!"

He swung round and faced her. "Virginia, if you mean to remain in my study would you be good enough to get a book and sit down and keep quiet? There must be something you can read."

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HE ran his eyes along the rows of sedate volumes as though seeking hopelessly. "A murder—a magazine."

"Thanks a lot, but I'm not staying." She looked around the small packed room, at the deep armchair, the roomy sofa, the new stereophonic record-player, the cabinet of records, the well-used cushions, the books and literary journals. "By the way, I often wonder why you call this room a study, Boris. What do you study here? Except how to be as sour as you know how to be people. This must've been one of your best days. I think you must've had quite one of the most enjoyable days you've had since we were married."

"Looking back, I think that's very possible."

"You've driven Dal from home—"

"Whose home?"

"My home. My home," she said, tapping herself on the breast. "Please do remember that, Boris."

"The injunction is unnecessary. I remember it every hour of the day."

"You've reduced a poor old woman to a nervous wreck, and now—"

"You can spare Ethel Hocking all that sob-stuff. She's an abusive old woman, and can well look after herself."

"You bring out the worst in people, the very worst."

"As for Dal, if people like myself connive at him living on others instead of doing a decent day's work occasionally, they're just helping him to become a spiv and a waster."

"Dal doesn't live on us; he has a little money."

"So I see. Where does he get it from?"

"Is that any affair of ours?"

Boris shrugged with exaggerated patience. "Oh, no. No. But I should imagine you would like your young brother to have some settled occupation."

She burst out laughing. "It's funny how people are always so keen to have other people working."

He ignored this. "Has he gone back to town?"

"No, he has not."

"Sponging on Cornwall, I suppose. He won't find him such an easy touch. Cornwall's—"

"That's right, have a go at Mr. Cornwall now. And all this just because I came in and asked a simple question who you were speaking to."

"And you're still itching to know, aren't you?" He got up and came close to her and patted her rounded cheek. "But that's what you're not going to do. That's precisely what you're not going to do. If I told you that it would spoil the fun."

Virginia rapped down his hand. "If there's any fun in the offing I can wait!"

Morning broke at the Bay with a cooler air stealing in from the sea, and through open doors and windows houses drew in the relief.

To page 61



sleepers relaxed, aware through their dreams that a more temperate day was ahead. The January heat-wave that had held the State in its grip for the past five days was ending, not with an electrical bang but a gentler whimper.

The Pritchard house was quiet when a little before seven Alison woke. Neither Toby nor Norah was stirring. Which was not to be wondered at, since Alison more than once during the night had come back to consciousness to hear one or the other of them moving about, getting a cool drink or turning on or off a fan, roamings that help to beguile a wakeful night.

Alison pulled on a shirt and pants and crept to the kitchen and made herself a cup of tea. Standing, she swallowed it down, anxious to get away from the oppressive atmosphere of defeated age that the room was heavy with.

But there was little to lift her spirits when she slipped out of the door and walked down the hill toward the water. The low, jaded sky drooped above the earth like a drunk with a hangover. She felt jaded herself. At twenty-three, here she was, having lived so much of her life and nothing of interest had happened to her. If the years ahead followed this uneventful pattern, she thought, she would stay being Toby's secretary until she got married — perhaps — to someone perhaps not unlike Toby, and have him perhaps grow as used to her as Toby was to Norah. An unexciting prospect.

She could blame circumstances — an only child, her father's second marriage — but they were only excuses for what must be her own inadequacies, an inability to go out after what she wanted, an inability even to know what it was she wanted: a career, travel, marriage.

She threaded down the narrow path to the sandy, rocky strip that bordered the shallows. The expanse of grey silken water was as flat as a plate; from it came the sound of its almost imperceptible movement that was like the going-out of a dying breath.

**S**TANDING there, Alison wondered why she hated this — let her agree to admit — this quite beautiful place. Was she one of those unmy people who label decadent or sinister everything that doesn't conform to their life-is-real, life-is-earnest standards? She lumped together in her dislike the stagnant landscape, the people sinking farther and farther out of life, the decaying seaweed and neglected oyster leases, the sluggishly flapping birds that circled a few times and came back to roost on the same crumbling posts.

The sameness, the deadly sameness, one would think, of the days of this handful of people here! And yet, with nothing to do, it grew more and more difficult, apparently, for them to perform the smallest task. Miss Hocking's kitchen floor was gaping with dry rot.

"Must have a new board put in there."

How long had Miss Hocking been saying that? Paint was peeling from woodwork everywhere; as like as not a doorknob would come off in your hand for want of a couple of screws.

Some earlier family in the Pritchards' house had begun their tenancy with hope and enthusiasm, building not only a roomy boatshed but, to the left of it, a short jetty. The only craft that made use of the jetty these days was an old dinghy tied up at the end, which Dal Owen had launched and once in a blue moon would unhitch and row out and drop a line from.

As Alison stood looking over the water she was only a few paces from the boatshed. Disused for many years, it sagged like a wind-blown tree at the water's edge, not yet fallen down, but looking as though it might shortly subside among its grey timbers.

"Not the boatshed, Boris suspects."

The words of that message written in the book came back to her, and she stepped across the rocks that the water's action had worn into flat rectangles, and up to the doors of the boatshed. They were half open, for one hung loose on its

Continuing . . .

## MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

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hinge and wouldn't shut. Inside, she could see a jumble of objects, old tins and boxes and ropes, a broken oar, tattered sails from a vanished yacht, a tangle of fishing lines and rods, a few pieces of discarded furniture, the glisten of sand and salt on floor and walls.

And then — of all the incongruities that she could possibly have imagined — she saw Virginia McEvoy lying asleep.

On a broken-down cane lounge she lay. A knee-length slip of pale, pleated chiffon barely hid her rounded, golden body and left quite bare her slender legs and

arched, small feet with their crimson nails. She looked like some modishly clad Venus come up out of the sea to adorn the late Mrs. Pritchard's ramshackle shed.

Her sleeping figure cried out for a background of luxurious bed and silken hangings. Instead, she was stretched out on the harsh canes of the dilapidated lounge, one arm hanging to the floor, one resting lightly on her thigh, her head with its rumpled dark-gold hair turned slightly aside.

For a moment, Alison stood looking at her in surprise. People did sleep about in hot weather, but you'd think that of all the places in which to seek coolness this was the least comfortable. And without so much as a pillow or a cushion!

As though Alison's gaze had reached out a hand and touched her in her sleep, Virginia suddenly woke. Her eyes met Alison's, then looked around blankly.

"What am I doing here?"

"The same question crossed my mind."

"What time is it?"

"Nearly seven."

"Oh heavens! I've been here all night."

"Why? What for?"

"Boris went to bed, and I came down here for a bit of coolness, and actually went to sleep."

"On that thing! You must be a sound sleeper."

"I am. When I sleep I sleep. I must look awful. I feel like death."

"You look wonderful," Alison told her, thinking what an enchanting picture Virginia made, even with her smudged lipstick and eye-shadow.

Virginia stood up and peeped out at the broad day. She couldn't run home like this, she protested. Would Alison be a darling, and go up and ask Boris for her dressing-gown.

To page 64

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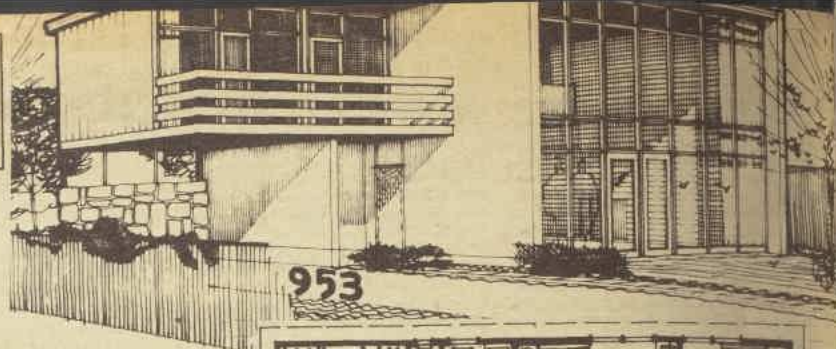
which has a chute for dirty clothes from the bathroom on the first floor.

The first floor has a feeling of spaciousness, too — the gallery overlooking the living area runs the full length of the house to the master bedroom.

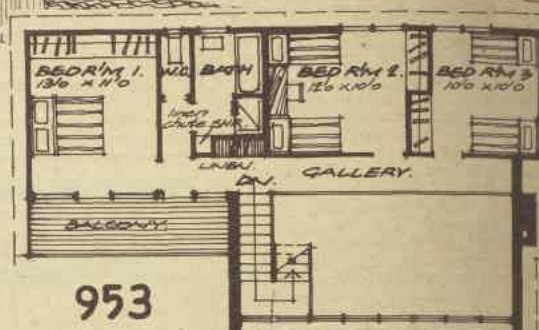
All three bedrooms have built-in wardrobes, and the bathroom has a separate toilet and shower recess.

The exterior of Plan No. 953 is attractive and distinctive — the roof is flat, and windows in the living area rise to the height of two storeys. The carport is underneath the master bedroom (see floor plan), which has glass doors leading to an attractive balcony.

**PERSPECTIVE** sketch shows attractive contemporary exterior with living-room windows extending the full height of the two storeys.



953



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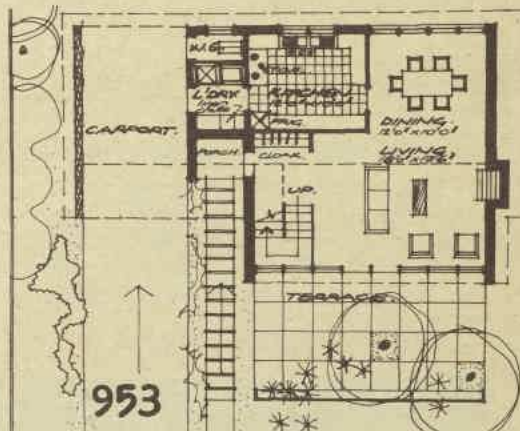
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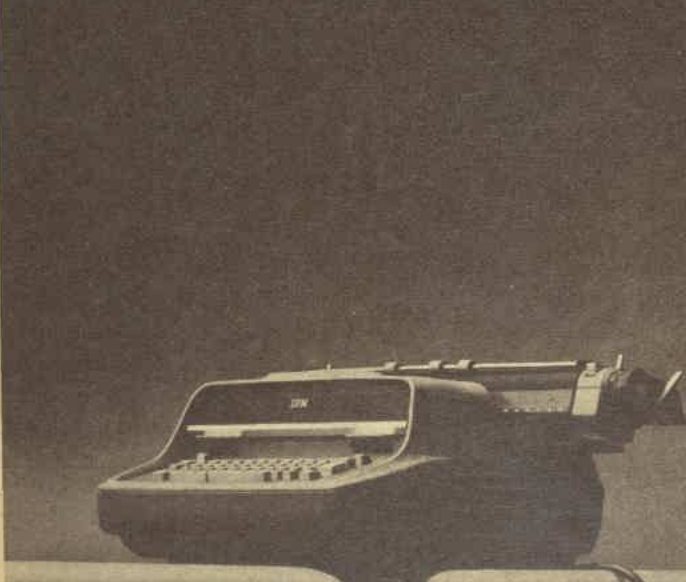
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**FIRST-FLOOR** plan. Note gallery running full length to master bedroom, and compact bathroom with separate toilet.

**GROUND - FLOOR** plan shows spacious living area and dining-room with standard-height ceiling. Kitchen is designed in the popular "corridor" shape.



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## Continuing . . . MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 61

Alison, scanning the deserted hillside and the curving strand, assured her that there wasn't a soul about. No, but Boris would throw a fit if he thought she'd been careering about the countryside like this. And had Alison got a cigarette on her? and—Where were her slippers? and—Here they were. And the sandals were salvaged from under the uncurled tendrils of the broken cane.

Alison made her way up the hillside to the McEvoy's house.

She didn't know Virginia well. She didn't know any of the people down here more than slightly. In the last year she had come down once or twice with Toby and Norah, and in the last fortnight there had been various spurts of hospitality, drinks at Boris' one night, and an attempt at neighborliness on the part of the Frys. Not a very successful one this last, because Toby's robust cheerfulness had made the Frys seem like two tight-lipped hermits emerging unwillingly from their seclusion and ready to pop back again as soon as the visit would be over.

Then there had been chance meetings at the store or on the paths going to and from it. Miss Hocking, of course, was an old friend of the Pritchards', and Jeffrey Cornwall had dropped in more than once. Alison felt she knew young Dal Owen better than the others. His engaging eagerness to be of help had made him welcome as well as useful.

"I know a dealer who'll take that junk away," he would assure you: "I know an agent who's looking out for houses down here." "I'll scale

that fish." "I'll beat those eggs."

Dal and Virginia seemed out of the picture, Alison thought, and wouldn't long be dwellers at the Bay.

She approached the gate of the McEvoy's house.

Years ago somebody—not Boris, she guessed—had made an attempt at a front garden. There were a few stunted shrubs standing dustily here and there, and unwatered hydrangeas against the house. Somebody—again not Boris, she was quite sure—had started to build this house with the local stone. One room was of this stone, with massive fireplace and chimney, then, ambition having apparently flagged, the other rooms added later were of flimsy weatherboard, the whole having something of the appearance of a butterfly harnessed to a dray.

The front door was open and she rapped lightly on it.

Nobody answered, and, pausing, she listened for the sound of someone stirring inside. Nothing came, and not caring for the idea of rousing Boris from his sleep, she stepped into the sitting-room, which opened directly from the front door. Maybe she'd find some sort of a coat that would do instead of a dressing-gown.

Never a very inviting room, it seemed specially drab to Alison this morning, as she glanced around with the liberated eye of one alone and

free to observe. Virginia was no home-maker. Of household tasks she did the minimum, and did it perfunctorily. Flowers would stand in a vase till the leaves withered, newspapers would pile up endlessly, slip-covers would rumple untended.

But more than usually dissatisfied with herself just then, Alison thought. Yes, but who would care about the lack of those virtues in a girl who looked like Virginia, all rose and gold, and so happily assured in her own beauty?

Alison went out into the hall.

A STEP sounded in the back of the house, and she waited expecting Boris to appear.

The man who turned the corner of the strip of passage that led from the kitchen looked surprised at sight of her, stopped dead and stared for a moment without speaking. Afterwards—how many times afterwards!—Alison was to remember every smallest word and look and movement of that first meeting, and one thing in it, not seen as strange at the time, but strange indeed afterwards.

Except for the will she had to believe in him—afterwards.

He was standing without moving. He had a cigarette in his hand, he hadn't lit it yet. The lighter was in the other hand, his thumb ready to flip it on, and as he murmured a good morning, he was looking at her with a glance that held admiration, but something else, too, something that searched her, that seemed to be trying to wring a secret from her.

She explained about Virginia, and that she had come up for a dressing-gown for her, but with Boris asleep—she lowered her voice, looking toward the shut bedroom door.

Boris wasn't asleep, he told her. He himself had glanced in there. There was no one in the house. He had come at McEvoy's invitation, and at this early hour because he was driving up to Newcastle today.

"Oh. Well, then—" She moved toward the bedroom door.

"Let me," he said, "I'll find it for you," and went in quickly and was as quickly out again, a blue wrap in his hand, with the door shut behind him.

She took the gown and turned back into the sitting-room and went toward the front door. He followed. She stepped outside. He still followed. He was leaving, too, he said. He wouldn't wait for McEvoy. The morning was getting on.

They walked down the path together between the sandy borders.

In the sunlight, she saw that his hair was darkest brown, not black. His eyes were darkest blue, not brown. He was about thirty. Yes, about that, though a first glance might have guessed him more, or at least guessed him as someone who had left youth far behind because of a world of piled-up experience, someone who, unlike herself, had lived, not vegetated.

At the gate she said goodbye, unwillingly, and hurried off down the path. Turning

To page 66

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## Continuing . . . MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 64

once, she paused to watch his tall figure running upwards through the scrub to the top where he had left his car. The morning was so still that she could hear in a minute the slam of the car door and the throb of the engine as it started up, taking him away.

She walked on downwards in a sort of daze, amazed at her own unexpected and instantaneous reaction to this stranger. "Tall and dark and handsome" yes, but what had she added to that to make her feel that this was different from anything that had happened to her before? Boy meets girl — ripe for love! she jeered at herself. "You're a cold little fish," Toby would sometimes say to her; and she'd thought he was right, until now.

Reaching the boatshed, she handed the gown in to Virginia and walked on. She felt light, almost elated, not that she had anything new to be happy about, but because it was a kind of relief to know that, for once, reason had flown, and that she had given herself up to this ridiculous, unreasoning attraction, to a mad fancy for a man seen for a few minutes and never to be seen again.

But why? Must that be so? The next time she saw Boris she could ask who he was. Then, perhaps, somehow . . .

And so — strangest of all, she thought — Alison Burdett planning how to go out after a man!

More tolerant now of Bishop's Bay, she strolled out to the end of the jetty. The birds took off and flapped away, leaving to her the splintery planks above the gently rocking water. Leaning on the handrail, she gazed down. Tiny fish threaded their way through the net of seaweed, like silver needles in the morning light.

Led by the hypnotising ripple and sway, Alison let her gaze drift idly over the shallows.

A dark shadow in the water caught her eye. For a minute she was puzzled by its shape; and then suddenly up in her rushed a dreadful misgiving. She leaned closer down, eyes peering. The ripple of the water momentarily stilled and cleared. The shape proclaimed itself. Yes, she was right. It was, it was!

Larry! Miss Hocking's larrikin . . . Lying dead at the bottom of the pale, shallow water not a foot from the jetty's end.

Virginia was in her kitchen when Alison came running in. Still in her blue wrap, she was standing by the stove waiting for the kettle to boil. She turned sharply, hearing Alison's outcry: "Virginia!"

"What is it?" Her voice caught the note of urgency from the other's.

"Larry!"

"What about him?"

"He's dead! I've just seen him! He's drowned at the end of the jetty!"

Virginia's face grew still. The hand that was resting on the kettle-handle dropped slowly to her side. She stared back at Alison standing pale and breathless from her run

up the hill, and from the shock of what she had seen.

The image floated between them in the kitchen with the kettle humming and the cat asleep on the doorstep. The image of Miss Hocking's beloved companion, the splendid alsatian with his dancing gait and his tawny coat, the laughing mask of his beautiful head, with his amber eyes and proud upstanding ruff. The centre of her life, as dear as a child to her, her playmate by day, her sole friend and protector by night. Many thought her love for him neurotic — what would the discovery of his death make of her?

Allison voiced this thought in her next words: "How can we tell her? How are we ever going to tell her?"

"It's Boris," Virginia said in a hard tone.

"No, no! Oh, No!"

"It is. He's killed him. He's done it. He threatened to."

She hurried out of the kitchen and along the passage. Alison heard her calling: "Boris, Boris," and followed her.

Virginia had rushed into the bedroom, calling again, for the room was empty: "Boris, where are you?"

**S**TANDING in the doorway, Alison saw a room of indescribable disorder, a disorder so great that her eye took in no detail. And, anyhow, everything happened too quickly for her to give a second thought to that.

Virginia had rushed to the long window and jerked up the blind. Now she had half turned back and was staring down at something close to her feet on the other side of the big bed that took up half the room. She lifted her head slowly and looked across at Alison with eyes that stared wildly.

"We haven't got to tell her," she whispered: "She knows."

Alison ran in and saw. Saw Boris lying dead on the floor and a gun dropped near by.

It was much later that morning when Miss Hocking was called on by Detective-Inspector Grogan and Detective-Sergeant Manning of the C.I.B.

Seated on an upright chair facing the two detectives she looked at the ready, taut. Her thin brown hands were clasped in her lap, her narrow shoulders squared, her narrow feet in their stout shoes firmly planted. The storms of feeling she must have passed through in the last hours—the death of a friend, the death of an enemy—had been wiped with care from her face. Steady of eye and mouth, she waited calmly, offering nothing.

The nearness of the featureless bay to her sitting-room window emphasised Miss Hocking's solitude. From there she couldn't see Jeffrey Cornwall's cottage a little up the hillside and not far to her left; just the water, and away across it a sprinkling of the houses of strangers, only realised as dwellings when spirals of smoke rose from their chimneys in the winter or their windows blazed red in the setting sun.

Not that she wasn't on excellent terms with her neighbors, except for her feud with Boris McEvoy, and that was of recent growth. She and Mrs. Pritchard had been close friends; she and Virginia and Dal had struck up an odd kind of intimacy, which had bloomed all the better for a

shared antagonism toward Virginia's husband; she and Jeffrey Cornwall borrowed and lent in admirable amity; even the frigid Frys almost welcomed her flitting visits, knowing, maybe, that they would never be other than flitting.

The sitting-room itself told mostly the tale of the dead Larry. His end of the sofa had a comfortably tattered old cushion on it where he had lain at night while Miss Hocking sat listening to the radio; and he would yawn and stretch out and lay his muzzle on her lap, and she would stroke his pointed ears and comment on the programme they heard.

On the table were Larry's ball and a rubber bone, and on the mantelpiece his brush, his leash—seldom used—and a spare collar or two. Miss Hocking's only headgear ap-

peared to be a scarlet beret secured to her rough dark hair by two bobby-pins. Larry had owned a variety of smart collars, with a metal disc attached bearing the inscription: "I belong to E. Hocking, Edgewater, Bishop's Bay."

The two men sat as stiffly as she on the chairs she had pointed them to. Grogan reached out and put his hat delicately down on the table. The expression on his dark-shaven face, and his sympathetic near-Irish voice, suggested a call of condolence. Miss Hocking's face didn't relax in response.

Grogan was saying: "We hear from the storekeeper up at the top—Vetch is the name isn't it?—that you and the deceased had a very angry quarrel yesterday afternoon."

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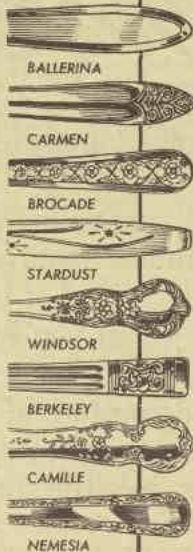
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# AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting August 22

- ARIES**  
MAR. 21-APR. 20  
\* Lucky number this week: 4.  
\* Gambling colors: orange, red.  
\* Lucky days: Fri., Saturday.
- TAURUS**  
APR. 21-MAY 20  
\* Lucky number this week: 4.  
\* Gambling colors: blue, red.  
\* Lucky days: Fri., Saturday.
- GEMINI**  
MAY 21-JUNE 21  
\* Lucky number this week: 4.  
\* Gambling colors: white, red.  
\* Lucky days: Fri., Saturday.
- CANCER**  
JUNE 22-JULY 22  
\* Lucky number this week: 4.  
\* Gambling colors: orange, red.  
\* Lucky days: Fri., Monday.
- LEO**  
JULY 23-AUG. 22  
\* Lucky number this week: 1.  
\* Gambling colors: tricolors.  
\* Lucky days: Fri., Saturday.
- VIRGO**  
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23  
\* Lucky number this week: 1.  
\* Gambling colors: tricolors.  
\* Lucky days: Sat., Monday.
- LIBRA**  
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23  
\* Lucky number this week: 1.  
\* Gambling colors: tricolors.  
\* Lucky days: Fri., Saturday.
- SCORPIO**  
OCT. 24-NOV. 22  
\* Lucky number this week: 7.  
\* Gambling colors: red, tricolors.  
\* Lucky days: Fri., Saturday.
- SAGITTARIUS**  
NOV. 23-DEC. 20  
\* Lucky number this week: 7.  
\* Gambling colors: red, tricolors.  
\* Lucky days: Thurs., Friday.
- CAPRICORN**  
DEC. 21-JAN. 19  
\* Lucky number this week: 4.  
\* Gambling colors: red, tricolors.  
\* Lucky days: Fri., Saturday.
- AQUARIUS**  
JAN. 20-FEB. 18  
\* Lucky number this week: 1.  
\* Gambling colors: tricolors.  
\* Lucky days: Fri., Saturday.
- PISCES**  
FEB. 19-MAR. 20  
\* Lucky number this week: 7.  
\* Gambling colors: red, tricolors.  
\* Lucky days: Thurs., Friday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

## Continuing . . . MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 66

She nodded. "Yes, we did. He was most abusive. One might have thought the bystanders would have restrained him from such boorishness. His poor young wife looked desperately uncomfortable. Mr. Pritchard and Mr. and Mrs. Fry pretended not to hear."

"Yes, so it seems. Well, now. We hear he threatened to kill your dog if it did any more damage among his poultry, and you threatened to kill him if he harmed it."

"Yes," she said again. "That's true. That's quite correct." No attempt to play down the incident or claim lack of intention behind her threat.

Grogan and Manning waited till she looked across at them again, then the inspector said cajolingly, as one offering favorable terms on some business deal or project: "Now look, Miss Hocking, would you care to make a statement?"

She got up, went to the hearthrug, stood there and looked across at him steadily. "Make a statement! No, I would not. I've no intention of making any statement."

"Well, I'm only suggesting this," Grogan told her. "So as to save a lot of trouble all round. You make a statement, tell us in your own words just how it happened, no doubt how provoked you were to commit this act, and that. The facts are clear as clear."

"Are they?"

"My word they are! I don't reckon they could be much clearer. Look at 'em now. The both of you threatened, before a number of witnesses, at five-thirty yesterday afternoon, to do exactly what you both did almost before twelve hours is up: McEvoy drowns your dog because it got into his fowl-yard during the night and killed his rooster, and you, half crazy with grief

and rage, take your revenge on him. He died from a bullet wound at six-thirty this morning—so the doctor fixes the time."

"Previous to which a struggle had taken place between you, as the state of the bedroom testifies," Manning put in solemnly.

"Boris McEvoy must have weighed thirteen stone, and was at least eighteen years my junior. A somewhat unequal struggle!"

"Weight isn't all that important when a person does

that he's tied a stone to the dog's neck and taken him along to the end of the jetty and drowned him. When you heard that your loved and treasured pet was no more, that this beautiful noble animal—"

"Spare me the funeral oration, please!"

Grogan said: "Yes, we don't need to dwell on that terrible moment. Anyway, I suggest that after you and him have fought all round the bedroom, he snatches up the gun—maybe to warn you off his premises—and you get possession of it and you shoot him."

"Mind," the inspector told her consolingly, "anyone can see it's likely you never meant to kill him. Even when you had the gun in your hand I don't reckon you ever thought the next moment to see him stretched out there on the carpet lying dead in his own blood. That's the way it is in a case like this when people get into such a state they hardly know what they're doing."

In his warm, friendly voice he handed her her case: the deadly provocation she had suffered, her intrinsic guiltlessness, her certain acquittal.

For a long moment Miss Hocking sat very still, her eyes, backed by a world of reflection, fixed unblinkingly on the inspector's face.

Then Miss Hocking said mockingly: "You really think that's how it would appear, Inspector, to a judge and jury? You think I should arouse nothing but sympathy? You don't mention the prosecution's pointing out my having widowed a young wife. Having taken the sacred life of another human being. Worse still, having blasphemously valued an animal's life as highly as a man's! However, all that's beside the

To page 69

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and presto—Your itching chilblains are soothed away and your feet are back to normal in a jiffy. Ask your family chemist for **Baume Dalet** (pronounced BORM DALAY)—5/- a tube.

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L.A. 38

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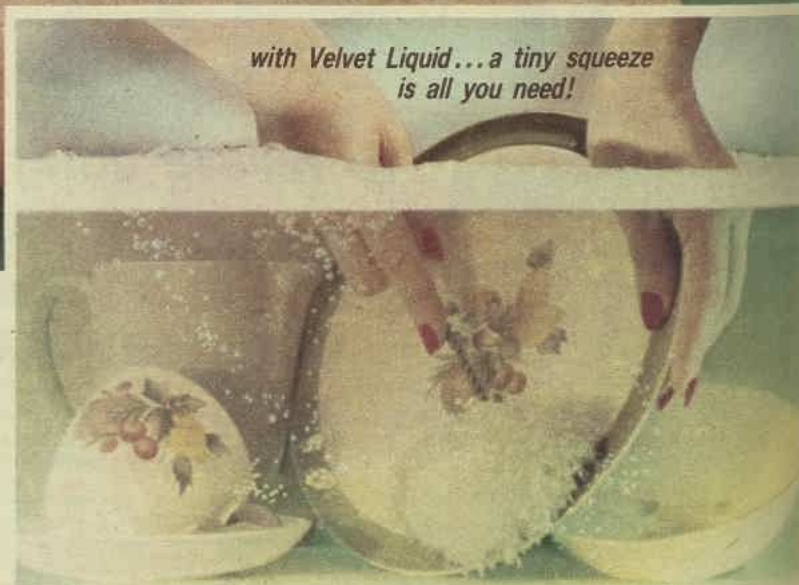
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*This is the promise of Velvet Liquid Detergent...*

now hands that  
wash dishes can feel  
soft as your cheek



# Velvet Liquid

**keeps hands lotion-soft as it cleans your dishes!**

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point, because I don't admit anything you've said."

Manning threw himself back in his chair to a creaking of its slender frame. "Well, that's a pity," he pronounced sourly, "because it's not goin' to make it any easier for you. See? When the facts are as plain as what they are in this case—"

"As stated by you!" Once again she gave him that contemptuous smile. "Beyond motive, what case have you got against me? Where's your evidence? Did anyone see me come or go?"

"There aren't that many people about at six-thirty a.m. in a place like this." "Did anyone hear my voice raised in this quarrel? Will you find my footprints there? My fingerprints on the gun?"

"Too easy," Manning sniffed. "What's wrong with a pair o' gloves?"

"Really! You can't have it both ways," she chided him. "First I'm invited to confess by your telling me I didn't mean to do it, then you suggest the greatest premeditation on my part, that I go to his house all prepared with gloves! Well, really, that won't do, will it? I admit appearances are against me, but you need something more than circumstantial evidence—or so I understand. If I don't oblige you with a confession—" She left the sentence unfinished.

Grogan had to retreat a step or two. "Well, now, would you tell us just what your movements were this morning?"

"Certainly. I'm quite ready to tell you exactly what happened. As I don't doubt

**A**LL characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

## Continuing . . . MURDER BEYOND THE PALE

from page 67

you've heard, when Alison Burdett found my dog drowned I wasn't there."

"Yes, we heard that she and Mr. Pritchard came looking for you when McEvoy was found to be dead, too."

"Yes, I'd gone into Fordham by the first bus. It leaves the corner by the store at seven o'clock. I left my house here at half past six and—"

"Gave yourself plenty o' time to catch it, didn't you?" Manning put in. "It can't be anythin' like half an hour's walk from here to Vetch's store."

"I was particularly anxious not to miss the man I was going to see before he left for work. I expect you'll want to verify that. It was a man called Taylor, a carpenter, who lives in Oxley Street. He's worked for me before. The fact is, I'd lain awake quite a big part of the night worrying about Larry, and what could happen to him, and finally I decided—"

"Hold on," Manning interrupted again. "If you were all that anxious about his safety, how come you leave him loose last night so he could get along to McEvoy's place and kill the rooster?"

"Yes," she said slowly, "how could I have taken such a chance? But one always thinks it'll be all right for this one more time." A spasm of anguish twisted her face, but it quickly passed and she went on.

"My plan was to have my yard at the back netted in. Larry could jump almost anything, but I knew that four feet of wire netting added to my five-foot fence would keep him in at night. I knew I could look after him in the daytime."

"That was going to cost you quite a bit of money, Miss Hocking," Grogan said.

"It was. But since this insane prejudice against alsatians exists—"

She bit back the tirade and went on with her story. "Anyhow, I got up early—"

you shut him up before you left?"

"I've never tied or shut him up. He would've been distracted and cried, and I couldn't take him with me because there's this tomfool regulation against taking dogs on buses. So I saw Taylor the carpenter and he promised to come this evening and start the job. Then I caught a bus

the contrary — your threats of yesterday, your motive, and your opportunity. I suggest your dog never came home this morning. He wasn't lying on your bed like you say."

"I suggest that McEvoy heard the commotion in his fowl-yard and ran out and caught Larry red-handed. Everyone says this dog was a very friendly kind of dog, so

You run straight up to McEvoy's at six-thirty. He tells you what he's done, and then you and he have this fight and you kill him, accidentally, maybe, like I said. When he's dead you naturally start to think of your situation. You realise you're in a very tight corner, what with everyone having heard those threats of yours."

"So you think the best thing you can do is to carry on as you'd meant to, hot-foot it into the town to arrange about netting in the yard, kidding you thought Larry was still alive."

Miss Hocking listened with close attention. When he finished she shook her head; continued to shake it as Grogan elaborated the police case in further detail.

Not once did she weaken in her story or yield an inch. Just so much as she had already told them she repeated, in almost the same words, like a lesson memorised.

At each mention of a "statement" she shook her head. No. No. She would make no statement.

Grogan eyed her with some respect. This was a tough old nut, all right! And the dead-and-aliveness of this place in the early morning wasn't going to make it too easy to dig up anything against her. And well she knew it!

At last, when they got up to go, she shot ahead of them to the front door and threw it open, stood there, bolt upright, holding the door. With chin lifted and eyes steady she said:

"Good morning, Inspector, good morning, Sergeant. Be sure and let me know if you should uncover any evidence—true or false—against me."

To be continued

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



"Where was Larry then?"

"Lying at the foot of my bed, as usual. No matter how far afield he roamed during the night, he was always back by dawn, and I'd hear him jump in my window. Well, I got up and bathed and dressed and quickly had my tea."

"I had only one thing on my mind, to get into Fordham and arrange to have this safe run constructed. And safe he still was when I left. He was lying quite happily in the shade, sleeping off his night's exertions."

Grogan asked: "Why didn't

back. To be greeted by the news of my dog's death."

My dog's death, she said. Boris' death seemed to have been wiped from her mind. It was as though it was of such trifling importance as hardly to need mentioning.

Grogan got up and walked once to the window, looked out, and turned to face her again.

"You realise, of course, Miss Hocking, you'll have a lot of difficulty in establishing your innocence of McEvoy's death. It's just your word without corroboration from anyone, and in the face of overwhelming probabilities to

McEvoy wouldn't have had any difficulty in catching him, and in his first anger at finding his rooster dead he bags this stone, ties it to his neck, and leads him down to the jetty and throws him in. From all accounts, McEvoy was a very hasty-tempered type."

"I admit it was a dreadful thing to drown your pet, and he mightn't have done it if he'd had time to cool down. But that's the way crimes of violence come about, and one will often lead to another."

"So when you get up, you find Larry missing, and you don't hesitate for a minute.



not a  
happy  
move

— and one that need never have been made had Dad had the A.M.P. behind him.

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"Sure. How about momma and poppa?"

"Oh, it will be fine with them!" To Rock Island and back in the Twilight! Sailing blue water with Mr. Lindstrom!

"I start six-thirty in morning, Lizzy."

"Oh, I'll be here! Don't you worry!" She hugged the broad shoulders.

For half of the way home she thought about the glories of tomorrow, then she passed Willie Wade's house and her mind switched to the hot-rod. Tomorrow they should pretty nearly finish the rehousing job. But then she wouldn't be here tomorrow. She'd have to remind herself to tell Willie about that tonight.

She entered the house through the kitchen and her mother looked

Continuing . . .

## LIZ AND THE LOVELY STRANGER

from page 29

up. "Hello, Lizzy. You're a little earlier than usual."

"Breeze was dying, so we came in." She started to lever two biscuits out of a fresh tray and her mother said:

"Your upper lip. What's wrong with it?"

Lizzy looked at her, then grinned. "Oh, that." She removed the wad from between her upper lip and gum and threw it in the garbage can. "I forgot all about it."

"What was it?"

"Snuff." She bit into one of the biscuits.

"Snuff!" Her mother was staring at her as if she'd grown another head.

Lizzy nodded, chewing. "Mr. Lindstrom uses it. He showed me how."

"Snuff!"

"Well, you don't want me to chew gum, and I doubt you'd let me smoke."

Her mother went dramatic, throwing her hands in the air. "Snuff! And just who is Mr. Lindstrom?"

"He just knows more about sailing than anyone on this coast, that's who he is." She started to tell of the Rock Island trip, but there seemed to be something a little unpropitious about the moment.

Her mother's voice had that perfectly glacial tone. "Perhaps I might remind you that next month you will be fourteen years old. You will not — I repeat not — chew any more snuff, Lizzy."

"Lizzy!" Lizzy said. "How did you pick such a horrible name? It sounds like a dopy soap opera. Lizzy Latimer, Girl Delinquent,

Her Rise and Fall! Besides, you don't really chew it. You just let it rest."

"No snuff!"

"O.K., no snuff."

"What did you do all day?"

"Willie and I worked on the rod all morning. It's a 'thirty-nine Ford mill on a 'thirty-three frame, you know, and last week we put in that beautiful Iskenderian cam. Well, Willie discovered these three beat-up Stromberg pots and we're fixing them up. He's got his eye on an old Johnny Myers intake manifold, and if we take care of linkage ourselves —"

"Spare me," her mother said. She looked at Lizzy. "And please take a shower before dinner and get some of that grease off. And please put on some clean clothes."

"Will do," Lizzy said, and went up to her room. She put Carolina Sam Henderson's "Rock 'Em Off That Mountain, Baby Doll" on the record-player and went in and had a shower. She dressed in clean shirt and slacks and picked up the book she had been reading last night. There was a knock on the door and she said, "Come in."

Her father was tall and lean, tanned by these vacation weeks in the sun. Lizzy thought he was the most handsome man she had ever seen, aside from being probably the best architect in the world. He said, "Lizzy, by actual count since I got back from fishing, that record has been repeated seventeen times. I think that by now it has been definitely established that someone named Baby has certainly rocked someone else off some mountain."

Lizzy shut off the player. "I'm sorry, Pop. It was on repeat. I didn't hear it."

"What are you reading?" He picked up the book. It was "Remember Not," the novel by an eighteen-year-old French girl that had shocked the world. He rubbed the back of his neck. "What do you think of it?"

Lizzy said, "Frankly, I think it stinks. It seems to me that someone just told this girl about the birds and the bees and she's astonished. Can't get over it." She shrugged.

HER father made an explosive sound and put the book back on the chair.

"Dinner is almost ready," he said. At the door he turned. "What do you know about Louis the Second?"

Lizzy thought about it. "Of France or Bavaria?"

He waved a hand. "France."

Lizzy rubbed her chin. "He was born around 845. They called him The Stammerer. His father was Charles the Bald. He had a son, Charles the Simple. They sound like a dopy outfit, don't they? He died in 879 or 880."

Her father threw his hands in the air and left the room. She guessed he thought she was crazy or something just because she had this dopy memory thing. She went down to dinner.

Her sister Barbara was blond and pretty and eighteen and very stuffy and came up to Lizzy's shoulder. Lizzy took one look at her and sensed storm warnings. Barbara glared at her furiously, but did not throw the bomb until they were at the table. When everyone was firmly seated, Barbara said:

"Mother, I do wish you'd speak to her. It's disgraceful."

"Everything is under control," her mother said patiently. "Lizzy has forsown snuff."

"I don't know anything about snuff," Barbara said. "I was driving past the boatyard with Charlie Gordon today and she was sitting on the steps of O'Rourke's — a waterfront dive — drinking beer with this horrible old man! I could have died."

Lizzy felt all the eyes on her. "Root beer," she said. "I was drinking root beer. And Mr. Lindstrom is certainly not a horrible old man. He just happens to know more about sailing than anyone round here."

Barbara glared at her. "He just happens to know more about drinking than anyone round here. Why, he's been found lying on the sidewalk in the morning."

"Well, maybe he does get a load

To page 71



Crumbs — it's a good idea!

# CORN-CRISPED COOKING

Here's a delicious new way to cook CUTLETS, CHOPS, FISH, CHICKEN, SAUSAGES, and POTATOES! Corn-crisped cooking is crisp, golden — with that special home-cooked flavour . . . and easy as 1 — 2 — 3! Try it and see.

Easy as 1-2-3

No shortening!  
No frying!  
No turning!

### BAKING TIMES & TEMPERATURES

(Vary baking times according to taste)

Fish . . . . .	20 mins. at 375°F
Chicken pieces . . . . .	1 hr. at 350°F
Cutlets . . . . .	45 mins. at 350°F
Chops . . . . .	45 mins. at 350°F
Parboiled potatoes . . . . .	1 hr. at 400°F
Skinless sausages . . . . .	40 mins. at 350°F



DIP pieces in Nestle's® Ideal® Evaporated Milk (thin milk just won't do).



ROLL in seasoned Kellogg's® Corn Flake Crumbs or crushed Kellogg's® Corn Flakes.



BAKE on Alfoil to golden crispness . . . see baking chart above.

\*Registered Trade Mark



on once in a while. But, then, I've seen a few cocktail parties round here. I remember one enchanted evening when Mr. Preston, our esteemed vestryman, bought himself a package. Brother!

Her father's head had been turning from her to Barbara, but it was her mother who said, "Lizzy, isn't this the same Mr. Lindstrom who advocates snuff?"

"He's a horrible old man," Barbara said. "You can imagine how I felt, riding by there with Charlie."

"He's nothing but a lamb," Lizzy said. "I'm sailing to Rock Island with him tomorrow."

There was a vast silence at the table before her father said, "Eloping, no doubt?"

"He's going to see his sister. I'm staying with her," Lizzy breathed lightly. "He has this lovely sloop, see? And I—"

Her mother's sigh sounded like the compressed-air brakes on a train. "You are not going to Rock Island with the charming Mr. Lindstrom. Unfortunately, you have a previous engagement. Did you forget the yacht-club dance is being held tomorrow night?"

Lizzy looked at her, horrified. "That!"

"I consider it my duty as a mother to get you out from under an automobile and on to a dance-floor. You have been taking lessons from Miss Dobson for three years, although I'm sure you would have preferred going to mechanics' school. Also, you mentioned that Willie Wade asked you a week ago."

"He barely mentioned it. He was kidding." The lovely Twilight, with a lonely Mr. Lindstrom at the tiller, was disappearing into a fog.

"Unfortunately, I am not kidding. You go to the dance. You do not go to Rock Island. I bought you a dress today. You can try it on later."

Lizzy considered a protest, but knew the odds were stacked against

her. A resort to tears never entered her mind. She was missing a beautiful trip just to go to a dopy dance, but if that's the way it was, that's the way it was. When Mother's voice took on that certain quality there was nothing you could do.

Dinner was finished in comparative silence. Barbara looked at her once and there was a certain satisfaction in her eyes. Lizzy made a mental note. As they left the table her father patted her on the shoulder and said, "Nice try, kid. You can't win them all."

There was the fitting of the dress. It was in a box with a big-store label. Her mother turned her this way and that and said, "It fits perfectly. You'll look lovely, Lizzy."

"I'd look a lot better on Rock Island."

"Remind me to check you for snuff before you go out tomorrow evening. And, by the way, you have an appointment with the hair-dresser tomorrow, Mary Fulton's."

Lizzy stared at her. "You're joking, Mum. You mean I have to sit there and listen to those fruity old types slashing everyone up the back?"

"Put cotton in your ears. You'll have your hair done and you'll have a manicure."

"Manicure!"

"It isn't absolutely the right thing for young women to wear black nails. At three o'clock you will be at Mary Fulton's. If I have to call out the fire department."

Lizzy dressed again in blouse and skirt and went downstairs. It was just a little after seven. Her father looked up from a book. "The Foreign Legion?"

"Movies."

"Ah, yes! But then you haven't been since—let's see—last night."

"It's these new talkies," Lizzy said. "They fascinate me."

She walked downstreet instead of

Continuing . . .

## LIZ AND THE LOVELY STRANGER

from page 70

using the bike. It was a lovely night. As she neared the Band Box she thought again what a convenience it was that Willie's father owned it. During the summer Willie sold tickets for the evening performances, one at seven, the last at nine. This arrangement supplied him with spending money and got Lizzy in free, and Willie was finished at half past nine.

She went to the window and Willie said, "Hello," and slipped her a ticket. "See you about quarter after nine."

She nodded and went inside. This was the fourth time she had seen

"The Man In The Black Hat." She watched for two hours, then went out on the street after the last show had started. Willie emerged in a few minutes.

Over sodas at Sammy's, Lizzy said, "You serious about this dopy yacht-club bit?"

"I guess so. I think I'm supposed to pick you up about half past eight."

"It fouled me up," Lizzy said.

"It cut me out of a trip to Rock Island with Mr. Lindstrom."

Willie's face fell into a thoroughly repentant mould. "Gee, I'm sorry, Lizzy."

She considered the matter again briefly. "No fault of yours. They probably wouldn't have let me go, anyway."

Willie walked her home. The soft night had a quality that was somehow new and faintly strange. When Willie said, "Good night, Lizzy. See you tomorrow," she went up to her room disappointed that he hadn't stayed around to talk for a while.

At six-thirty the next morning she was down at the dock. There

was no breeze up yet, and the Twilight's small auxiliary was purring away.

Mr. Lindstrom stood in the cockpit. "Morning, Lizzy."

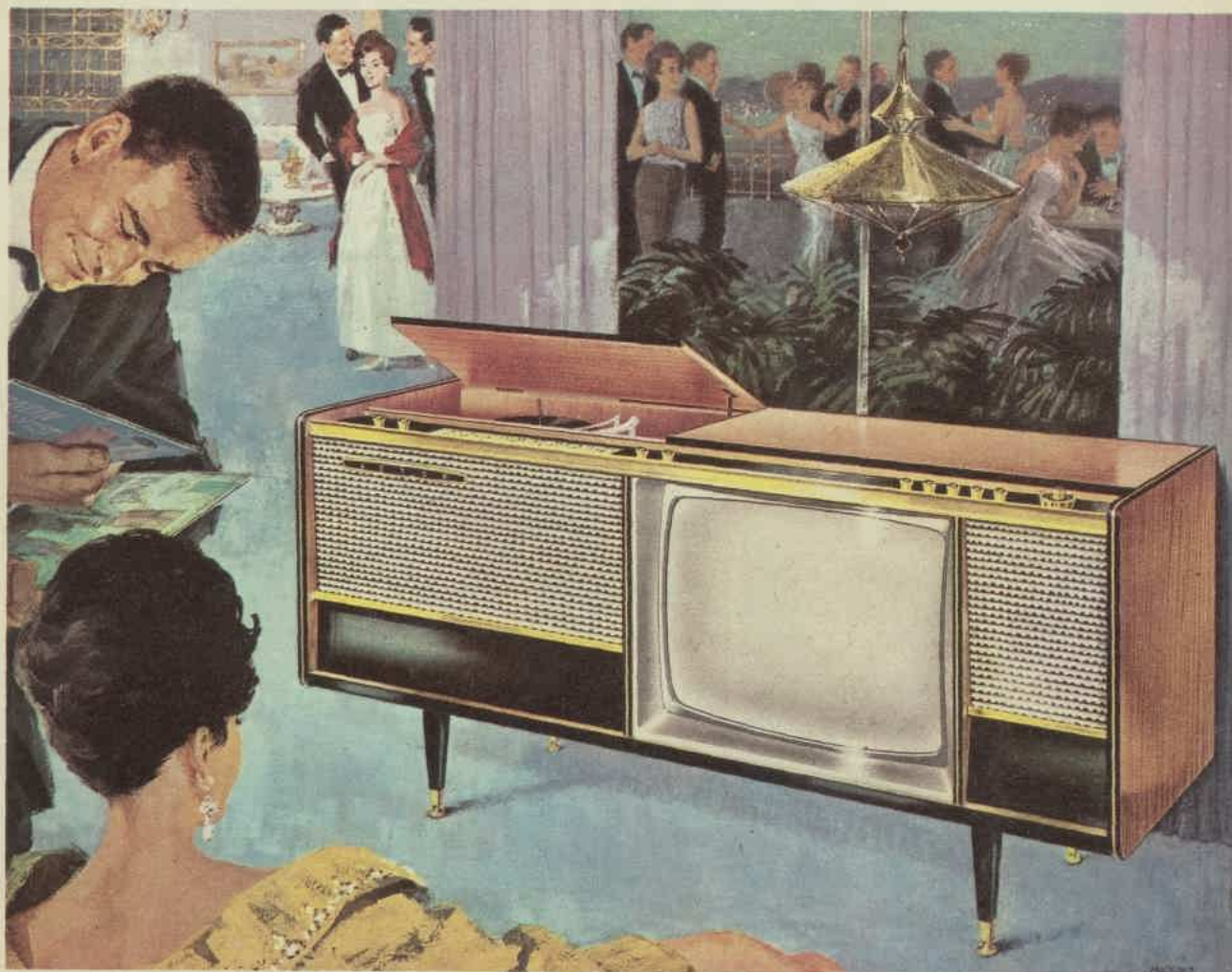
"Mr. Lindstrom, I'm sorry, but I can't sail with you. I have to go to a dopy dance tonight."

He grimaced. "It's too bad." Then his face brightened. "Girls belong at dances. We will go another time. Have a nice dance, Lizzy."

She cast off for him. "A good trip, Mr. Lindstrom."

He nodded and waved, and Lizzy watched the lovely boat slip out through the breakwater. Her heart bled just a drop as the Twilight heeled slightly to the breeze and headed up the coast.

To page 72



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She had coffee and doughnuts with the early customers at Louie's diner, then went home for breakfast. She cooked a huge dish of bacon and scrambled eggs, and her father was on hand to share it with her.

"See Mr. Lindstrom off?" "Yes, Pop. He caught a nice breeze as soon as he got outside."

"Sore?" "No. Well, maybe a little. At Barbara."

"It would have been no dice, anyway."

"But she enjoyed it." "She's just at an age when she doesn't like her kid sister to be seen sitting on the steps at O'Rourke's. Forget it. And if Ole asks you again, I'll back you up. He's a friend of mine, too."

At half past eight she set out to help Willie with the bomb and met Charlie Gordon on his way to work. Charlie was tall and nice looking and he had a big thing about Barbara. He went to law school and

Continuing . . .

## LIZ AND THE LOVELY STRANGER

from page 71

worked in his uncle's offices during the summer. He said, "Lizzy, how's the girl?"

"Fine. Just fine." And then she remembered the gleam in Barbara's eye last evening, and got one of those dopy impulses. She said, "It's too bad about this Reggie thing, isn't it?"

He looked puzzled. "Reggie?"

"Van Drayton. You know, all that money, and he was All American at State four years ago. He's on leave from that jet-pilot jazz with the Air Force and is visiting around here someplace."

Charlie said, "So?" "So he's taking Barbara to the yacht-club dance tonight. Didn't she tell you?"

His face clouded. "I haven't had a word."

"Oh, she'll probably call you. But if I were you I wouldn't call her. She's — well — pretty embarrassed about the whole thing. You understand."

"I'm beginning to," Charlie said. Lizzy pedalled off. That would take care of Missy B. for a little while.

She and Willie spent the morning finishing the rebor-ing job, then got to work on the Stromberg pots after they'd had sandwiches and milk. They labored without much conversation, and it was a little after two when Willie's mother came out of the house and said, "Lizzy, your mother just called. She wants you to go home and get the grease off your neck before you go down the street."

Lizzy said, "Gosh, I forgot." She got on the bike and Willie said, "See you later, Lizzy."

Her mother said, "Why don't you take up some nice clean hobby, like chimney sweeping? Into the shower. I don't want Mary Fulton to spread the word around town that your father has lost his job and we had to put you to work on the roads."

Mary Fulton's modest shop was crowded, and there seemed to be four assistants keeping themselves quite busy. Everyone getting a do for the dance tonight, Lizzy thought. She listened to some very un-amiable chatter for half an hour, then Mary Fulton, a large and imposing woman, said, "Aren't you the little Latimer girl? I believe I'll take you myself."

THERE was a full ten minutes in front of a mirror, with Mrs. Fulton arranging her hair this way and that and muttering, "Lovely hair, but what have you done to it, child?" And then a decision reached, still in a mutter: "Short. Softened. Permanent on the ends." Lizzy watched with some degree of interest as her hair was hacked and combed, clipped here and there, ap-

parently at random. After some interminable time Mrs. Fulton started to smile, and when she had finished she was positively beaming. Lizzy looked at herself and thought privately she looked a mess.

There was a shampoo, and then a business with some gooey medications that had something to do with "per-manent on the ends." And another shampoo.

A girl came with manicurist's tools. Time passed. The girl finally finished with her hands, gave them one last examination, and shrugged. When she went away, Lizzy looked at them. They were clean and sparkling. They looked wonderful.

Mrs. Fulton finally came and turned off the dryer. She said, "I could comb it out for you now, child, but I'd rather you waited. Suppose you go home and comb it out in an hour or so, darling. Keep the net on."

Lizzy said, "Sure, Mrs. Fulton." She tipped as she

Willis were seen flirting on the clubhouse porch.

"Really? I had no idea—" "Marie Brent is going to have a baby."

"Marie Brent? Why, Marie isn't married."

"That I can't help."

Her father said, "Lizzy Latimer, Girl Reporter."

"How about all this junk?" Lizzy asked, touching her head. "If I go to the dance looking like this they'll plug me into a wall socket."

"It is getting late," her mother said. "Go upstairs and take the curlers out and comb it. I'll be right up."

Lizzy went up and struggled with the curlers, then went to work with a comb, trying to remember which way the hair had been set. After five minutes she took an idle look in the mirror. She came bolt

upright in the chair. This was not Lizzy Latimer. This was some other girl who wore a soft and shining halo around a sweet, oval face. This was a stranger.

She was still sitting there, staring at herself and making experimental passes with the comb, when her mother came in. "It's getting late, dear. You'd better get dressed and —" She stopped and stared as Lizzy had stared. She said, "Well!"

Lizzy had recovered somewhat. "Not bad, huh?"

"Startling," her mother said. "That Mary Fulton is something of a magician."

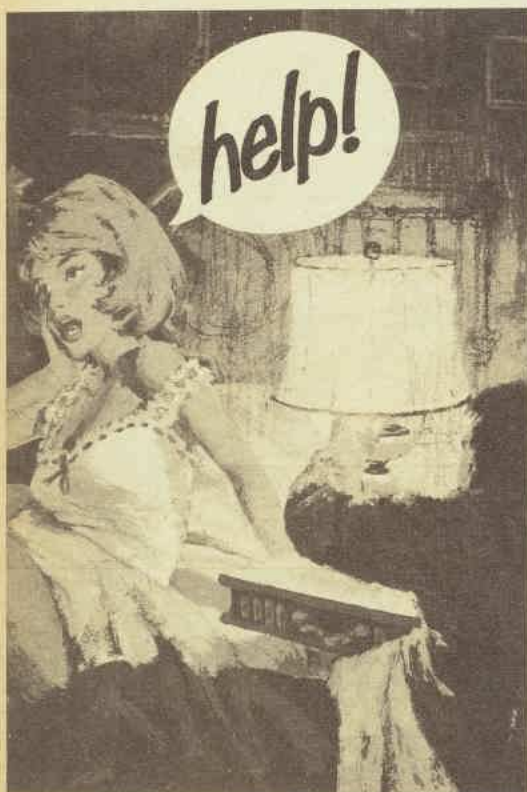
"We thank you, ma'am."

"All right. Get bathed and get into the dress."

She bathed, and as she was getting into undies her mother said, "You have a lovely figure."

"Great!" Lizzy said. "Really great, if you have a thing about broomsticks."

To page 74



"Darling, are you all right?"

"I think so . . . I just had a terrible nightmare. I dreamt your boss and his wife came to dinner . . ."

"Go on . . ."

"And I came in with the chicken . . ."

"Yes . . ."

"And you carved . . ."

"Yes . . ."

"And the boss's wife said 'Can I have some stuffing please?'"

"What happened then?"

"There wasn't any. We forgot the stuffing!"

"Oh brother! Now that your dream is over, I hope you have plenty of stuffing in the kitchen."

"Oh I have! I've got PAXO."

"Is that the stuffing your mother told you about?"

"That's it."

"Good, now we can relax and go to sleep. Anything your mother recommends is bound to be good. What a cook!"

"Beast!"

"Go to sleep."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 29, 1962



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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 77. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Continuing . . .

## LIZ AND THE LOVELY STRANGER

from page 72

And then Lizzy slipped the dress over her head and looked at it for the first time really, in the full-length door mirror. It was the color of rich cream, a simple frock with subtle undertones of sophistication. Her mother snapped a thing or two in the back and Lizzy simply stared, as she had at her hair. The dress was a dream, the hair was fabulous. Between them she was afraid to believe what she saw.

Her mother smiled. "Like it?"

"Like it? Like it?" She ran to her mother and hugged her, trying not to cry, but not feeling foolish about it. "Oh, Mother!"

Her mother patted her on the back. "There, there. You'll get accustomed to the idea. And you'd better hurry. It's half past eight now. I want to see Barbara."

She went out and Lizzy walked up to the mirror. She glanced over her shoulder at it. She pirouetted in front of it. Nothing like this had ever happened before, certainly.

She heard a knock at the screen door downstairs, and someone said, "Hello. Mr. Latimer. I wonder if Betty is ready."

Betty! Not Lizzy! Betty! It went with the dress and the hair.

She heard her father come up the stairs. "Betty, Bill's here. You ready?"

She was puzzled. "Bill? Who's Bill?"

"Bill Wade, of course. Whom did you expect?"

Bill Wade. Well. Things were really moving along tonight. Bill Wade. It sounded

and then just continued to stare at her.

Her mother said, "We'll be over a bit later."

"Did Barbara leave already?"

Her mother frowned. "I don't know that she's going. She's up in her room. I think she must have had a quarrel with Charlie. She's quite upset."

It was like being punched

going later and had to use the car," Bill said, handing her in. There was still a note of disbelief in his voice.

"All right. But stop at Hal-sey's drugstore."

She ran in, fumbled through the book looking for Charlie's number. She found it and dialled, and Charlie answered as if he'd been holding the phone in his hand.

She said, "This is Betty Latimer, Charlie."

"Who?"

"Lizzy! Listen, Charlie. I was lying this morning. There is no Reggie. I had a thing with Barbara, and when I saw you I got this dopy idea, see? Call her and take her to the dance, Charlie! It's all my fault."

He was slow in answering. "Lizzy, when I get hold of you—"

"And Charlie, can you keep me off the hook? I mean, can you say you thought you called? Or you were sent out of town? Or you thought the whole thing was thoroughly understood? Or something?"

Charlie sighed. "I'll give it a try. I guess I can think of something. But, Lizzy, when I get hold of you—"

Betty walked out to the cab, and she felt the stars coming back into her eyes. Bill said, "Everything all right?"

Betty said, "Yes, Bill. Everything is all right. Everything is fine."

And from this impossible distance she could somehow hear the soft music of the orchestra at the yacht club. Everything was so entirely different, somehow. It was going to be a lovely evening.

(Copyright)

### FOR THE CHILDREN

#### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



thing of a whirl. She headed for the stairs.

Willie—Bill—was talking to her mother. He looked eight feet tall in a white jacket and dark trousers and bowtie. He turned as she came down the stairs and she was proud of the amazement in his eyes. He said, "Gosh!"

in the nose. She had entirely forgotten about Charlie five minutes after she'd spoken to him in the morning. It was horrible! She had to do something! Poor Barbara!

She kissed her mother and went out with Bill. Harry Newman's cab was waiting for them. "Mum and Dad are

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 29, 1962



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Pretty waist apron cut out to make in check cotton gingham in red, lemon, blue, green or tan, all with white, and white cotton scallops. Pick-rack braid is supplied. Price, 10/6. Postage 1/6 extra.

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Elegant slacks suit cut out ready to make. Slacks are poplin in navy-blue or silver-grey; top is striped cotton in white with blue, red, and gold, or white with dark blue, pale blue, lemon. Sizes 30 and 32in. bust, 42/6; 34 and 36in. bust, 44/6. Postage 4/- extra on all sizes.

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# Style the only home perm with inbuilt Neutralizer-Shampoo!



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The foam from Style's Neutralizer-Shampoo is enriched. It conditions your hair—leaves it fresh, fragrant and shining with healthy highlights.

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# Style HOME PERMANENT

SMART GIRLS Style THEIR HAIR!

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Page 77



## COMPLAINTS



"Since coming here regularly I've been able to give up my psychiatrist."

## Continuing . . . THE NECKLACE

from page 33

all over the world just to look at the place. She saw the necklace in a museum in Cairo. She loved it so much she had a jeweller copy it. It's a dream of beauty. That was what she gave me."

Jean took a deep breath and leaped on.

"On Friday afternoon she had me wheel her into her bedroom and open a wall-safe and get the case. She fastened it on me. I wore that low-necked white linen dress."

"Well, this necklace was like a collar of colored fringe, but actually it was dozens of little rods of turquoise-colored faience (that's like tile) ending with little rods of coral with filigree gold in between. And

between the color of blue and flame on each rod was a diamond, so that the collar looked as if it had a ribbon of white fire."

Dennis was an artist and he could see the deep collar round Jean's slim neck under the blunt sweet profile.

"It sounds a knockout," Dennis said to her.

"It was. I gave that defrauding granddaughter a piece of my mind this morning about my property and still she won't give it to me."

"Jean, dear, to please me, stop this childish nonsense and forget it."

"I will not. I'll find that woman. If it's the last thing I ever do."

Then she described the woman.

While she was wearing the necklace a woman came up the balcony steps and knocked at the bedroom door, having missed her way in the lower garden.

She had a case full of samples of goods made by the blind, and she wanted the old lady to look at them.

The old lady had smiled at her and asked her to come again the following week, she wasn't up to it and she didn't want to skip giving an order.

So then the strange woman had looked at Jean and said, "I notice things because I design objects for the blind to make. I've never in my life seen such a beautiful necklace."

"Yes, isn't it," my old lady said. "And doesn't she look lovely in it? I just gave it to her to remember me by. She has been so good to me."

"I understand," said Dennis. "You think this woman could establish your right of possession?" "I know she could. I told this mean girl about it, but she won't believe me. She could tell me where to find this person, and she won't even do that. Dennis, she's determined to keep my necklace."

"Then I fear she'll win."

"Darling, she won't." He saw a look of resolution harden Jean's mouth. The kind of look a skipper got when his ship was fighting a storm, the look that would bring his ship into port.

"If you think that, you don't know me, that's all. I guess you never did know me."

Dennis realised he didn't. Jean's fight continued with passionate enthusiasm. Her efforts to find her witness involved canvassing the neighbors. She succeeded. Then she agreed to the unpleasant requirement to state her claim to the granddaughter's lawyer.

Dennis gave up trying to hold her back. He decided to accept the fact that life with Jean would never be the same again.

He was right. Six weeks later she handed him a cheque made out to her for 2700 dollars, a jeweller's appraisal of the replacement value of the necklace.

"You see I won my rights. Miss Meanie wouldn't part with the necklace unless I insisted, but she did offer to purchase it from its legal owner."

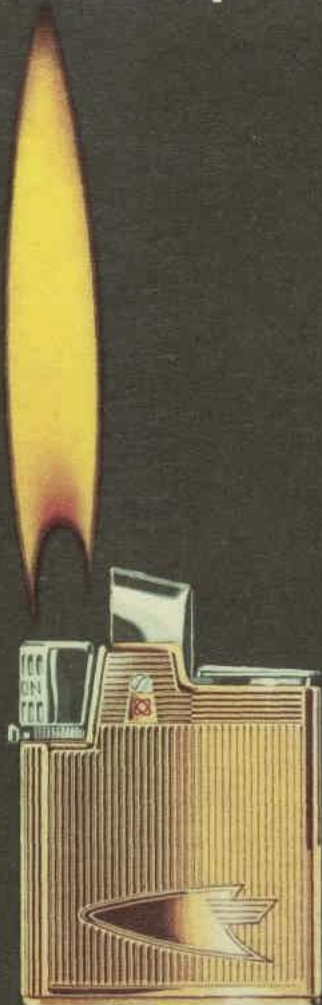
Dennis was almost speechless. "But you didn't get your necklace."

Jean smiled like a cat who has had the canary with the cream.

"What would I want it for? To wear to the drive-in movie? I wanted the money. I earned that gift. The old dear said so." Jean put the cheque in her husband's hands. "Now you can go to school right away. And I can sleep in peace, knowing you get some, too." She moved to Dennis and hugged him, closing his astonished mouth with a kiss. "What idiot was it who said money couldn't buy happiness?"

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## RIVETS







1. Boil acid until it becomes devilish (8).
2. The blackbird (5).
3. American bird becomes visible at anger (7).
4. Sailor to employ coarse reproach (5).
5. Silence! (4).
7. Drawing to an end (5).
8. Variety of a color, mostly a white metal (4).
11. Cheeses full of holes (8).
13. Small heavenly body shining in Hollywood (7).
15. Storehouse surrounded by a dot (5).
16. Well-known king with visible hearing organ (4).
18. Succulent, spiny plants, hiding part of a play (5).
19. Man's name growing out of a tree (5).
20. Yeast with a limb (4).

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